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FORTY YEARS WITH DOGS



LIEUT-COLONEL AND MRS. RICHARDSON

FORTY YEARS WITH DOGS

BY
LIEUT.-COLONEL
EDWIN HAUTENVILLE RICHARDSON

WITH 42 ILLUSTRATIONS

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UPHILL

' Does the road wind uphill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before,
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

FORTY YEARS WITH DOGS

CHAPTER I

MY FOREBEARS

IN commencing an account of my experiences I will only briefly touch on my ancestry, in which some of my readers might be so far interested for the reason that it is sometimes useful to students of psychology to trace the sources from which the impulses of a person's life have sprung.

The first records of the Richardson family deal with the Rev. John Richardson, M.A., Rector of Warmington in Warwickshire. His Will was proved in 1602, and his descendants went to Ireland with Cromwell's Army where, in return for services rendered, they received grants of land in many parts of Northern Ireland. They came under the religious influence of the period, and most of them withdrew into the Puritan Community, which later were called Friends.

In some notes which Mr. James N. Richardson of Bessbrook wrote for family interest, he says: "It is rightly held to be improper for any 'Friend' to print a public explanation of the special doctrines of the Society unless approved by an appointed authority; but avoiding such deep themes, I may say that Fox and Penn, who both lived under the Commonwealth and Charles II, never intended to found a separate religious sect—their idea was rather to found a Brotherhood, which was called the 'Society of Friends,' whose object was the maintenance of civil and religious liberty; and whose members were tacitly bound to be friends to each other—and friends to all around them.

"This Society, as time went on, was crystallized, so to speak,

under pressure of persecution into a definite religious sect, with special doctrines and customs.

"The Society of Friends sprang into existence in Ireland mainly on account of immigrants from England and Germany, flying from persecution, and their numbers were greatly recruited from the ranks of the Cromwellite and Williamite Armies in the seventeenth century, men of war embracing in large numbers the friendly principles of Peace. It is a strange comment on how extremes meet, i.e. to notice how, on the contrary, very distinguished soldiers have sprung from the ranks of the Friends. Notably Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and General John Nicholson, of Indian fame."

He also says: "In my childhood the Bible was 'The Holy Scriptures' to be approached and even handled with reverence (to the present hour I dislike to see any other book placed upon it). It may be the 'pernickitiness' of years, but I dislike to see a Bible carelessly handled, or turned back cover to cover, or its texts alluded to in the flippant modern style of 'John three sixteen'—reminding me of the Irish priest who remarked to a tyro that was constantly alluding to the great Apostle as 'Paul.' 'Sure, if ye can't bring yourself to say "Saint," say "Misther!"'"

In these days of religious freedom when all and each of us is allowed a free expression of that which seems the truth, I think it is good to remember what those of our own blood who have passed away were called upon to endure in support of their individual convictions. I write these next few pages therefore more particularly for the benefit of the younger generations in my family, but hoping that they may prove of some little interest to my other readers. I cannot do better than quote from the family records written by Mr. J. M. Richardson under the title of *Six Generations in Ireland* which give an excellent picture of those Cromwellian times and of many of my ancestors who were connected with them. He says:

"The political and religious state of society was one of disturbance and upheaval. Some time before this the Church of England, as a Protestant Church, had been established, and many who were dissatisfied with the settlement of it had formed themselves into different sects. A great number of persons in

the kingdom, approving neither of the religion of the establishment nor of the other denominations alluded to, withdrew from the communion of every outward church; nor had the Reformation taken place so long but that thousands were still very ignorant" (Clarkson's *Portraiture of Friends*).

The spirit of earnest enquiry, the seeking after God which at this time had manifested itself, was the effect of a visitation of divine love to meet the need of the period. Formality and deadness largely prevailed in professing churches. Countless numbers failed to find help and enlightenment from man, and turned to God Himself to satisfy the hunger of the soul, and thus, in the language of a writer of that day, "groaning seekers became in time joyful finders" by the revelation of God through Jesus Christ.

"Many of these joyful finders instead of returning to the worship in their own churches formed themselves into little gatherings, meeting together in Holy Communion to wait upon and worship God in spirit and in truth. They did not intend to create a division or a sect, but called themselves 'friends of God and mankind.' From among these earnest souls many were called to go forth and testify to the people the things they had seen and handled of the Word of Life. But soon persecution, bitter even unto death, broke up their meetings and dragged the most prominent to filthy crowded prisons where many lay for years, and where the sufferings of many were ended only by death. But nothing could check their devotion, and when there failed men and women to sustain the public worship, youths and children continued in some places to gather amid the ruins of their meeting houses."

One of these early ancestors was Thomas Wilson, who after becoming imbued by the spirit of reform, and teaching it at Oxford, visited Ireland and spent many years in teaching. Persecution of himself, his family, and his followers was his lot. He died at Mount Wilson in 1725, and the words on his lips were: "The Lord's goodness fills my heart, and I have an assurance of my everlasting peace in His kingdom with my ancient friends gone before with whom I had sweet comfort in the work of the Gospel."

His son, Benjamin Wilson, married, in 1724, Dinah, daughter of Joshua Clibborn. The latter was a son of Colonel

John Clibborn, an officer in Cromwell's Army, who seems to have been a man of strong character and considerable local influence.

About the year 1658, when twenty-six years of age, he came with the Army of the Parliament into Ireland and settled on a property in Moate, King's County. His descendants still inhabit Moate Castle, the family seat.

Colonel Clibborn had a great aversion to the people called Friends, and finding that they had a meeting-place on his land he determined to clear them off by burning this house. Provided with fire, he went to the place when, as he supposed, it was empty, but to his surprise he found a meeting going on, and Thomas Loe preaching. He threw away the fire, sat down behind the door, and became so powerfully affected that his purpose was immediately changed. On his return home his wife asked if the Friends meeting-house was burned. "No," he said. "If you will come to meeting there next Sunday and do not like it I will go with you to church the following Sunday."

She accordingly went, and Thomas Loe again preached. Both joined the Friends, and Colonel Clibborn built a meeting-house, which, with a burial ground, he bequeathed to the Society for ever.

He was of a generous, open-hearted disposition, beloved and esteemed in his neighbourhood, very hospitable, especially to strangers who came on errands of love preaching the Gospel of Peace.

His situation in the Civil Wars during the struggle of James II to retain his power was very perilous as his house was only a few miles from Athlone, where the Irish Army had established their garrison and from whence issued parties to distress the country.

Meetings were kept up at great hazard. Succouring many, and endued with Christian love, John Clibborn held on his way in patience and courage. He was one night dragged by his hair from that home which had been long a refuge for the distressed, but which was now the spoil of the plunderer, and in flames.

His life was attempted three times by the bloodthirsty foes around him, and at last they laid his head on a block and, raising

the hatchet, prepared to strike the fatal blow. He called for a brief respite and then knelt down to pray, as did Stephen, that the sin might not be laid to their charge. Just then another party arrived and asked: "Who have you got there?" and were answered: "Clibborn." "Clibborn!" they echoed, "a hair of his head shall not be touched."

Escaping with his bare life, almost naked, he wrapped a blanket around him and presented himself before the Commander at Athlone.

The officer desired him to point out the men who had been guilty of this outrage and they should be hanged before his hall door. But he refused, saying he bore them no ill-will, and only desired that his neighbours and himself might be allowed to live unmolested.

John Clibborn lived to see tranquillity restored, and ended in peace his long life in 1705.

In connecting himself with the family of this good man, we may believe Benjamin Wilson came into possession of "a prudent wife, which is from the Lord."

They made their home at Mount Wilson, near Edenderry, one of the three farms owned by his father and uncle, surrounded by a large colony of English friends—Bewleys, Manliffs, Whites and others. Here a large family grew up around them.

Another ancestor who married into the Wilson family was a Colonel Goffe or Gough, a cousin of Oliver Cromwell by marriage. He later became Major-General Gough, and his career is interesting as showing a picture of those times. His father was Stephen Goffe (or Goughe), graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Rector of Stanmer in Sussex, and his brother Stephen, an Oxford graduate, became a Roman Catholic priest in Paris, and chaplain to Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. His second brother, John Goffe, D.D., was Rector of Norton, Kent, and Vicar of St. Stephen's.

He could preach as well as fight, for in 1648 we find him taking part in the three days of humiliation and prayer, self-imposed on the Puritan Army at Windsor Castle. Troubles were accumulating. The King was a restive prisoner at Carisbrooke; the Royalists were watching for their chance to retrieve disaster; the Presbyterians, with the city at their head, were half inclined to return to their allegiance; the Scotch Army

was divided against itself; everything looked black for the army and its leader.

In 1649, when still a young man, his name appears with that of some sixty others on Charles's death warrant.

At Dunbar he commanded the Protector's own regiment, and in 1655 we find him one of the ten major-generals under whose absolute control Cromwell had parcelled out the whole country. His district was Surrey, Hampshire and Berkshire. England, wearied of plots and disturbance, settled down peaceably under their control, for they were, as Carlyle says: "carefully chosen, of real wisdom, valour and veracity, men fearing God and hating covetousness." Their duties were as various as their powers were great, among these being the selection of "godly ministers" for the various parishes, a task for which these soldier-preachers were perhaps more fit than most military rulers before or afterwards.

In 1657, with Whalley and Berry, Goffe seems to have favoured the offer of kingship to Oliver, which their fellow-general opposed, and was nominated for his House of Lords.

He had followed Cromwell through his campaigns in Ireland, and had fought at the sieges of Drogheda and Wexford, and for his services had received large grants of land in the county Wexford, among them the estate of Horetown, which has continued to be the family seat till the present time.

His last appearance in public was when, on May 25th, 1659, he vainly tried to rally his regiment in defence of Richard Cromwell. Upon the overthrow of the Commonwealth, excluded from the amnesty as a regicide, he fled to America, where he was tracked from place to place, and after experiencing many vicissitudes he died in that country in 1680.

Certainly many of my Friend ancestors suffered intense persecution for their faith, and they opened their arms in generous sympathy to those alien Protestants who were fleeing from destruction in France and elsewhere. It was from some of these foreigners, no doubt, that the weaving of flax was learned, and the Irish linen mills soon became famous throughout the world.

The Hautevilles, who were one of the Huguenot families, and who fled from the ancient castle of Hauteville near Caen, the ruins of which still remain, intermarried with my father's

forebears and so became ancestors of mine. The name later was slightly changed to Hautenville, and is my middle name.

Some notes on this family which have been made by Mr. Hautonville Cope of Finchampstead Place and a member of the Bramshill family of Cope may be of interest.

“The family of Hauteville are of great antiquity in Normandy. They were originally seated at Hauteville (since called Hauteville-la-Guichard) in the Canton of St. Janvier Landelin, about two leagues from Countances. The deeds and fortunes of some of the twelve sons of the Seigneur de Hauteville, their exploits in Sicily and Apulia, of which they became the rulers, are events recorded in the history of Europe. But the family continued simple Norman country gentlemen at the old home of Hauteville. Here subsequently they built a dwelling-place, the Chateau de Hauteville, now a heap of ruins, in which all architectural features are undistinguishable; and here they dwelt from generation to generation, while their kinsmen were winning victories and wearing crowns in Italy, and long after the fitful fire of their exploits had died out. I have only to note their existence in the sixteenth century and the subsequent history of one branch.

“The reformed religion had then made much impression in Hauteville-la-Guichard. For in 1616 its converts were so numerous that they purchased twenty-six ‘perchese’ of land for a cemetery for those of that communion.

“Some of the family had migrated to the provincial metropolis of Rouen and had there carried their religious opinions. Of these one, Elizabeth de Hauteville, daughter of Messire Samson de Hauteville and Marguerite de Lore his wife, married in 1564 Odet de Coligny, Archbishop of Toulouse, and a Cardinal, who with his brother, the great Admiral, had embraced Protestantism. His history is well known. He was deposed from, or abandoned, his sacred functions, fled to England, died here (not without suspicion of poison) in 1571, and lies buried in Canterbury cathedral. Whether his wife, Elizabeth de Hauteville, accompanied him to this country I know not. But in 1604 I find her engaged in a law-suit with Marguerite (*née* d’Ailly), widow of François, Comte de Coligny, her husband’s nephew. In the pleadings her marriage is recorded and some curious facts are related: as that she was ‘given’ by her parents at the age

of fifteen to the Duchess of Savoy, who had consented to her marriage when she was sought by the said Odet et Coligny, and had declared her pleasure by the match, as it would be a means of her living in liberty of her conscience.

"A branch of the family lived on at Rouen till the reign of Louis XIV, when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes no longer permitted them to live in their own country 'in liberty of their conscience.'

"Like so many of their fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens, they migrated to Ireland."

The Hautenvilles afterwards married in Ireland into the families of Jaffray and Rawdon, who later became the Earls of Moira. While in England one of the daughters of this house married Sir William Henry Cope of Bramshill, Hampshire. My father's and my mother's families are both in some cases doubly and even trebly connected with all these families, so closely did those of a certain community associate together during several hundred years.

My father's forebears were thus led as landowners to attach their farming and agricultural interest, which they had carried on for several generations, to that of commerce. The first to essay this combination were men of vision and high ideals. They condemned the methods of industry which obtained at that period where the conditions of living and working were hard and unhealthy. My grandfather, James Nicholson Richardson, who was born in 1782 and died in 1847, was one of such, and his second son, John, founded the model industrial village of Bessbrook, the first of its kind.

The seven brothers, of whom John was one and my father another, were all men of strong character. They are described as all being well made and good-looking—some being distinctly handsome—and in most cases being very active and above middle height, some of them attaining six feet.

In reading the family records of these seven brothers and their father, whose combined lives stretch over a period of one hundred and fifty years, one receives the impression of a strong sense of living for a high purpose, supported by a distinct code of definite regulations to that end.

My mother's family also took root in the Church, and traces its descent from the Rev. William Nicholson, who came from

Cumberland to Ireland with Cromwell's Army and became Rector of Derry-Brughas. There is a romantic story that the wife of one of his descendants, a Captain Nicholson, was found wandering on the battlefield of one of Cromwell's engagements with her infant in her arms, searching for her husband's body. Cromwell, hearing of her distress, had her properly safeguarded, and finally bestowed a grant of land on her and her family, which they held until a quite recent date.

Most of my mother's ancestors were interested in agriculture, hunting, and sport of all kinds. I am told that when my father, who was also very fond of hunting, wished to buy a fiery chestnut from Mr. Nicholson of Stramore that the only person by whom it would allow itself to be controlled was my mother, who, as Charlotte Nicholson, was only a girl of seventeen. She was summoned from the schoolroom, and the result was the immediate decision on the part of my father to ask for her in marriage.

Her family had lived at Stramore, Co. Down, for several hundred years, and her father and grandfather were both Masters of Hounds and were absorbed in farming, hunting, and sports of all kinds. This family intermarried with many well-known families in Ireland who also carried on the sporting tradition.

My father also was fond of agriculture and farmed the estate of Brookhill, Co. Antrim, for some years. He was exceedingly fond of hunting and, besides running a subscription pack of hounds himself, was also a member of the Killultagh Hounds. Being an exceedingly fine judge of a horse his opinion was much sought, and when, as his family grew up and he moved to Cheltenham for educational purposes, he was still in constant touch with those both in Ireland and England who desired his judgment.

I like to think of that possession my father had which, although not so scarce in the Emerald Isle as elsewhere, is still always a rare gift—wit. The family notes by my cousin Mr. J. N. Richardson describe this quality in him in the following words:

“I have heard my father say that even when Joshua was quite young my grandfather would sit helpless with the tears running down his face at the stories of his young raconteur; and in maturer years he caused similar paralysis in many a

listener. With a solemn and rather melancholy face, and apparently taking but little interest in what he was talking about, he would describe his experiences, embroidering them variously to suit his audience. These experiences were usually connected with matters of no importance, and invariably with his own doings and were tragio-comic in character. He was not a good conversationalist, requiring a free field to himself, which he generally managed to obtain. Those who knew him would commence to snigger early on; of those who did not, some would, as the drama unfolded itself, wonder whether he was 'quite wise,' but as the pathos turned into bathos all who had the least sense of humour would go off into various shades of merriment, some with handkerchiefs to their eyes, some leaving the table contorted with laughter, whilst one or two of the company (who required the surgical operation) would wonder what it was all about.

"The most peculiar part of it is that though so often a witness on these occasions I cannot remember any special story, and if I did and tried to transcribe it in writing it would be labour wasted. The bite of a horse-fly or other insect, the short delivery of a bag of oats, the escorting of a lady, drenched to the skin, attempting to climb Slieve Donard, through Newcastle town, would serve his purpose, and the wrinkle of the forehead, the twinkle of the eye, the imperceptible shrug of the shoulder or motion of the hand would do the rest."

My mother's first cousin was General John Nicholson of Indian Mutiny fame, and I cannot refrain from reminding my readers at some length of the fine character of this unusual man. He combined an extraordinary amount of tenderness, gentleness, and consideration for those he loved with an unbending sternness and fierce determination in the pursuit of any object involved in what he considered his duty. Lord Roberts, who had an immense veneration for this soldier statesman, says in his book, *Forty-one Years in India* :

"John Nicholson was a name to conjure with in the Punjab. I had heard it mentioned with an amount of respect—indeed awe—which no other name could excite, and I was all curiosity to see one whose influence on the frontier was so great that his word was law to the refractory tribes amongst whom he lived.



STATUE OF JOHN NICHOLSON AT DELHI

He had only lately arrived in Peshawar, having been transferred from Bannu, a difficult and troublesome district, ruled by him as it had never been before, and where he made such reputation for himself, that while he was styled 'a pillar of strength on the frontier' by Lord Dalhousie, he was looked up to as a god by the natives, who loved as much as they feared him. By some of them he was actually worshipped as a saint. They formed themselves into a sect and called themselves 'Nicolseyns.' "

Lord Roberts continues :

"Nicholson impressed me more profoundly than any man I had ever met before or have ever met since. I have never met anyone like him. He was the beau-ideal of a soldier and a gentleman. His appearance was distinguished and commanding, with a sense of power about him which to my mind was the result of his having passed so much of his life amongst the wild and lawless tribesmen, with whom his authority was supreme.

"Intercourse with this man amongst men made me more eager than ever to remain on the frontier, and I was seized with ambition to follow in his footsteps. Had I never seen Nicholson again I might have thought that the feelings with which he inspired me were, to some extent, the result of my imagination, excited by the astonishing stories I had heard of his power and influence; my imagination was, however, immeasurably strengthened when, after weeks later, I served as his Staff officer and had the opportunity of observing more closely his splendid soldierly qualities and the workings of his grand simple mind."

There is a fine memorial erected to his memory, as most people know, at Delhi, and another was unveiled at his birth-place, Lisburn, in Co. Antrim, by another great Irish soldier, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, in 1922, who said :

"John Nicholson, of the town of Lisburn, spent the first eighteen years of his life here and the second eighteen years on the borders of India. In those second eighteen years John Nicholson of Lisburn made a name for himself amongst the border tribes of India—the most savage, the most war-like, and the most terrible tribes. He made a name which stands to-day as strong as it did when he was killed sixty-five years ago.

John Nicholson, by himself, so ruled those tribes that it was said with absolute truth that one could walk from one end to the other of North-west India with absolute safety amongst those savage people."

A great friend of his, Sir Herbert Edwardes, who had fought alongside with him for eighteen years, wrote as follows:

"What class of a man is John Nicolson of Lisburn?" And he answered the question himself by saying: "Of no class, he stands by himself." Those wild tribes to-day, this very day when we are standing here in Lisburn, those wild tribes when they mention John Nicholson's name, salute. The children are brought up to salaam at the mention of John Nicholson of Lisburn, and in the whole history of India there is no parallel to John Nicholson.

The stories of John Nicholson—he was only thirty-five years old when he was killed in the North-west India—are truly fairy stories. I will tell you two—I will tell you three. He was writing one day in his tent up amongst those tribes. He was writing to his superior officer, and this was his letter: "I have just killed a man; he was coming to kill me. Yours obediently, John Nicholson." In the fighting at Delhi one of his orderlies, a native of whom he was very fond, was killed. That night John Nicholson wrote on a slip of paper to be given to one of his friends: "My orderly was killed to-day. I leave 400 rupees to his widow." The last letter that John Nicholson dictated was written when he was lying on a stretcher near the Kashmir Gate. He was dying, and he was only able to whisper. An officer, who had been with him in the storming party in the morning, thought that as the storming party had not been successful it ought to be withdrawn, and John Nicholson, who was dying, whispered: "Send that officer to me. Thank God I have sufficient strength to shoot him." That was John Nicholson of Lisburn.

It is curious in these days, in this little quarter in Ireland—this Ulster—that in those terrible times of the Mutiny it produced four men who stood out absolutely amongst all those gallant fellows who were there: John Lawrence, Henry Lawrence, both of Londonderry, Edward Pottinger of Co. Down, and John Nicholson of Lisburn.

If I might be allowed to say so, I would say to you men and women of Lisburn: treat his statue as something not only to be proud of—intensely proud of—but treat it as something sacred, and teach your children the story of the life of John Nicholson of Lisburn.

One influence in his life which tended to make him more thoughtful than the ordinary youth was the widowhood of his mother, ~~who~~ who was left very badly off with a number of young children. The father, Dr. Alexander Nicholson, was the son of my grandfather, Mr. John Nicholson of Stramore. The children were brought up in a stern school where right and wrong were given names. One day Mrs. Nicholson found her little three-year-old son furiously flicking a knotted handkerchief at some invisible object. "What are you doing, John?" was her wondering question. "Oh, mother dear," he gravely answered, "I'm trying to get a blow at the Devil. He is wanting to make me bad. If I could get him down I'd kill him."

Captain Trotter says:

"With five boys to bring up on a slender income, Mrs. Nicholson would sometimes betray in her sad countenance the cares that harassed her mind. If little Master John happened to notice one of these passing shadows he would go up to his mother and say, with a comforting kiss: 'Don't fret, mamma dear, when I'm a big man I'll make plenty of money and give it all to you.' This promise he loyally kept, and the tender solicitude for his mother all through his life must have been the source of the greatest comfort to her and the highly adequate compensation for the struggles she had had in early days of family upbringing. His cousin, the dowager Lady Tweedmouth, remembers having heard, when she was about six years old, how John Nicholson 'was always leader in games at the boys' school and never was known to tell a lie.'"

Fortunately, Mrs. Alexander Nicholson, who before her marriage was Clara Hogg, had good friends who eventually were able to help her with the careers of her children. Captain Trotter in his *Life of John Nicholson* describes this period of the poor lady's life, and I quote it as showing the romantic adventure life could be at that time for a young man of spirit and adventure:

"Be that as it may, the fortunes of the family, now represented by the second Lord Magheramorne, had sunk very low indeed when Clara Hogg's father died, leaving her and her brother Charles to the care of their widowed mother and her eldest son James.

"Happily for them all, young James Hogg proved splendidly equal to so imperious a need. He had just passed with high honours out of Dublin University. In 1809, at the age of nineteen, he went forth armed with a passport from the Duke of Buckingham to seek his fortune in the dominions of the East India Company, which still looked askance on all unlicensed 'interlopers.' On his way round the Cape his vessel was chased by a French cruiser and only escaped by running up the Mozambique Channel. At Calcutta he had to borrow, at exorbitant rates of interest, the means of supporting the dear ones left at home.

"By his own merits and the knowledge he had gained in the Law Schools of Dublin, James Hogg soon made his mark at the Calcutta Bar. In five years he fairly distanced all his rivals and at the end of five more he was making £15,000 a year. From 1825 to 1833 he held the lucrative post of Registrar to the Supreme Court at Calcutta. His return to England in 1834 heralded his entrance on a wider and more ambitious career, as an eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, a leading director of the East India Company, and in 1858 an influential member of the Queen's Indian Council. In 1846, while serving as Chairman of the Court of Directors, James Weir Hogg was rewarded with a baronetcy for his great political services to the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel."

It was due to the influence of his uncle, James Hogg, that young John Nicholson received a cadetship in the Bengal Infantry, which led on to that wonderful career which is of so unique a character.

I think my mother inherited the same pluck and courage of the Nicholsons in many ways, which found opportunity in other directions. I know that she went down into the slums of London on social service to the sick and ignorant, and when working in dockland contracted the dreadful disease of small-pox from which she never recovered.

Of my brothers, one entered the Church, another is a Commander in the Royal Navy, and I myself went through Cheltenham and Sandhurst, and passed into the Sherwood Foresters. I married in 1894 Blanche, the younger daughter of Thomas Riley Bannon, and my two sons both passed through Harrow and Sandhurst, and served in the Great War, my elder son with the King's Dragoon Guards.

~~The~~ Richardson family as a whole, as was the case with so many others, has sad occasion for remembering the War. We ourselves lost our dearly beloved younger son Angus, who fell at Loos, when serving with the 2nd Gordons, at the age of eighteen years, and a number of his cousins, fine young men, just entering on life, also never returned.

A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown ;
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
He rests unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play ;
Friendships at will ; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope ; some service to the State ;
Benignant Age ; then the long tryst to keep.
Wherein the yew tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was there the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will ?
We ask ; and wait.

LORD CREWE.

After retiring from the Regular Army, I joined the West Yorks Militia, which was then commanded by a fine old soldier in Sir George Jackson Hay. My two subalterns were the Hon. Tommy Lister, who fell later in Somaliland, and Captain Oates, who will always be known and remembered under that simple but ever glorious title of "a very gallant gentleman."

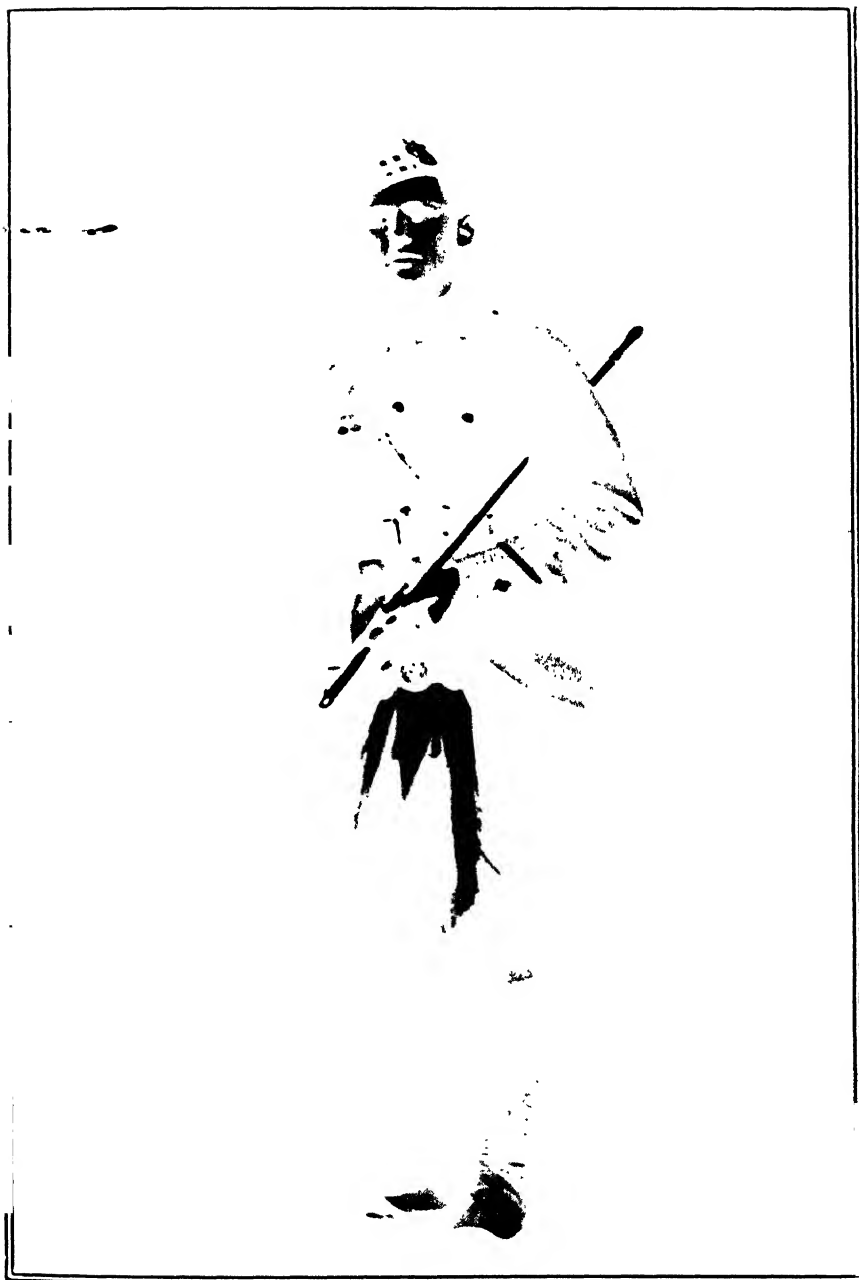
So far, I have not said anything about the dog interest, but I may say that all my life I have been devoted to them, and as a child I remember well being deeply impressed by a fine old bloodhound that was kept for guarding purposes on my people's place. It is a fact that in many parts of England and Ireland, in previous generations, and before the police organization had been in any way perfected, bloodhounds were used as trackers of thieves and nefarious characters of all sorts. This old dog, named Frigate, was probably a descendant of hounds which had been used for really serious work. One of my cousins, in some family records he published, questions whether the proximity of this animal in my babyhood may have implanted that love of bloodhound tracking which developed in me in later years.

As a family, we have all of us a "way" with dogs, and all animals. What this exactly means I expect most people will agree with me is extremely difficult to define, but the fact remains that there seems to be in people with this sense a certain sympathetic confidence to which the animal responds with a like attitude. This comradeship is very delightful, and brings much sweetness and happiness in life. One feels really sorry for those people who do not possess it, as certainly they deny themselves an immense amount of pleasure and innocent fun.

I have been fortunate in marrying a lady who adores all helpless things—dogs, babies, and flowers, and for thirty-five years of married life we have amused ourselves with our dogs, and have made what we began as a mere amusement an important study.

I think most of us have memories of the dog friends of our youth—those intensely individual characters who loved us very devotedly, but, as their masters, did not respect us in the least, who regarded themselves as in every way equal to us in the family life, and who alternately adored us and kept us in our place, who participated in all our pleasures and sorrows, and occasionally gave us what they considered necessary, fleshly admonitions. Personally I was brought up on "nips," and my wife tells me she also remembers a beloved Maltese terrier who administered to her the most salutary rebukes in this way, when it was thought she required a lesson in self-control.

It is certainly true that all children should be taught that



MY YOUNGER SON, 2ND LIEUTENANT ANGUS AL. RICHARDSON,
2ND GORDON HIGH LANDERS

Fell at Loos, September 1915 — Harrow and Sandhurst.

did not at first quite understand this, and exercised the young growing dogs too much with our cycles. I remember one very cherished friend who, when adult, might have been taken for a twin brother to Tishy. Some of them, however, were very fine. One splendid hound we bred, of immense size, became the adored pet of a friend, so that I was able to follow his career. This lady had a wonderful influence with animals, and she also possessed a pet canary which certainly seemed to understand every word she said. It had a cage, but was rarely in it, but flew about the house, and in and out of the garden. The dog and bird had a great affection for each other, and it was delightful to see little Dick sitting on Brian's head, and the latter's complete confidence and pleasure in his doing so. The bird used to play games with him, tweaking a hairy ear, and then lean forward and peer into Brian's eye to see the effect. It would fly on to his front paws and gaze endearingly into the dog's face.

This dog was so devoted to his mistress that he was most unhappy when she was away from home, so she resorted to a plan of dressing up a lay figure with her clothes. This was then placed at the top of the stairs, where there was a gate across. Brian saw this figure from down below, and it seemed to give him comfort. I never was able to fathom if he actually thought it was she, or how exactly it eased his pain.

This poor fellow fell a victim to one of the early motorists. His mistress never cared for the house or place after the shock of losing him, and as for the poor little canary, it never looked up again, but drooped and died. These three seemed to have been bound together with singular links of devotion, and there are some human beings who, besides having the ordinary affection and sympathy with animals, do seem to have a sort of sixth sense whereby they form links with the very inner soul of the animals they train.

At this time also we always had some Scotch terriers or Dandie Dinmonts, which were my wife's fancy. Just before she married, she saw a delightfully cheery Dandie chasing rats through the gallery of an old Scotch church. It flew up the stairs at one side, tore across the gallery, bounced down the stairs at the other side, and continued doing this quite happily for some time, while harvest festival decorations were proceeding. Ardent

desire for possession of this whimsical terrier seized her, and it turned out to be the property of the Church beadle, who, on hearing of her wish, insisted on presenting it to her as a wedding present. She was leaving for the South that night, and wished to take it home from the Church in the carriage at once, but the beadle's stipulation was that Masher must walk to the station—a distance of five miles “on his ain feetie” so as to better withstand the confinement of the long journey.

I can honestly say that dear old dog became part of our lives, and a tear and a laugh still rise when we speak of him in connection with the sixteen years of life which followed. He did his best to assist us in bringing up the children, and although he never really got over his first resentment at their arrival, he so far sank his dignity as to admit them to reasonable companionship. I remember when they visited relations in London, the nurse used to take the babies and pram into Kensington Gardens. Masher deigned to accompany them for the sake of the exercise, but would never acknowledge himself of their party, but keeping them closely in sight, would stalk slowly along a parallel path to which they were on, but never by any chance consent to use the same path.

At this time we were living in Scotland, and were very happy with our dogs as, consequently on some success with our first litters, we found we had no difficulty in placing our young stock whenever we wanted to do so. My wife also became interested in the Ladies' Kennel Association, which was a very fashionable and amusing organization in those days.

We were very fortunate with our deerhound and Irish wolfhounds on the Show bench. This success, however, entailed tremendous journeys, as we were not content with only the rewards of the Scottish Show bench but liked to visit the London and English Provincial shows as well. I well remember a cross-country journey we had to make to reach some show, when we had to change trains at Bedford at three a.m. A cold, drizzling, pitch-dark morning in mid-winter, and the new train not in yet we repaired to the refreshment-room, where an unfortunate travelling theatrical company was already gathered in a cold dark room with one flaring gas, etc. It was easy to pick out the various stock personalities—the hero and heroine, the villain, the heavy father, the dowager, a few odd ones, and the

comedy element. Even under the depressing circumstances the latter could still scintillate, and it seemed to us at the time that such capacity under the miserable conditions approached genius. "When were those buns last dusted, Miss?" enquired one comic light of the unresponsive barmaid. Titters from the company and a haughty silence from the maid. "Don't worry the lady, 'Alf'" chimes in another jester. "How can she tell, she's only been here a month."

I had always been interested, however, in what a dog could do, as well as what it looked like, and although I certainly believe in pure breeding, I am also fond of encouraging the mental capacity of each breed along the lines of its natural powers of attainment. I have always believed that the dog represents the nearest thing to man in the animal creation—of all the animals, it seems to combine in its nature the highest number of the best human qualities, and there would seem to be a wide gulf between it and any other species in this respect. On thinking it over, it seems to me that another difference is that although some of the other creatures are given an invitation to co-operate with man, and they do so in many cases in most polite manner, the dog itself claims this partnership as its right. How the link first was formed is not known, but must reach down from far remote ages, the period of cave and wattle dwellings, of lonely wastes and forests.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS

MY ONLY FRIENDS

My heart grows sick when home I come—
May God the thought forgive !
If 'twere not for my cat and dog
I think I could not live.
My cat and dog when I come home
Run out to welcome me ;
She, mewing with her tail on end,
While wagging his comes he.
They listen for my homeward steps.

Oh, yes they come—they never fail
To listen for my sighs ;
My poor heart brightens when it meets
The sunshine of their eyes.
Again they come to meet me—God !
Wilt thou the thought forgive ?
If 'twere not for my cat and dog
I think I could not live.

My playful cat and honest dog
Are all the friends I have.

ELLIOTT.

MY favourite study at school was natural history, and I remember I had a nondescript collection of pets—a spaniel, a basset, and several voracious young hawks. I also remember that I heard at that time that dogs were being trained for military purposes in Continental armies, which aroused in me great interest.

My father was anxious for me to acquire languages, and after leaving Cheltenham, I was sent to Hanover and Dresden to learn German, and after that into Switzerland for French tuition. At that period the Germans were not as sure of them-

selves as they became later on. That they were being "tuned up" under the stringent educational military propaganda it was easy to see, but they then were of an admiring frame of mind towards Britishers, and were without that overweening conceit which later on led them so woefully astray.

Even my boyish mind understood, however, that their military organization was not one to hold in light esteem, and that the energy and system which, with true German thoroughness, they introduced into every detail, might be likely to cause trouble some day.

This early training in German and French, together with residence in those two countries sufficiently long to receive the impress of the national mind, was later to be of great use to me. In the meantime I read up in past history how dogs had, on innumerable occasions, co-operated with man in war, that the Greek generals of the period, when the Grecian Empire was at its zenith, used them to carry messages to the troops in action, and with the barbaric method of a cruel age, had caused the dog to swallow the written words, so that on arrival at its destination the unfortunate animal had of necessity to be killed in order to abstract the message.

I found that Napoleon, in writing to General Marmont, had said, just before the Battle of Aboukir (July 25th, 1799), at Alexandria: "You should have a large quantity of dogs which can be made use of by posting them in front of your fortifications."

Early in the new century I began to train dogs for military purposes myself, in quite a tentative way. My wife and I used to amuse ourselves playing various games with collie dogs, teaching them to find us when hidden, to run with messages, to lie down and guard objects, etc. This systematic study taught us a great deal about the dog mind and the wonderful results which could be obtained by steady routine training along the lines of least resistance according to the intelligence of each particular breed.

The collies we found were useful in any teaching which entailed a seeking out and return to a given spot. This would be due to the generations of sheep-dog ancestry when the animal's intelligence is always trained outwards after the sheep but always returning to the shepherd.



MYSELF AS A 2ND LIEUTENANT WITH A FRIEND

The way they used their reason in this connection was often amusing. Our custom was to send a kennel-boy on his bicycle to fetch the letters from our local town and to do various messages, and so as to give them a good run, four of the collies would be leashed together in couples to go with him. I am afraid the youth had many private interests of his own, which he liked to follow up, and so very often the dogs, although they would remain where he left them, soon fathomed that he was no longer within. They then evidently reasoned that the one position of appeal so to speak must be the post office. So that even if they had already fetched the letters they thought it best to return there and wait. In this way they were often found drawn up in a row at the edge of the pavement patiently awaiting their truant attendant. How often does one find a truer fidelity to duty in the dog than in some human beings !

In retrievers the instinct was, of course, the same in the sense of going out and returning, but in their case they like to bring something back in their mouths. We tried them for ambulance work, where they were supposed to search underwood for hidden persons representing the wounded and return to me, bringing some article away. I remember once there was some mistake as to which part of a wood was to be the "field of battle," and the retriever searched without avail. It was evidently exercised in its mind as to what it should do, not finding any "body" from which to abstract an article, so in desperation it picked up a leaf in its mouth and came running back with that, looking up with appealing eyes to me, earnestly desiring that I should be appeased with that offering instead.

This training work was extremely interesting, and we found that very fine results could be obtained both with messenger dogs and ambulance dogs. Of course, at this period I had no official backing, but our house, which was on the east coast of Scotland at Carnoustie, was near Barrie and Buddon camping grounds, and sundry friends, who every year came with their regiments for the summer camping season, were most kind and helpful by allowing me to bring the dogs to experiment with their men in quite an unofficial way when under training. This was very useful to me as giving me a chance to test them as nearly as possible under war conditions. Everyone was very interested, and the men themselves liked working the dogs.

We did a good many experiments at night as well, and I was able to judge where there were weak spots in my training and to make alterations.

Some of the officers in command of the camps at different times were sufficiently impressed with the results to send in reports to the War Office on their own initiative requesting that an enquiry should be held as to the wisdom of official recognition of war dogs. Nothing came of these requests, however, although I always responded to invitations to go to various manœuvring grounds. These journeys were always at my own expense, and put me to a considerable trouble, but I was quite willing to do this as I gained experience thereby for my training, and I always felt sure that some day such work would be acceptable and that a need would arise for it.

It became known pretty widely after a time that I was training war dogs and I insert here a clipping from one of the dailies which is interesting as showing that the same idea has been cropping up every now and then through the centuries.

“When the modern use of war dogs, as now practised in chief by Major Richardson, was first taken up is not quite clear; but some credit for perception of the possibilities of their employment may perhaps be assigned to Capt. John Grant, of Dunlugas, in the shire of Banff, who was favourite aide-de-camp, or galloper, to Frederick the Great in the Seven Years’ War. He brought to London successively the news of the battle of Prague and Rossbach, and died as major-general and Governor of Neisse, in Silesia. Frederick’s French reader, De Catt, recorded in his diary the following table-talk reference of the King to Captain Grant and his passion for dogs, presumably of the collie or Speyside kind; I have another Englishman here, or rather a Scot, like Michell (Aberdeenshire, Sir Andrew, English Ambassador), like him, too, so very blunt and honest, but withal a brave officer. His name is Grant. He is worth knowing, and you might ask Sir Andrew for an introduction to him. But take my advice, and beware of abusing his dogs, of which he always leads about several with him, and, above all, have a care of treading on their toes, for on these two points I can assure you he is not to be trifled with. Were I, for example, even I, who am now talking to you, to disparage or cane his dogs, he

would give me a furious blowing up for it. You can therefore imagine what would happen if you or anyone else were to do his canine companions the least harm. His dogs are his weakness, his mania, though in other respects he is a very charming and gallant fellow.

"This Captain Grant figures in an historical romance of the Seven Years' War, 'A Fallen Star, or the Scots of Frederick,' and in recommending the use of one of his dogs for courier service in connection with an effort to discover certain secrets of the Saxon camp, says: 'And all that the dog's abductor, as I may call him, sire, has to do in the present case is to get into the Saxon camp with it, find out somehow the number of days for which their provisions will still hold out, scratch this number nothing more, inside the collar of the dog here, and then fling it loose, so that if he himself cannot again manage to slink through the lines, the collie will certainly do so as stealthily as a fox and be back to me in no time.' 'Bravo, Grant,' exclaimed the King; the idea, I repeat, is a most admirable one, and shall at once be carried out. I wonder why we never thought of this before.' 'The ancients, sire,' said Grant, 'as may be read in Strabo, were alive to the use of dogs in war.' 'As combatants, yes, but not as couriers, eh?' 'Perhaps not, sire, but in that case your Majesty, by now using my collie in the way proposed, will reap the honour of having introduced still another novelty in the mechanism of modern war.' 'Nay, my dear Major,' protested the King, 'the honour will be all yours for suggesting the thing, but I am all impatience to have it tried. Your countryman Keith (Field-Marshal) has devised a war-game (Kriegspiel) and now you cap his invention with the discovery of a war dog.'"

About this time also I became very interested in tracking bloodhounds, and in this work, too, I much preferred to raise it out of the mere question of sport as it had hitherto been more or less regarded. My desire was that this strange scenting gift should be adapted to human present-day needs, and I thought that both in the army and in the police tracking dogs would have their use.

Whenever it became known that I had these dogs in training requests came in from all parts requiring me to assist in discovering the whereabouts of all kinds of lost persons. Some

of these, becoming rather bored at home no doubt, had merely taken the train to another town without leaving an address, but whom their excited relations imagined lying out dead or nearly so in the mountains or meadows. In this way I had several wild-goose chases, but nevertheless there were some good "hits," and I learned a great deal. I mention this subject here as part of my experiences of that particular period of my life but I propose to write a chapter on tracking dogs, as there seems to be considerable interest in this subject.

I always kept myself in touch with all the work being done with dogs for the army and police on the Continent. Being able to speak and read and write French and German easily, I left no stone unturned to keep myself in touch with the commandants of the various training schools in France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Amongst others I studied the experiments of Lieut. Dupin of the 32nd French Infantry, who began testing for military purposes dogs at much the same time as I did in Britain. Unfortunately this officer died before the Great War.

One day, however, my ardour in the work received an added impetus. We were visiting friends in the Highlands, and walking over the moors one evening I espied a strange figure in a bowler hat in deep converse with the shepherd. Seeing the bowler hat was examining the shepherd's dogs my interest was aroused, and I went over to see what this very obvious foreigner was doing in such an out-of-the-way spot. He turned out to be a German, and he quite frankly told me he had been sent over by the German Government to purchase large quantities of collie dogs for the German Army. He told me that these dogs were found to be most excellent for the work required, and that they had nothing in Germany which could compare with them. He was going everywhere collecting dogs.

This episode had the effect of rousing in me an incentive to work harder than ever, so as to ensure that our dogs should be kept in Britain for the use of our own soldiers.

I remember the old shepherd gave me some valuable hints on training, and how marvellous is the connection between these Scotch sheep-dogs and their shepherd masters! I bought a great shaggy animal from him that, as regards reasoning powers, was practically human. The way Old Sandy the

shepherd addressed his young half-trained stock always amused me :

“Wad ye sit doon” (both a question and a command). “Wad ye *no* sit doon,” then finally and generally with the desired result. “Wad ye sit doon, *min?*” Evidently the effect of the last word was so impressive in intention that Jackie or Bob, as the case might be, thought discretion the better part of valour and sat!

The Scottish peasant voice is certainly extremely expressive. I remember sitting in a train and hearing two old Scotties talking together. One of them had been away visiting in the South, and his experiences appeared to include attending a wedding, witnessing a runaway horse tragedy, losing some money, which was in itself a tragedy, and the purchase of a new farm. He also expressed his opinion of the new “meenister,” with criticisms as to the latter’s theology. His friend appeared deeply and sympathetically interested all through the discourse, and was able to contribute his part to the conversation most expressively by one single word, delivered in every tone and with every expression of surprise, disgust, admiration, annoyance, and pleasure, namely, “*Aye!*”

I thought it might be interesting to see what the Germans were doing with these collie dogs, so hearing of a training school in Lechernich where they were being collected, I went over there and stayed for some time. I found a fine collection of collies which were training in for finding wounded. They wore Red Cross jackets, and were very well broken. One of these I purchased and brought back with me, a good tricolour called Sanita. She used to search closely in the underwood and lie down beside the “wounded” man when found. She carried a little flask and a roll of bandages. Sanita was exceedingly popular on our local “battlefields” at Barry Camp, and the contents of the flask required frequent renewals. I also trained her to be a good message carrier.

The sea coast, which was below our house, made a splendid training ground, covered as it was along the edge with thick bents and wiry grass. The dry sand held very little body scent, so that the searching work was very difficult for the dog, and this was all to the good. The “wounded” were represented by various unemployed of the neighbourhood; our own

children were cajoled or commandeered into the service, and the local school children were delighted to earn some pocket-money. Our friends, too, were most good-natured in giving me help, it being necessary that the dogs should be trained as much as possible on strangers.

In 1905 the Russo-Japanese War broke out. I naturally followed the military operations as reported in the public press with great interest but with no idea of taking any personal part in them. I was greatly surprised therefore one day to receive an urgent wire from the Russian Embassy in London, asking if I could supply a certain number of ambulance dogs for the Russian troops. This I was fortunately able to do. They left for Russia, and for some time I heard of them no further. In fact, the first news received was from an English newspaper, which published, through one of its correspondents, who had visited the front, a report on the dogs' work. This report, which was written out by an officer on Count Keller's staff, stated: "For searching for the wounded, with which the millet fields are strewn, nothing has succeeded like our ambulance dogs. The English ones are especially intelligent." The report gave me great pleasure, and I felt that my labours had not been wasted. Even if the dogs had only saved one life, I should have felt repaid, but they did much more than that.

As an instance of the curiously involved rotations of the wheel of life, I may here mention that quite recently when staying in the South of France, I was told that a Russian lady wished to consult me as to the purchase of a dog for protective purposes. She was running a laundry, and striving to make a living thereby. She told me her name was Keller, and as this was one which I never forgot on account of my dogs being attached to the staff of the Russian General of that name, I asked her if she was any relation of his, and her reply was, "I am his widow."

I heard that these dogs came safely through the War and were bought back to St. Petersburg, where they lived an honoured life for many years at the Czar's private kennels. The late Dowager Empress Marie was much interested in all the life-saving and hospital work of that war and was greatly pleased with the work of the dogs. She sent me the Red Cross

medal and a kindly appreciative letter, and the Czar bestowed on me a most beautiful gold and diamond repeater watch and chain.

All this gave me great encouragement, and I was also gratified by the invitation from my old friend Major-General Tucker, who was commanding the forces in Scotland, to take part with my ambulance dogs in an immense review of troops which was held in 1905 before King Edward at Edinburgh on the plain beneath Arthur's seat. I took four collies in their Red Cross jackets and they excited great interest. General Tucker was a fine soldier of the old-fashioned stamp. Coming of Irish stock, as have so many of our finest fighting men, he was a leader of extraordinary energy and dash. Hot and fiery in disposition, he earned the nickname in the army of "Damnation Tucker." Nevertheless, everyone respected his ruling and judgment, and felt that he was essentially a man of vision and action.

I give a report forwarded by General Tucker to the War Office after he had inspected the dogs at work:

REPORT

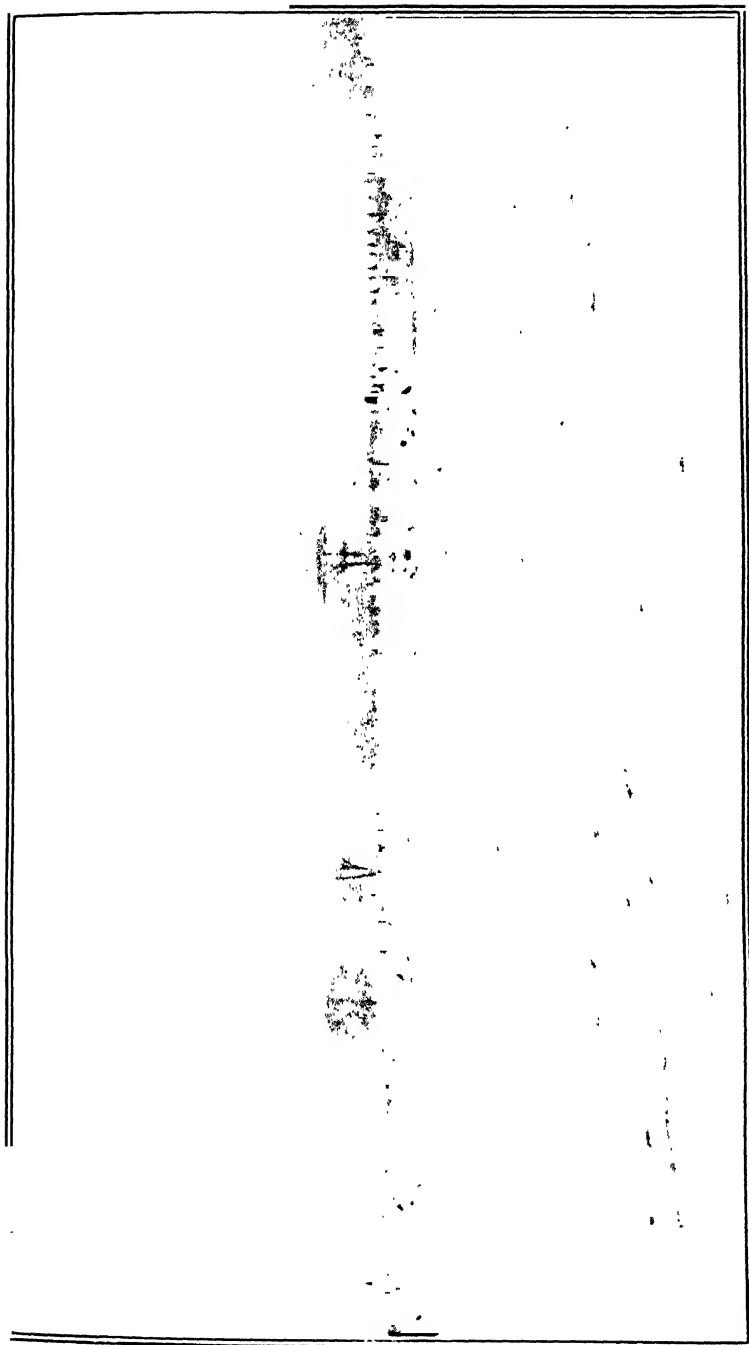
"Forwarded and strongly recommended. Seeing that every foreign Government has already recognised the use of dogs either for ambulance purposes or sentry work, or both, I am of opinion that advantage should be taken without delay of Major E. H. Richardson's knowledge and experience in the matter of breeding and training them, and some military training centre selected for the purpose. It seems likely that Salisbury Plain might offer greater facilities in this respect than Aldershot; but on this point, as on other matters of detail, I would suggest that Major Richardson be consulted."

Another well-known soldier who encouraged me to "carry on" was Sir Evelyn Wood whom I met when I attended the manœuvres one summer at Colchester with my collies. He had then retired, but was living somewhere in that part, and he kindly expressed a wish to meet me. He came and sat with me in my tent and told me that he had a great belief that in war dogs could be employed in many ways most usefully.

I have a very grateful remembrance also of Lord Breadalbane, who used to come into camp at Barry during the summer months. He was devoted to dogs, collies especially, and was always ready to assist me in experiments along military lines. His advice was excellent and very much to the point, as he had a complete understanding of canine capacity. He invited me to come to Taymouth Castle to test one or two of his theories of training. Unfortunately I was unable to do this at the time. Later on, when the exigencies of taxation, etc., necessitated his leaving his magnificent home, I am told he never was the same man and he did not long survive the uprooting.

The last Duke of Abercorn also wrote to me a most sympathetic and encouraging letter written from Baronscourt in Ireland. I had no personal acquaintance with this kind man, but he had heard of my efforts and understood. I often had many rebuffs to face. He recommended me to carry on in spite of difficulties as he was sure that some great good would come out of it all in the end.

In these early days our friends and local neighbours knew of our extreme affection for the canine race and of the stalwart specimens which were to be found at our house, but my reputation for guardians had not spread abroad as far as it eventually did. At one time I had a number of very large fine black Newfoundlands. One night mysterious forms were seen by the light of the moon moving round about the trout ponds which lay below the house. Investigation revealed the fact that a gang of fish-poachers, numbering about ten, were raiding my trout with drag nets. The assistance which I called was quite inadequate to enable us to evict so many large and extremely determined men. They were quite polite, but intimated that they intended to finish their job. "Very well, gentlemen, I fear I shall have to resort to strong measures, as I regret I do not see why I should lose all my trout." This remark on my part left them quite indifferent as I had no telephone in the house and all the gates were guarded by their men. I departed from the pond through the trees to the house and going to the stables behind released four Newfoundlands. Surprised at this unwonted release at dead of night, with joyful voices raised, the dogs followed me towards the ponds, and the moon shone down on four jet black dogs of gigantic size bursting through



PASSING IN FRONT OF KING EDWARD WITH WAR DOGS AT GREAT VOLLNER
REVIEW AT EDINBURGH IN 1914
Arthur's Seal in background

the trees. A few words of direction were sufficient, and round those ponds one saw the most exciting chase which could be imagined. Round and round the ruffians ran trying to save their nets, but to no purpose. Very soon the one idea was to get away at all costs, which they eventually did, leaving all their tackle behind. This I handed over to the police next day.

We were still living in Scotland at that time, and besides our military dogs, deerhounds, and Irish wolfhounds we had a number of Scottish terriers from which we derived much pleasure and amusement. Some of these were very clever dogs. One of them was a great sportsman and used to chase the gulls far out to sea, tearing over the rocks on the shore at a speed in which he hardly seemed to touch ground. He also was a fine diver. So expert did he become that he was able to dive eight feet down and fetch up a stone from the bottom. Sometimes he made a mistake in the stone and hit upon one which was deeply embedded. Our perturbation above in case he should drown himself in his efforts to get it dislodged were acute, as so determined was the little fellow that he remained below until he had practically no breath left. Up he would come gasping, take in air and down again he would plunge until he either succeeded in retrieving his stone or was forcibly prevented continuing his task. The dog belonged to my younger son and they were very devoted to each other. A visitor came from the States and finding this type of Scottie was just what he wanted he became most anxious to possess him and offered a large sum of money. My boy, who I felt should make the decision about his own property, firmly refused to part with his pet. The offer was increased and I felt it right to explain to Angus, who was only a little boy then, the advantage it would be to him to have this money, which would be kept for his own use later. In great anguish of mind for fear I might compel him to sell, the little lad hid himself away with the dog and could not be found for some time. Of course I never had any intention of forcing this sale, and the visitor had reluctantly to depart. What fun and laughter these little doggy friends brought us!

Ah! those happy days. When I think of them I seem to hear the swish of the waves, the call of the curlew, and the

sound of happy voices. The fresh salt breeze blows up from the shore, little feet go dancing beside me through the sandy bents, a little hand slips into mine—so long ago, so long ago.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

CHAPTER III

DAYS OF TRAVEL—CONSTANTINOPLE AND ELSEWHERE

WHERE LIES THE LAND

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

DURING the following years I went abroad a good deal visiting many foreign manœuvres where army dogs were working, sometimes merely as an invited spectator but at other times as a judge.

Police dogs now claimed my very strenuous attention. In order to make this travelling about easier we occasionally left our Scotch home and took temporary houses in England. One of these was an old Manor house in Sussex—a most charming old place with oak beams and diamond pane windows. We moved the whole family down but only took two dogs with us, a bull mastiff and the Dandie Dinmont. We had not been in

residence much more than three weeks when the servants complained of hearing loud noises in the night which seemed unaccountable. We paid no attention for some time until at last the cook came to our room in the middle of the night in great excitement and stating that loud bangings were heard in an unoccupied room at the end of one of the passages. Saida, the bull mastiff, was on guard downstairs, so I went down and took her to the room indicated by the cook. There was no further sound, and throwing open the door I proceeded to enter, only to find the room empty. Saida, however, usually an animal of the most courageous description, absolutely refused to cross the threshold but exhibited the most intense fear. On a subsequent occasion, a relative of a most practical turn of mind expressed considerable surprise at breakfast at the extraordinary noise certain persons had made tramping up and down the passage outside her door in the dead of night. Of course no one had been there, and as the disturbance occurred again during her visit we fetched up Masher, the Dandie, when he, also like Saida, showed very unusual nervousness. We were never able to discover any natural causes for these sounds and we understood there had been in the past some unfortunate tragic happening in the house. I could only conclude that the unhappy thoughts of the former inhabitants still rested in the place and that the dogs with their sensitive intelligence sensed this.

It was on arrival at this house that I had my first emphatic test of the homing instinct in dogs. The day after our arrival we drove into Brighton by road, a distance of twelve miles. Masher went with us, but somehow he managed to miss us in the town and when we started to drive back he was nowhere to be found. We searched everywhere and my wife was in great distress. Reporting the matter to the police, there was no more to be done but to come home. I remember the evening well—a glorious summer night with the sun setting over the downs. We were most unhappy at the loss of the dog and to take our mind off the trouble we strolled up the hill behind the house. Suddenly against the setting sun on the crest of the downs far away—a small grey spot, hurrying, hurrying. Yes, it was actually true, it was the little fellow so strong and faithful and with the marvellous sense to find his way back to a home where



TWO OF MY EARLIEST PUPILS FOR WORK IN RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR. 1903

in the idea as has been proved in other directions, which coming originally in the guise of fairy tales has been proved to be a newly discovered truth in very deed?

CONSTANTINOPLE

In 1907 we were staying at Aldershot where I had received permission from the officer commanding the district to train my dogs on the military ground. One day I was asked to go to London to the Turkish Embassy. Musurus Pasha interviewed me and said that the Sultan Abdul Hamid had been greatly annoyed by unauthorized persons entering the grounds of his palace, Yildiz Kiosk, and lying hidden so that the guards found difficulty in dislodging them, particularly at night. Whether the Sultan thought they had designs on the ladies of his harem (of which I was to hear later that there were 700) I do not know, but I was asked if I would go to Constantinople and take some of my dogs with me and instruct some of his officers and servants in their use. I was quite pleased and amused to go, especially as the request came in early summer when a trip across Europe would be very pleasant. All my expenses were paid in a generous way and I was told that good rooms had been reserved for me in the Pera Palace Hotel. I selected three dogs—a collie called Laddie, a beautiful sable and a most sagacious creature; Warrior, a black and tan bloodhound, and another tricolour collie. All had been well trained to track and came fresh from hard work on Laffan's Plain. The collies were excellent at police work, giving the alarm very well, especially at night. We all travelled by the Oriental Express. It was a tremendous journey for the dogs, taking nearly a week, but they were each in a comfortable travelling box and I was able to superintend them at the various stopping places. They arrived wonderfully fresh. I found two officers had been detailed as my escort, one a commander in the Turkish Navy and the other a colonel of infantry. I certainly think the former was better employed with me, as his professional duties seemed nil, the ships appearing to be unseaworthy and remaining unalterably fixed in dock. It was reported also that the guns had been sold by some Turkish admiral for his own benefit. He told me much about the ways of the Royal Palace, and as to the custom of choosing the Sultan an annual wife on the Feast of

Bairam, to add to his already large collection. On this occasion all the most beautiful ladies that could be found in Turkey were recruited for selection. He solemnly assured me he himself had only three wives for the reason that he could not afford any more, and he seemed to have a poor idea of our more restrained Western methods. Twenty Albanians were in readiness to assist in working the dogs and to receive instruction in managing them. These men were fine fellows and came of a fine mountain race accustomed to handling good hardy sheep-dogs. I went every day with the dogs, attended by this entire escort to the Palace gardens, and there I put them all through various tests and practices. The dogs were employed to scent out hidden persons and to give warning when found.

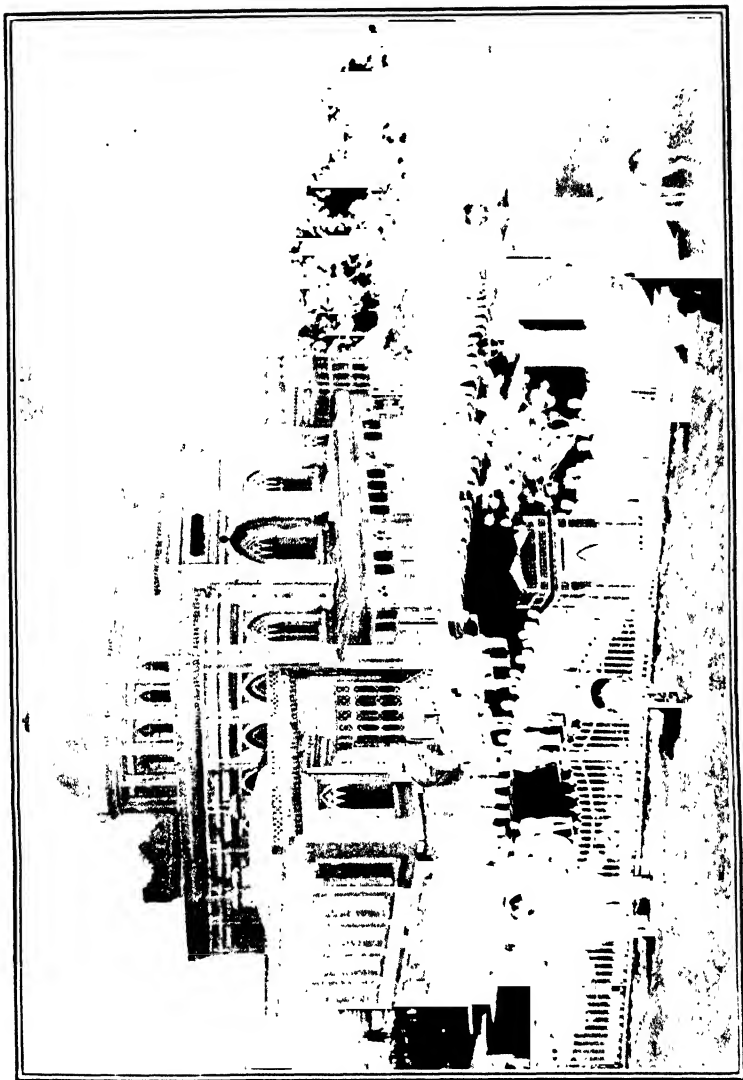
In the early morning the dew was lying thickly and scent was well retained, but later on, when the hot sun rose, there was practically none. The collies used their wits a good deal when scent failed, to help themselves in their hunt for the quarry, and as to the bloodhound, this was one of the most remarkable I have ever had, and if there was the slightest trace of a trail he was able to track. This hound was a purchase from America, and was a descendant of some of the penitentiary bloodhounds which have been and in several places are still used for tracking escaping criminals. It had itself actually been used for this purpose and had a very fine record. On one occasion it had tracked an escaping man relentlessly into the mountains, following him for two days, where he was finally run down. It was a lithe, active animal, and was extremely intelligent, so that it also used its reason to augment the intelligence in its nose, which is more than most bloodhounds do.

There was usually a weekly parade of troops when the Sultan attended a service at the Mosque of St. Sophia. It was a sort of Trooping of the Colours, and was attended by the Ambassadors and the whole Court. On returning from the function one day the Sultan entered the gardens where I was working the dogs and watched the display. He was very gratified with what they did. My stay was exceedingly pleasant as I was allowed the use of the Royal yacht and the cruises up the Bosphorus were very enjoyable. The Sultan was devoted to dogs and had collected fine specimens of various breeds from all the cities of Europe. These were housed in good kennels on the opposite

side of the Bosphorus, and I was asked to inspect them. The head kennelman was a German and certainly nothing could have been better managed.

The care manifested towards these favourite animals was in striking contrast to the street dogs, which at that time still roamed about the city. These semi-tamed animals were the descendants of those which came from Asia into Europe with the Turkish hordes in the middle centuries and had been allowed to remain unmolested ever since. They were prick-eared, slinking creatures, most of them in poor condition and very mangy. Each street had its own contingent and acted as scavengers, feeding on the garbage put out by the householders. The sight was interesting and sometimes pathetic when one encountered a mother dog suckling her brood as best she could on the pavement. There were terrible fights at times between the dogs of different streets and no dog was allowed to proceed in peace if trespassing in an unauthorized quarter. During the Revolution, when the Young Turk Party came into power, these street dogs were ejected and were put on an island. Many people shook their heads and recalled the ancient tradition that the prosperity of Constantinople was bound up with that of the dogs, and certainly fateful times for Turkey followed soon after. I am told that the dogs are beginning to find their way back again into the city and I suspect that the superstition as to the good fortune they bring will die hard.

The whole atmosphere of the Palace was a curious mixture of Oriental display and inefficiency, with an admixture of Western civilization which, however, was of very thin veneer. That subtle old diplomat Abdul Hamid, who kept all the sovereigns on tenter-hooks and played them off one against the other like pawns in a game of chess, and who cunningly traded on the national jealousies, was soon to pass away. But in the meantime all seemed well. The sun shone brilliantly on the gloriously blue waters of the inland seas, which were fringed with fine palaces and splendid gardens and flowers of myriad hue. Enormous negro eunuchs guarded the overflowing harems, while glittering uniforms, fine horses and carriages and all the evidences of the Oriental love of colour and sparkle gave the visitor a curious sensation of East and West.



THE SULTAN AT PRAYER AT THE HAMIDIEH MOSQUE, CONSTANTINOPLE

My visit lasted three weeks, and the Sultan was very anxious that I should remain permanently and superintend his policing and guarding work. I was offered a handsome remuneration and every facility, but this work I did not care to accept. The two officers whom I have mentioned as being attached to me, came to say farewell, and at the same time showed me with great pride the Court Circular in which they were gazetted Masters of Hounds!

I quote here from an account of greater detail which I wrote out on my return when memory was fresh. It may interest my readers as showing the atmosphere of the Near East at that time when everything seemed to be on a permanent, if not always exactly satisfactory, basis. Certainly there seemed to be a certain tinselly splendour about the Court of the wily diplomat of Europe, but I do not suppose many people foresaw the doom of this man who possessed many fine qualities, but who was first and last an Oriental. At all events I will always remember with gratitude that Abdul Hamid was devoted to dogs, and that they always received the kindest care under his instructions

WITH THREE DOGS TO THE SULTAN

And what shall I say of my own journey, which deserves more description than I have space to give? Two thousand miles through every sort of scenery, the first part pulsating with the steady beat of Western civilization—Cologne, Vienna (that city of palaces), Budapest, a magnificent town on the banks of the Danube and the second largest city of the Austrian empire—speeding over the rolling plains of Hungary, studded with quaint groups of cattle, and here and there a fine specimen of the Hungarian breed of horse, and flocks of sheep, guarded by the shepherd in picturesque white cloak. Maria Terespol and Nensatz, famous for its fruit-growing; Peterwardein, that great fortress on the Danube, and Carlowitz, well-known for its wine, and where the luscious plums grow from which they make strong brandy; through Semlin and over the magnificent bridge that spans the River Save, which here joins the Danube; and into the romantic and ancient fortress of Belgrade, around whose walls countless armies have fought.

Originally Turkish, it has been wrested from them over

and over again by various conquerors, and by that dashing warrior Prince Eugene among others. And still onwards through wooded valleys, past Nish, celebrated as being the birthplace of Constantine, through rocky defiles, the hills on either side often reaching 5000 feet in height ; climbing over the Dragoman Pass, past Slivintza, where the Servians and Bulgarians came to bloody throes in 1882, and on to the tableland on which is situated Sofia—a beautiful town, and reflecting the Western ideas promulgated by its enlightened ruler. Onwards our route follows the Maritza river, where the view is pleasant looking over the fields of rice and tobacco on either side of its banks, and where the peasants are working in their picturesque dresses; Phillippopolis, called after its founder, Phillip of Macedon, quaintly situated on three small hills rising out of the plain, and Adrianople, founded by the Emperor Hadrian, and out on to a strangely bare country, devoid utterly of trees, but where the eye is relieved with the delicious blue of the Sea of Marmora on the right, while ahead, in the purple distance, one discerns Asia Minor and the towering height of Mount Olympus. Our passports are examined at Makrikeui, and before one realizes it the train passes through a breach in the great wall and one finds one's self in Constantinople, and my journey is finished.

Here I found the Chief of the Police awaiting my arrival with instructions that I was to report myself at the Palace immediately, a special police officer being detailed off for me, and a carriage being in waiting, I and my escort started off. We clattered through the streets at a great rate and soon the carriage passed on to the Galata Bridge, which connects the Stamboul side of the town with Pera, on which latter side the Palace is situated. From this bridge, on which one sees passing and repassing representatives of almost every race in the world—a curious mingling of East and West—I obtained my first view of Constantinople. The impression that comes first to one's mind is a sense of glorious colour, of tender blue, pale lemon, rich orange, and scintillating gold. Looking towards Stamboul, the flat-roofed, yellow houses rising one above the other are seen, the wonderful towers, minarets and mosques, the golden domes of St. Sophia, Sultan Achmet, and Sultan Selim rising far above those of the lesser mosques; and on the Pera side

the great Galata tower standing high above the other buildings—and all framed against the turquoise sky. To the left, the Golden Horn, intensely blue, dotted with caiques, and further up, the Turkish Navy, a sinister-looking group of ships, lying anchored under the Arsenal. On the right the Bosphorus, covered with shipping of all kinds; while over all, touching everything with soft golden light, the glorious Eastern sunshine. It is one of the most wonderful views in the world, and not easily forgotten. But there is not time to linger. The carriages dash down the grand Rue de Pera, with its fine shops on either side, and past immense barracks and numerous guards. Indeed one of the things that strikes one in Constantinople is the great number of soldiers, especially on the Palace side. In the Palace alone there are 6000 quartered, and on my way there I was examined by five different detachments of guards, and it would be quite impossible for any unauthorized person to approach. At the fourth guard, the Chief of the Police of the Palace met me and escorted me to the fifth guard, at the Palace gate, where again one of the A.D.C.'s met me and after another rigorous examination of my papers, etc., I was admitted through the chief gate, which opens through a high wall into the private grounds of the Palace.

One's eye first lights on numerous low houses, in which live various officials connected with the Court, and beyond this is the Palace itself, an immense solid-looking white marble structure. My guide conducted me to the great entrance, where a large number of soldiers, officials, etc., were standing about, and into a large ante-chamber decorated in the usual Eastern manner. Here he left me, but returned shortly and courteously invited me to partake of luncheon with him and with other officers connected with the Court. This I was exceedingly glad to do, as it was some time since I had breakfasted and the pangs of hunger were beginning to make themselves felt. Taking me downstairs into another large room, he introduced me to a company of officers who were waiting our arrival, and we then sat down to a most excellent Turkish repast, most of the dishes being new to me, and all helping themselves from a common dish in the centre of the table. I managed to carry on a conversation, as most of them were able to speak French or German. Just as we were finishing this meal, a message

came to me that His Majesty wished to see the dogs immediately, and I was ordered to bring them up for inspection from the station. In such expectation were the dogs held that it was considered necessary that each separate dog should have a carriage and pair to itself! Four carriages were therefore in waiting at the entrance and a colonel of infantry and two officers being told off to accompany me, we seated ourselves in the first carriage, while the other three vehicles followed behind to the station where Laddie, Warrior, and Quick were delighted to be liberated from their crates, even though they found themselves in such strange surroundings. The return cavalcade was decidedly impressive if somewhat turbulent. Each dog sat in state in a separate carriage, with an officer beside him, but the dignity of the spectacle was somewhat marred by the noisy and apparently impolite remarks addressed to the Constantinople dogs by my dogs. The Sultan's carriages drive at break-neck speed, and stop for no one, so that as we dashed through the streets, the foot passengers flew in all directions, and with Warrior and the other two giving tongue, and the answering howl of the pariah dogs of the streets, the reader can imagine that my second progress to the Palace was a noticeable one. On arrival there the Master of Hounds and the head kennelman met me, and numerous grooms appeared to lead the dogs away. I was anxious that the dogs should be at once washed and brushed, they being somewhat travel-stained, but so anxious was the Sultan to see them that he ordered them to be brought to him at once, and I was told to hold myself in readiness to show them working in the Palace grounds next morning. Thus ended my first day in Constantinople, and I was glad to retire after a week's continuous travelling.

Next morning I found an A.D.C. of the Sultan, a most charming, courteous gentleman, and two officers had been detailed to see to my wants and were awaiting me below. After we had breakfasted, they led me through a part of the Palace quite different from where I had been last night. Going down long corridors and past innumerable rooms, one saw everywhere fierce-looking Albanian soldiers and immense Soudanese police, all armed to the teeth, and not a Western European to be seen. We came presently out into the Sultan's private gardens, and here I found a number of officers and high officials

waiting, while standing a little apart were some of the royal princes, and behind again were a number of Albanian soldiers, who were to represent the casualties which my dogs were to find. My instructions were asked for, and I soon found that these Turkish officers had no idea of contenting themselves with easy tasks, but were anxious to make the work as difficult as possible. The spectacle from where we were standing was most exquisite, as this is one of the most lovely gardens in the world. It is of a very large extent, and within the grounds is every sort of scenery. Beautiful emerald swards stretch down to lakes fed by running rivulets, which meander in and out through dells and under glades of forest trees, and through *bosquets* of flowering shrubs of all kinds. Glowing flower-beds make blots of colour everywhere, and gorgeous butterflies fly hither and thither, while flamingos, ibis, and other semi-tropical birds add life and colour to the beautiful scene. The soldiers were told off to various parts of the ground, and in extraordinarily thick undergrowth of the woods, would have been almost impossible to find unassisted by dogs. As I was moving off to start the dogs to work, a buggy was seen approaching at a rapid rate and I saw the Sultan was in it, quite alone and driving himself. His Majesty followed the dogs' movements closely, and I was glad to say that, although they had hardly recovered from their long journey, and the heat was also much greater than they had ever been accustomed to, they did their work well and quickly, and the hidden men were rapidly located. The Sultan was greatly delighted, and requested me to repeat the operation next day. On this occasion he inspected the work from a closed-in Belvedere and was accompanied by a numerous suite. I will not weary the reader with any further description of the dog tests, which were all carried out in that lovely spot, but will tell of a most delightful excursion which I had. The Royal yacht was put at my disposal, and I was taken up the Bosphorus to his hunting castle on the shores of the Black Sea.

On a glorious day accordingly, and escorted by a Turkish naval officer and some other officers, I found myself on a private quay at the foot of the Palace gardens, while alongside, undulating slightly on the blue water, was the handsome Royal yacht that was to take me for a cruise of about forty miles. We quickly embarked, the numerous ships and steamers round about, and the

officials on the quay all saluting as we drew away and the flag bearing the Crescent streamed out on the breeze. Then followed a most delightful cruise, and sitting on deck, pleasantly shielded from the heat of the sun by broad awnings, it was most interesting to note the all too rapidly receding landscape on each side. On our left we passed the magnificent Summer Palace of Dolma Batch, every ounce of which cost its weight in silver to build, and further on, the palaces of the Sultan's daughters, the beautiful gardens of which slope down to the water's edge. Lesser palaces and villas belonging to rich Turks follow in rapid succession, after which we pass Bebek, a favourite suburb for European residents, and then the great fortress of Rumeli Hissar is seen ahead. Five hundred years old, it still strikes one with its appearance of great strength. It was the first stronghold of the Turks on entering Europe and was made of this great resistance to enable them to retain their hold. Therapia, where the Embassies move to in summer, when the heat of Constantinople becomes too great, was next passed, and after this the Bosphorus opens out into a wide sweep and then narrows again, and after steaming some way up this channel to where one can see the opening into the Black Sea beyond, the order was given to halt, and the yacht came to anchor at a private landing stage at the foot of the wooded hills. Here a carriage was waiting, and we drove through the hills for a distance of four or five miles. The vegetation is very luxuriant here, and the mountains are covered with thick woods teeming with every sort of game, wolves, bears, wild boar, and jackal being also plentiful. On arriving at the Castle, the huntsman came forward and informed me that he had the Sultan's order to show me the Royal kennels, and I was taken to the gardens at the back of the Castle (which was, of course, unoccupied at present), and here the dogs were led out before me. The first to come was a pack of yellow Kopoi dogs. These are like harriers, and are used on wild boar, etc. The huntsman being anxious to show me their speed urged them into the wood, and as showing how plentiful is the game in this carefully preserved tract of country, the dogs had hardly started when a wild boar was put up and with great hue and cry, boar and dogs disappeared into the mountains. I certainly had a good instance of speed, and during the two hours of my stay at the



SULTAN OF TURKEY ABDUL
DIPLOMATIST OF EUROPE

Castle the truant hounds had not returned. After this little incident a number of English pointers were led out, and after them some splendid specimens of the Borzoi, pure white and of immense size, also a huge St. Bernard and a number of fox terriers. Indeed, the Sultan's kennel's contain a large number of dogs, and all of the very best quality, and to one interested in matters canine it was a most instructive exhibition. Time was passing and my escort was anxious to take me to a famous Spa before rejoining the yacht, so we once more took our seats in the carriage and drove through those lovely wooded hills, where in the warm summer air butterflies and flamingos were disporting themselves and exquisite flowers made masses of colour everywhere. We stopped for some refreshment at the spring, the waters of which are miraculously supposed to cure many diseases, and where a number of Turkish officials to whom I was introduced were drinking the healing fluid. On joining the yacht the commander gave the order to go down the other side of the Bosphorus, so that fresh objects of interest were continually pointed out to me, and so beautiful was the scene as the setting sun flooded the whole landscape with gold, that it was with the greatest regret that I saw the towers and minarets of Constantinople appear, all tipped with ruby and gold though they were, for it meant that a most delightful day was over.

My time in Constantinople was drawing to a close and I was kept constantly at work with my dogs, teaching my system of training and undergoing numerous tests, but I managed to see some of the world-famous sights—the Turkish graveyard containing fifteen miles of corpses, the Crimean cemetery with its tragic memorials and nameless mounds, St. Sophia, that marvellously beautiful structure, where one sees the emblem of Christianity, to which faith it was originally erected, showing under the Crescent, and the large figure of Christ appearing through the gilding of the inner dome. In this immense church 60,000 Christians fell before the sword of the Turk at the storming of Constantinople, and high upon one of the pillars is shown the bloody handmark said to be the imprint of the hand of Mahomet when, riding in on horse-back over the heap of humanity he, turning soul-sick at the slaughter, made this mark as a sign that the carnage was to continue no further.

On one of my last days I was sitting with the officers of the

guard of the Palace, when the Sultan's A.D.C. approached in an impressive manner and requested me to remain where I was for a short time. He presently returned with some other officials and carrying a red velvet box. In a polite speech he made known to me that it was the Sultan's pleasure to confer the Order of the Medjidie upon me. I said farewell to my dogs, Laddie, Warrior, and Quick. These dear fellows I left in the kindest of homes, and their master has an affection and understanding for dogs which few people possess. I have heard since my return that they are well and happy.

On my return journey I stopped at Sofia and was kindly entertained by Sir George Buchanan, our Ambassador, who was later appointed to St. Petersburg. An attache took me out to King Ferdinand's Zoo, which was laid out on natural lines, the animals being wonderfully unrestricted and were able to roam or fly over large areas.

JOURNEYS IN MOROCCO AND BULGARIA,
TRIPOLI AND RUSSIA

"Come back, come back, across the flying foam,
We hear faint far-off voices call us home.

Come back, come back ; and whither and for what ?
To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe.
Come, back come back.

Come back, come back !
Back flies the foam ; the hoisted flag streams back ;
The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,
Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,
The strong ship follows its appointed way.

ON my return home I found a large Naval and Military Exhibition was being planned at the Crystal Palace. Captain Sinclair, Member of Parliament for East Forfarshire, who later became Lord Pentland, and with whom I had at one time been quartered in Ireland, persuaded me to take a team of trained collies to this exhibition, of which he was one of the directors. I used to lecture every afternoon on the balloon ground and then show the dogs at work finding "wounded" in the bushes, acting as sentries, message carriers, etc. It was all very good practice for me but extremely difficult

for the dogs, as the remains of innumerable luncheons, chicken bones, and suchlike dainties, of the picnic parties which frequented the grounds were naturally the source of considerable temptation to them, not to speak of the interference with scent. Nevertheless, the public seemed to find the display interesting, and after my first contract was ended the management asked me to continue till the end of the exhibition.

Two well known men became very interested in this work about that time. They were Sir George Beatson, the well-known doctor of Glasgow, and Sir James Cantlie. They were both close students of everything that was progressive in Red Cross work.

The conditions under which I worked at many of the tests were of course very artificial, and made the proper demonstration of what the dogs could do very difficult; but in spite of disappointments and rebuffs, I continued the training of both ambulance and sentry dogs and also of police dogs, of which I shall speak later. With regard to sentry dogs, this training was especially arduous as it necessitated working them mostly at night and as much as possible with the help of persons who were strangers to the dogs. On winter evenings it was not particularly tempting to turn out after dinner with the dogs and lie waiting in the dark, while the "attacking force" crept up as noiselessly as possible. The capacity which each animal displayed in detection of the approaching "foe" and the method in which it gave warning were what I had to note. In this work I did not confine myself to any particular breed, but was glad to accept as a pupil any good watching dog. I found, however, as time went on that Airedales and dogs with some sort of Airedale cross were particularly good for the purpose. For one thing they were of a sturdy size, capable of marching long distances and over rough country, also the guarding instinct was more or less inherent in this breed from several generations of watch-dog ancestry.

By this time we had left our house in Scotland and moved down to England, both on account of the education of our sons and also because my frequent visits abroad made the additional journey to Scotland rather arduous. After a year without a house we settled at Harrow and remained there until the War. A considerable time of activity followed our move from Scotland. I had brought all my dogs down from the North.

They comprised, terriers, Airedales, and bloodhounds. A large number of people were beginning to be interested in the work I was doing, and I had numerous visitors, among whom were some very well known people indeed. Being always anxious to increase my experiences as to the conditions under which dogs would be useful in warfare, I explored the Continent on many occasions.

I spent one summer with the Dutch Guard Regiment at The Hague, who had military dogs. We worked them on the sand dunes and I was able to assist a good deal as it was much the same ground that I had been so accustomed to work on at Carnoustie. On another occasion I trained with the Grenadier Regiment at Brussels.

One spring I had a desire to study the sheep-dogs of Albania, as I knew they were actively used for guarding purposes of all sorts. I spent some weeks in the mountainous regions of the Balkans and found the time well spent. These dogs are large animals much the same type as Landseer Newfoundlands, only much more active. They are usually very savage to strangers, and are well built and, like most creatures which live in the mountains, do not suffer from poor leg development as do so many of our large breeds in this country.

WITH A BLOODHOUND IN MOROCCO

I was very busy after my return home training police dogs. Some of these were patrol dogs and others were tracking bloodhounds. I shall deal with this work and where it led me in a subsequent chapter, but I mention it here so as to continue my account of my visits to foreign armies, as it was owing to the reputation I had for possessing bloodhounds that I one day in 1908 received a telegram from the Empress Eugénie, stating she wished to present a tracking dog for ambulance purposes to the Spanish Army which was engaged in war against the Riffs in Morocco. The Queen of Spain was the Empress's god-daughter and that, apart from other reasons, was the origin of her interest in this campaign. I was asked to accompany the hound and to report myself to Her Majesty at San Sebastian.

Taking a fine young bloodhound, I arrived at the Palace where I was most hospitably received and Boadicea was inspected and much admired by the Queen. I was then asked

to report to Madrid to an officer with the curious title of Captain General of Madrid. He told me I was to proceed to Melilla, on the sea coast of Morocco, with the rank and pay of a Spanish officer, and my means of transport was a trooper conveying Spanish troops to the scene of the operations. This was a very fine ship, used for South American traffic and transformed into a military transport temporarily. At that time it was considered etiquette among the upper classes of Spain for officers to see service in Morocco, and those on board were extremely well bred and polite, and were most kind and hospitable to me. Many of them had brought their wives out with them, and it was curious to see these ladies attired in the latest fashions, walking about the town practically under the fire of the Moors. When the steamer anchored in the harbour the Spaniards were shelling the mountains of Gourugu overlooking the town, and the shells bursting in the hills looked decidedly picturesque. This actual war had been dragging its weary way between the Spaniards and the wild tribes of the interior for 200 years or so, but the actual episode which had added a special spurt of activity to the operations was the massacre of the Spanish Army at a place called Wolf's Glen, where a terrible mortality of officers and men took place. The present operations were to avenge this disaster. In this connection I would add that, after the Great War, the activity of the Riffian tribes once more arose to extremely annoying proportions, and as they enlarged their objectives to the French Moroccan territory as well, the French Government decided to organize an expedition in concert with Spain. As showing the difference of organization and determination to finish, it may be pointed out that when the French assisted in the operations the complete suppression of this troublesome enemy was accomplished in a few months. The Spaniards are a brave race but they are slow, and the siesta which everyone took at noon and which was a signal for a cessation of hostilities each day did not assist matters to a speedy conclusion. I met my old friend Mr. Villiers, the well-known war correspondent, in the town, who was the only person there of my nationality. The extremely dry sandy nature of the soil and the stationary method of the war rather discounted the work of my hound, but she was useful in several ways. One curious thing I saw in connection with the use of dogs in war was a queer trick the Riffs



WITH THE SPANISH TROOPS IN MOROCCO

used to play. They dressed up dogs in flowing burnouse and some sort of turban, and, putting them over their lines, caused them to run along the front to another point. At a distance it was not easy to judge as to whether this was a man creeping over the ground. Fire was directed to the spot and the object of the enemy to draw our attack and locate the position of our guns was accomplished. When the troops returned victorious at the end of the campaign, Boadicea, or Perra as she was rechristened, marched with them through the streets of Madrid, her neck wreathed with flowers. His Majesty King Alfonso kindly presented me with the Order of Military Merit.

The following is an account of my journey given to the Press after my return.

“When Major Richardson reached Melilla the Spaniards were practically besieged within it and fighting was proceeding each day. He took the bloodhound out to the firing lines and gave the ambulance officers instructions how to utilize it. The dog was with the first division in the advance on Nador and saw a good deal of the fighting. It soon became very popular with the soldiers, who named it Perra de la Reine—the Queen’s dog.’ Everyone took the greatest interest in Perra and it soon justified its character as one of the best trackers Major Richardson possessed.

“After the ground had been gone over by the search parties, at the end of an engagement, the ambulance dogs are sent out to see if anyone has been overlooked. They work better at night than in the daytime, and have the additional advantage that they avoid the use of lanterns, which invariably draw the enemy’s fire.

“The English Army is the only army which ignores the use of dogs. They are employed in the German, French, Austrian and other Continental armies, and if the German Army were mobilised to-morrow they could put four million men into the field within a fortnight and four thousand ambulance sentry dogs. The dogs used by the German police would also be immediately mobilized with those in the Army. (This statement proved to be correct).

“The Moors understand the use of dogs in warfare pretty well. They have a cross between a deerhound and a mastiff.

At night they would go down near the Spanish lines and put out their dogs to detect the enemy's sentries. When the dogs barked they were able to locate the sentries and fire on them. They also dressed up their dogs in their own turbans and chelabas, in which they would run up the mountains and draw the Spanish fire on them. Sometimes they would send their dogs into the camps, also the Spaniards would rush out and fire upon the dogs, and the Moors would fire on the Spaniards.

"The Spanish soldier is of an unmurmuring disposition, and capable of standing a great deal of fatigue without eating anything. They are vegetarians, and eat largely of water melons garlic, and oil.

"They drink nothing but red wine, and I never saw one drunk. At one time they were among the best soldiers of Europe. It is remarkable how a small country like Spain can put into the field about 80,000 men without dislocating business. They could easily, if necessary, mobilize 150,000 within a few weeks—one of the advantages of conscription. They are armed with Mauser rifles and Maxim guns. Much of their success was due to the French Schneider quick-firing gun, which fires eighteen rounds a minute, and with which they repelled infantry and cavalry charges. The Moors are better shots than the Spaniards. They are armed with Mausers and have a good number of Remington rifles."

I had the pleasure of lunching and dining several times with Mr. Macpherson, who owned the mines that occasioned the war. He had been in the Riff country for thirty years, and was really the Intelligence Department for the whole affair. The Riffs, he informed me, are the most formidable Moors of the tribes of Northern Africa. Even he did not dare to go to Fez through their country. All Europeans have to go round from Tangier, for immediately you step outside the Spanish line you may be waylaid and murdered. The men are very tall and of magnificent physique and live by brigandage and a little harvesting. They treat their prisoners with great cruelty, and the Spanish soldiers who were killed were mutilated in a shocking manner.

They can beat any people I have ever seen in taking cover. On rare occasions they come out in large bodies in the open,

but as a rule you would not know there was a soul in the mountains. They have wonderful marching powers. Mr. Macpherson could send a messenger from Melilla to Fez in two days.

TO THE BALKAN WAR, 1910

Later on, in 1910, the Balkan War broke out and I was anxious to see the possibilities of the use of dogs in this mountainous warfare. I went out in the first place to Cattaro, the port on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, and from there by the magnificent road which climbs up 8000 feet into the mountains to Montenegro. On arrival at Cetinje, the capital, I secured the necessary permits to proceed to the front and found that the Montenegrins were engaged with the Turks at a place called Tarabosch, about thirty or forty miles through the mountains from Cetinje. Unfortunately it seemed impossible to proceed there as all the transport had been commandeered by the army. However, I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of the Chief attached to the Royal Palace, and with the further assistance of a five pound note in some mysterious way a pair of horses were found and we went through the mountains. When passing by one valley the air was full of a strange wailing cry in which a thousand sorrows seemed blended. It was the lamentations of the women who had lost their husbands and lovers and sons in a battle against the Turks the previous day. Further on we saw the lurid flames of a burning village.

I found that the Bulgarians used their sheep-dogs as sentries with their outposts, and that they were found very useful for giving warning. The Montenegrins are a fine stalwart race. As with so many peasant races, the women do most of the hard labour, working in the fields and carrying heavy loads. The male idea is to keep fit but for purposes of warfare, anything else being considered demeaning. Old King Nicholas was in his heyday at that time, and from his homely residence at Cetinje issued fatherly edicts to his small kingdom. I saw him seated in the barber's shop undergoing a shave at the hands of the village barber and with a group of his subjects gathered round. He was alternately chaffing and scolding them and they certainly seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with their democratic sovereign. His well-known remark in answer to a question

as to the exports of his country will not be forgotten : " The exports of Montenegro are chiefly beautiful Princesses ! " The Great War swept away the old King and Queen and they retired to Paris, but did not long survive the uprooting from the homely patriarchal customs of the country that they loved.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESS ON MY RETURN

In an interview for the Press on my return home I gave the following account :

" Major E. H. Richardson, late of the Sherwood Foresters, returned to his residence at Harrow on Saturday, after a journey to Montenegro, and, in an interview with a representative of the Press Association yesterday, related many interesting facts connected with the war.

" At Cetinje were seen the first results of the conflict. The streets were almost entirely denuded of men, but there were numerous women and children.

" In company with a Hungarian army surgeon, Major Richardson was privileged to visit the hospitals, which were full of wounded brought in from the opening battles. The men seemed impervious to pain, and there was a spirit almost of delight that the injuries were suffered through love of country.

" In addition to the men there was a young woman who had been struck with shrapnel when carrying provisions to her husband in the firing line.

" A remarkable feature noticed by Major Richardson was that, there being no transport, troops were unable to move many miles from the base, and all the conveying work, such as the carrying of provisions, was done by women, and women accompanied their husbands and lovers to the firing line.

" There was great concern as to the feeding of this added population to an army already none too well provided for.

" The Montenegrins have no Army Service Corps, the men declaring they regard fighting as the duty of a soldier. It is estimated that 5000 women went to the front with them to carry and cook food and wash clothes. For the most part the men are over six feet high, and of fine physique, while the women are shorter but well built.

"The men have been largely trained by Russian officers and use Russian-made guns. It was the general opinion of the foreign officers that Turkey was unprepared for a sudden outbreak, and had imagined that the European Powers would prevent the war."

At Cetinje I met the Montenegrin Princesses Xenia and Militza, who were most charming personalities. They were working like slaves all day in the hospital and were hoping, when I saw them, to get some help for the hospitals from their relations in Italy and Russia. Assistance of that sort is very urgently needed, for the number of casualties has been greatly understated in the reports that have been allowed to come through. The hospitals are undermanned, the doctors are over-worked.

At Biran I saw Miss Durham, the lady war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, but did not have an opportunity of speaking to her, as I was hurrying out of the town, and Miss Durham, too, was busy. Everyone spoke with high appreciation of her pluck and resource and of her work with the Red Cross contingent. From Cetinje I made my way to Podgoritza on horse-back, purchasing two Austrian horses at exorbitant prices.

The number of casualties on the Montenegrin side was explained by the reckless way in which they exposed themselves to frontal attacks. In one of these attacks they lost between 400 and 500 men, and King Nicholas thereupon gave orders that the men should not take such risks recklessly. As an instance of their reckless bravery, on one occasion an officer gave the order for his men to retire, but they ignored his order and took the position they had been storming at the point of the bayonet.

Many of the patients were suffering from stomach wounds, and there were old men among the injured. It was quite usual for men of sixty and upwards to be in the fighting line. The shrieking and crying of the women in the neighbourhood of the hospitals and the deadhouse was pitiful. Nearly eight hundred Montenegrins were killed and fifteen hundred wounded in the attack on Tarrabosch, and most of the latter were brought into Cetinje.

There were few experienced people to look after them, and still less medical comforts.

I was able to arrange to proceed to Podgoritzta, and arrived at the headquarters of the Montenegrin Army after a rough journey across the mountainous country. Podgoritzta was crowded out not only with wounded but with foreign officers and correspondents.

The day after reaching Podgoritzta I witnessed the arrival of six thousand Turkish prisoners, and these, when compared with the Montenegrins, were in a poor plight with the exception of the officers. They were certainly not an impressive fighting force, dressed in various kinds of uniform, and seemed glad to get away up into the mountains, where a prisoners' camp was formed. They were placed mostly in charge of men between sixty and seventy years of age.

After leaving Montenegro I went down to Salonica, where the Greek Army was engaged, and taking an Austrian Lloyd steamer, I crossed over to Constantinople. The Turks, although generally badly led, are very fine soldiers, and the Bulgarians were totally unable to break through the Turkish lines in front of the capital. It was difficult getting up to the front, but I found pecuniary persuasion extremely useful and capable of getting me to most of the places I desired to reach. Dogs were not used, however, by the Turks for any purposes, so that I had no inducement to prolong my stay.

WATCH-DOGS AT HOME

My work that summer at home was principally connected with the saving necessity of the watch-dog in the home, and I had an experience which very much increased my interest along that line. I was summoned to a most distressing case of murder, the object of my presence being that my bloodhounds should track the murderer. The murdered man had been alone in the house with his wife, and they had been sitting at their evening meal. On hearing a knock at the hall door the man went out of the room, and on opening the door was immediately attacked by an assailant who advanced into the hall. The poor wife described to me how her little pomeranian had accompanied her husband, and on seeing its master assaulted had done its best to help him by biting the legs of the attacker, and that it

actually did to a certain extent hamper the ruthless blows. It was apparent to me that had they had a good heavy dog as a protective agent in that house, it would have been doubtful if such an attack could have been successful.

I began to study the various breeds that would be most suitable for living indoors and for guarding purposes, and which would at the same time be reliable in a general way with one's friends and children. It was for this reason that I formed my kennel of Airedales, as I found that in this dog all these requirements could as a rule be safely counted upon if properly used. Of course, others had known this, and for several generations now, Airedales have been one of the most useful guard-dogs, but I claim to have caused this fine breed to have become more widely known, and it would be difficult to find many places in the world where one will not come across an Airedale which will be found generally "doing its bit" in a steady matter-of-fact fashion.

THE ABOR EXPEDITION

During 1911 an expedition was decided upon by the Indian Government against the turbulent Indian Abors. The troops had to march through very enclosed country where ambushes might be expected. It was thought that one or two good sentry dogs to accompany the force would be useful for giving warning of the foe ahead, and I was asked if I could supply them. This I was very glad to do and we trained up two good dogs. One was an Airedale of pure breeding, and the other an Airedale-sheep-dog cross. They were very alert intelligent dogs.

The following is a good description, culled from the Press at the time, of the class of warfare this expedition represented, and the difficulties encountered by the troops.

"At the end of March, 1911, the Abors, a wild mountain tribe on the Chinese-Indian border, murdered an English naturalist named Williamson. The atrocity was committed in territory no European but Williamson had ever explored before, and by a tribe whose Himalayan remoteness had held it immune from the white man's rule. But the Abors are now due to get a taste of the white man's law, and their first lesson of the long arm of British vengeance. At the end of October,

a Goorkha Regiment of 2000 men will plunge into the unknown on a punitive expedition to teach them the gravity of their mistake.

“For the greater part of the way their path will lead through trackless jungles and treacherous mountain passes that offer innumerable opportunities for ambuscade. The caution demanded of men who know nothing of this wild country, except by compass and hearsay, guarding themselves against cruel and resourceful natives, is a more than human caution.

“The punitive expedition will have a hard and long task before it. The country is altogether inaccessible in the rainy season, as the mountain tracks are nothing more than rushing torrents of water. In the dry season the tracks are little more than rock-strewn gullies, making ascent so difficult that it is safer to cut a path through virgin forest. Whether ascending or descending, the journey is perilous, and when the climber is hampered with military impedimenta he carries his life in his hands every moment. Mr. Douglas Freshfield, who made the ascent of the upper Himalayas ten years ago, describing his climb and descent of a similar region in the 28 deg. N. Lat., says:

“‘It was a succession of ups and downs. We were continually climbing ladders or descending broken attic stairs by the help of roots and creepers. The intervening levels were rickety terraces built with bamboos along the face of the crag.’

“Again he says:

“‘The only vestige of path was the track left by our Gurkha pioneers, who had been sent ahead to open, or blaze, a way. Wet branches flopped in our faces. We found ourselves constantly either tripping and slipping over hidden stones or wading ankle-deep in quagmires, or climbing up and down precipitous mud-banks, on which roots served as ladders. The great mountain slopes rose steeply on either side of the narrow trench we were pursuing. The darkness of the sky deepened by the shadows of the great wood. This monotonous toil lasted for hours.’

“A telegram from Simla this week says the Abor men are intending offering a stout resistance to the expedition, and are busily engaged in blocking the passes and building stockades.



TWO SENTRY-DOGS WITH MAJOR ALBAN WILSON IN THE EXPEDITION
AGAINST THE ABORS IN NORTHERN INDIA IN 1911

The tribes on both sides of the Di-hong river are joining with the Abors. The leaders are boastful, and are anxious to kill the so-called white Sepoys.

"This would seem to point to a fierce conflict. As there are at least 30,000 Abor warriors, and the punitive force is said to be only 2000 strong, the result is not mathematically certain. Even when howitzers and mountain and Maxim guns form part of the equipment, the Abor can meet his opponent with other, and—for the purpose—more effective weapons. They are all expert marksmen. Their stockades are well built. They lay decoy tracks, leading nowhere, with formidable sharpened bamboo sticks, often poisoned, concealed in the undergrowth. Their arrows are poisoned with the aconite, which grows freely in these hills. They are exceedingly clever at ambushes, and never fail to trap their pursuers with all the cunning of primitive men accustomed to mountain warfare.

"Although Major Richardson is sending out his scent-hunting dogs, it is doubtful whether they will come up to expectations. One thing is certain—the punitive expedition will not be a picnic. It may be a tragedy."

The dogs, however, justified the faith I had reposed in them, as will be seen by the following two reports. The first report received stated:

"Before the encounter of November 7th, one of the dogs accompanying the advance guard gave timely warning of the presence of Abors. The dogs are also employed at night time, being used by the Gurkha sentries who keep them on a chain to supplement their own vigilance."

The second dispatch stated:

"Expedition has now reached Rotung, a gathering place of the Abors which was found to have been burned. After marching unopposed to the limit of the made road, the striking force began the ascent of the rising ground beyond the Lelek river, through a thick bamboo forest. Information had been received to the effect that a stockade might be met with and the Gurkha scouts who were accompanied by Major Richardson's war dogs were accordingly ordered to keep a sharp look out. The dogs again proved their efficiency as they gave warning

to the outposts of the presence of the enemy's scouts before they were seen by the Naga coolies."

THE ITALIAN EXPEDITION IN TRIPOLI

It was in 1911 that the Italians commenced military operations against the Turks who were garrisoning Tripoli on the north coast of Africa at that time, and were backed by the Arabs. Hearing that the Italian Army was using sentry dogs with their outposts I thought it would be interesting to go out there and see what the results were. I travelled to Genoa in the first place and from there managed to find a steamer going to Syracuse. On the way it passed Messina, which had recently been the scene of an appalling catastrophe in the terrible earthquake which took place there, and where there was a loss of over 200,000 lives. Etna was in violent eruption and the night sky was alive with a lurid scarlet light. I landed and walked through the desolate town. There was practically nothing standing and at the fine opera house there was little to testify to its position except a battered notice board amid the ruins on which fluttered the announcement bill of the opera of *Aida*. Further on was the military college where several hundred young cadets had been in training. Here one saw glimpses of iron bedsteads where the unfortunate boys had been sleeping until the cataclysm came which hurled them almost without the human waking into the great awakening of eternity.

Down in the harbour a few ships were moored and one remembered the feats of extraordinary daring and devotion in salving operations at the time of the earthquake and subsequent fire which were carried out by the crew of a small British trading steamer. "Now then Smith" was a sailorman who became a national character at that time. He was the mate on board, and at this constantly repeated command "Now then Smith," on the part of his skipper, who was contributing the assistance of his crew to the saving of life, performed in a perfectly placid and phlegmatic manner the most astonishing feats of bravery, and continued doing so for many hours without cessation. There was a nauseating stench rising from the town, a terrible evidence of decaying flesh. Thankfully one left this scene of desolation.

At Syracuse I embarked on another steamer and went straight to Tripoli, arriving the day after it had been bom-

barded by the Italians, who were in occupation. Finding it was quite the case that dogs were employed, I went out to the out-post line which was about three miles outside the town in the desert.

The dogs were picketed in small dugouts in the sand about 400 yards ahead of the sentries, and were useful for giving warning especially at night. They were found to be a great protection.

A statement in the Press says :

“ In the early part of the evening of February 11th, 1912, the Turks, under cover of darkness, advanced in two columns against the Italian position at Derna, one column of about 500 men on the right, the other consisting of about 1000 Bedouins, with a stiffening of Turkish officers. The whole of the country is difficult in the extreme, without roads, and crossed by a series of tracks, for the most part known to the natives only, running on the edges of precipices. This force took every advantage of the sinuosities of the ground, and practically crawled undisturbed to the Italian position. The alarm, however, was given by the dogs chained to the entanglements, and at 8.30 began an engagement at this point which lasted the whole night.”

I spent several days watching the operations and I well remember my last one in Tripoli. In the afternoon I walked down the coast to the oasis about three miles outside. This was a spot verdant with palms and interspersed with the dwellings of friendly Arabs. It was garrisoned by Italian soldiers, who were fraternizing with the inhabitants. On my way I passed a detachment of trotting bersaglieri, those fine troops who always advance at the double, and suddenly there arose in the sky—a marvel! To the watching Arabs it seemed as though some terrible revenging monstrous bird had suddenly arisen in the air—some diabolical foe which was beyond the power of man to resist, and even to those who had already seen the wonders of an aeroplane in flight the fact of one being used on active service was certainly a novel sight. I believe this was the first one to be used in war, and conjecture boggled at what one conceived the results might be in after years when many thousands might take the place of this solitary one, speeding its lone way

across the desert, dropping death and destruction on fleeing foes !

The sun was setting over the desert and parties were patrolling among the cactus scrub accompanied by huge Maremma sheep-dogs, using these to assist in detecting skulking enemy. These dogs are fine animals which are used on the plains and mountains round Rome. They carry shaggy white or creamy coats and are of most determined disposition. Everything seemed quiet and friendly in the oasis as I strolled about under the palms and I little thought that as I turned my back on the crimson sky on the walk back to Tripoli that this bloody glow might have been taken as a terrible symbol of the gory shambles which this same oasis was to become within a few hours. Even as I stepped on to the highway the plot must have been forming, for before nightfall next day those Arabs who seemed so conciliatory and friendly had risen and had massacred every European in the place. When I heard of this I was safely out at sea, and had every reason for thankfulness on my escape, as if I had been one day later I would in all likelihood have been trapped.

When at home once more I was very busy that year, and trained several sentry dogs in response to requests for them. One of these went to the Gordon Highlanders. A report on this dog reached me from one of the officers in whose charge the animal was :

“ Soon after midnight, as director, I decided to visit the outposts of both forces, and suggested that the attached officers should accompany me. We did not know in the least with which group we should find Jo and in the course of our rounds came upon him. The sentry in charge of him reported that he had been aware of our approach for some time, and that the dog had been more than unusually uneasy.

“ I had gone forward alone close up to the group, and was questioning the sentry in low tones, when a cyclist officer who had halted with the other a short distance away, came up to join me. Without the least warning Jo sprang forward and fixed his teeth in the ‘ British warm ’ coat of the officer. Luckily the chain was short and the sentry strong, while the officer sprang back instinctively, so the dog only just reached the coat, which was unbuttoned, and no real harm was done.



WAR-DOGS WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY IN TRIPOLI,
NORTHERN AFRICA

"The incident served to show that the dog could distinguish between those with whom he was accustomed to serve and strangers, and tends to prove that a sentry accompanied by a dog would run no risk of being surprised and overpowered by a single assailant. Owing to the exigencies of the service my personal dealings with Jo ended on that night, but I have lately heard that while he remains most friendly with men of his own regiment he is exceedingly fierce with all others."

Another sentry dog went to the Norfolk Regiment, and the following was the account I received of its performance:

"The dog arrived when the brigade was in training and it was placed on outpost duties at night.

"Each night," says the officer, "I found the presence of the dog to be of the greatest value. He either remained beside the sentry or went on patrol. His value consists in the fact that he can and does detect the approach of human beings some considerable time before the eye or ear of the average man can distinguish anything.

"The result is that the sentry or patrol is fully on the alert, and it is impossible for them to be either ambushed or 'rushed.'

"The dog is no expense as he feeds on the remains of the men's dinner. He is never allowed to run loose in camp or barracks, and no one is allowed to feed him except the man in charge of him.

"I am of opinion," the officer's report adds, "that it would be a valuable asset to have four of these dogs attached to every infantry battalion, for service in the field. I hope at next company training to make some more extensive trials of his usefulness.

"I should add that this method of indicating the approach of anyone at night is quite silent. It consists of a low growl and a stiffening of his body, almost like a pointer."

This dog went abroad with the Regiment in the war and was killed on the Aisne.

Still another went to the Durham Light Infantry and was well received.

As I write of these studies in war-dog development the thought comes how trivial it all seems now in view of what

was to come later, when everything pales before the great conflagration which was even then smouldering beneath the cauldron of European politics. Nevertheless, I am grateful for these experiences because they led to certain deductions and to a vision of possibilities of which I was able to make use when the time of summons came. For this reason I make no apology in continuing this chapter on my travels afield in search of instruction which led me next to Russia in May, 1914.

RUSSIA

I had been invited, as a matter of fact, to go to St. Petersburg and judge the military and police dogs trial. A very interesting personality, namely the Head of the Criminal Investigation Service in St. Petersburg, M. Lebedeff, had visited me at Harrow some months previously. A fine handsome fellow, full of interesting information. This I was very glad to do and I left home in May, 1914, arriving at St. Petersburg to find myself most kindly received by the authorities who left no stone unturned to make my stay both interesting and enjoyable. One of the first places I was taken to was Tsarskoe Selo, which might be described as the Russian Aldershot.

An account in the Press describes the occasion as follows:

"The occasion was a series of competitive trials held on the Semenoff Racecourse. There were close upon three hundred entries belonging to the army, the police, the railway companies, and other institutions. Among them was the veteran dog Treff (7½ years, now working in Moscow), who received an ovation on his appearance and gained a substantial reward.

"Major Richardson, the English expert, was one of the judges.

"The dogs used here for military and police purposes were principally Airedales, sheep-dogs, and pinchers.

"Popular interest to-day centred in the army contingent furnished by the Life Guard Hussars, the Preobrajensky, and Ismailovsky Guards, and other regiments. Many of the trials were performed under fire, and only a few of the younger dogs showed any trepidation. The dogs, when ordered, left the firing line, and pelted away to fetch reserves of ammunition. They

returned to their masters with one hundred or more cartridges carried in bags on their backs.

“When searching on the battlefield, the Russian dogs have been trained to bring back the caps of the wounded to their keepers.

“The dogs also draw miniature Maxims which carry as far as a rifle.”

The Guards Regiments had a number of messenger dogs. These animals were put through a large number of tests and worked well. I lay out all day taking messages which were sent by dogs from different points and over varied country—fields, woods, and marshes. The breeds in use were German sheep-dogs and Airedales, but the records of the latter were certainly greatly superior, and in conversation with the keeper trainers, they all said they preferred the Airedale for the work. Most of these had been imported from England. There were many other trials, some of them to demonstrate tracking. These last were not so good and the trainers were themselves not very expert in this. I inspected the chief police-dog kennels, and was able to advise those in charge on many points. Unfortunately the war clouds were gathering overhead although I personally was unaware of them, and all this organized war and police-dog work was soon to be crumpled up in the universal chaos which followed in Russia.

In walking through the grounds of the palace at Tsarskoe Selo I saw the young Archduchesses playing. They had one or two nice little dogs with them and the little group looked so innocently happy. There was no vision to warn them of the terrible fate awaiting them in the future. At a side-door I saw the weekly load of hot-house lilac which was sent all through the winter from the South of France for the Tzarina's famous lilac boudoir. All the same there certainly seemed to be a certain stir in the air. The troops were at the ranges all day, leave was stopped and many of the officers I met expressed surprise that compulsory service was not inaugurated in England in view of the war which was imminent. The gay life of the city, however, was proceeding as usual and the great restaurant, the Medviad, was never closed all night.

The feeling was very pro-English and anti-German, and the

hospitality and kindness extended to me everywhere was pleasant. On my departure M. Lebedeff escorted me to the station, and finding the train rather full and with no completely empty compartment he calmly hustled out three Germans with their bags and belongings on to the platform and installed me in their place. I crossed the frontier into Germany. Everything seemed perfectly peaceful. The weather was lovely and the sun lit up the countryside and animated with joy the flaxen-haired children playing on the station platforms as the train passed. Who could have foreseen the change that would come to pass within a few short weeks—a change from peaceful routine and seeming certainty for future happenings—to the “battle of the warrior, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood”—to pain, sorrow, and unrest, and distrust between nations.

On my return home early in June that same year I received a summons to bring some of my war-dogs for the inspection of Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, who was visiting her at Marlborough House. I had already had the honour of showing them to our Queen Mother, and had received her gracious interest with great pleasure. But it was an added satisfaction to me to be presented to the quiet little lady standing beside her, who expressed great interest in the dogs and a kind remembrance of what those had done which had gone from my kennels to the Russian troops in 1905. I remember there was an interesting group of notabilities around the two Royal ladies and there was not one individual of all who stood there who, as it turned out afterwards, was not profoundly affected by the crash that quite shortly was to burst on us all. In an interesting photograph taken at the time I find that my wife, who accompanied me, myself and one other are now the only ones left alive.

FOOTSLOGGERS

What is love of one's land? . . .

I don't know very well.

It is something that sleeps

For a year, for a day,

For a month—something that keeps

Very hidden and quiet and still,



WHERE I AM JUDGING WAR-DOG TRIALS AT ST. PETERSBURG JUST BEFORE THE WAR

And then takes
The quiet heart like a wave,
The quiet brain like a spell,
The quiet will
Like a tornado; and that shakes
The whole of the soul.

It is omnipotent like love;
It is deep and quiet as the grave,
And it awakes
Like a flame, like a madness,
Like the great passion of your life,
The cool keenness of a tempered knife,
The great gladness of a wedding day,
The austerity of monks who wake to pray
In the dim light,
Who pray
In the darkling grove:
All these and a great belief in what we deem the right,
Creeping upon us like the overwhelming sand
Driven by a December gale,—
Make up the love of one's land.

L'ENVOI

What is love of one's land?
Ah, we know very well.
It is something that sleeps for a year, for a day,
For a month; something that keeps
Very hidden and quiet and still,
And then takes
The quiet heart like a wave,
The quiet brain like a spell,
The quiet will
Like a tornado, and that shakes
The whole being and soul . . .
Aye, the whole of the soul.

FORD MADOX (HUEFFER) FORD.

CHAPTER V

WATCH-DOGS AND OTHERS

A PROUD BOAST

I never barked when out of season ;
I never bit without a reason ;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother ;
Nor wronged by force or fraud another.
Though brutes are placed a rank below,
Happy for man could he say so !

BLACKLOCK.

BEFORE going any further into my personal experiences of movement and travel as the years rolled on, I will here interpose some chapters dealing with the more technical aspect of the work I was doing.

Mary the elderly maid had gone for the day to see her sister some way off, and Miss Susan and Miss Jemima were to "manage" for themselves in their comfortable house during her absence. They had lived there for three generations, and although of modest means they had an accumulation of valuable belongings, fine old silver, some good jewellery, and one or two pictures of worth—evidences of ancestral wealth.

Miss Jemima was knitting placidly in the sun by the drawing-room window, but Miss Susan found she required to do a message in the village a mile away, so, putting on her hat, she trotted away, promising to return as soon as possible. A pleasant gossip with that nice Mrs. Smith at the post office about the new tenants at the Grange, and another chat with the Vicar while passing homewards, rather prolonged her expedition, however, and it was growing dusk before she reached the garden gate. She was rather surprised to find this open as she was most careful always to close it behind her, and was still more astonished to see that the front door also was flung right back. In the shadows of the hall she at first saw nothing and then—a figure,

a dreadful figure. At the foot of the stairs tied to the banisters and with staring terrified eyes out of a gagged face—Miss Jemima—her rings and trinkets torn off from her, the house ransacked and left stripped of all the objects they had so carefully cherished and loved so much.

This story is true, and Miss Susan, after the horror and shock of bringing back her sister to a normal state of mind once more, came to me for advice as to their adequate protection for the future.

I gave them into the care of "David," a person of great individuality who certainly understood his instructions and went off on collar and lead with a determination which he subsequently was able to carry out very efficiently "to stand no nonsense" of this sort on any account whatever.

It would be impossible for me to give a tithe of the strange tales which I am constantly being told as a consequence of circumstances which necessitate a good watch-dog. They would fill several books. I am called up sometimes over the telephone by an agitated female voice with tales of fear and desperate necessity. Very often I am enjoined to keep the circumstances secret but to send on at all costs a reliable guardian dog.

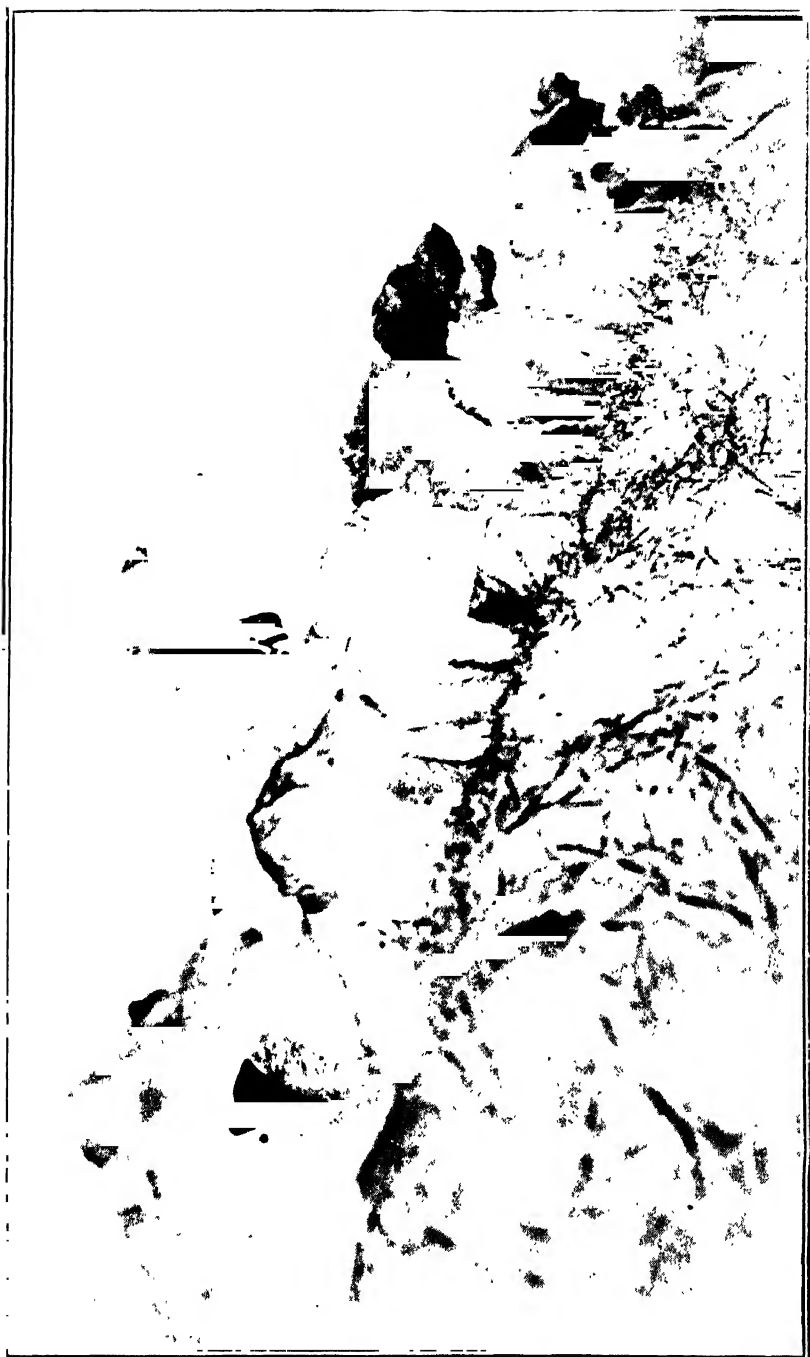
It is frequently a painful necessity on my part to catch glimpses of family skeletons. While such cases as that of the attack on Miss Jemima are unfortunately not exceptionally rare, they are what might be called straightforward and are easy to counteract. But there are such conditions when a person may go in fear and trembling of attack from one whom they cannot acknowledge to the world. Family pride necessitates strict secrecy and yet the most astonishing vendettas and blackmail are sometimes revealed. In law, such circumstances could be easily dealt with, but such measures would entail the searching light of publicity. I have on occasion heard a trembling voice with a muttered confused story and urgent requests for secrecy. Some severe shock has been received and yet they cannot tell the police. Could I help? Do I think a dog in the house would meet the situation? and so on. Another time an old man comes. He is rich. He fears his sons! They have threatened him! Strange as it may appear I have even had to defend a high-born lady from attempted matricide. I shall not easily forget that pale stricken face and the painful

faltering confession. How terribly tragic! Again the bickering of husbands and wives leads sometimes to extraordinary situations when one fears the other and dreads some attack on person, children or property. One finds exceedingly pathetic sorrow here. Parents love gathering tattered shreds of broken lives round the children to safeguard them from censorious comment or derogatory influences.

Kidnapping in various forms, especially with regard to children, has been brought to my notice, and in many of the cases I have quoted above the police themselves have recommended those in trouble to come to me for help, knowing that publicity can thus be avoided and with the hope also that I may be able to provide some sort of permanent personal protection which they are naturally unable to do. The very day on which these words were written I received a visit from a client, escorted by a policeman. The latter explained the difficulty and was glad to hand the case over to a four-footed unofficial constable. The latter was quite unafraid of anyone and trotted off complacently.

All these may be considered abnormal cases, but they are commoner than might be imagined. The fact remains that a person must at times be alone and against a determined antagonist; he or she, in an ordinary way, is more or less defenceless. It is impossible to have firearms always on hand, and even these may not save from sudden attack, but it is a difficult thing and a dangerous thing for the assailant to attempt to reach that one who moves through life in constant charge of an animal which is capable of giving full warning of approach and of executing severe punishment.

The difficulty I find faces me sometimes in these cases is to inculcate into the owner a few grains of common sense as to the management and handling of such dogs capable of this, to them, enormously important work. They are sometimes not worthy of the intelligence of the animal, in the sense that they do not play up sufficiently to the needs of the eagerly proffered devotion on which is based the whole of the protective instinct they require. However, I have known it happen, again, that those who have never owned a dog in their lives and were only driven to get one by intense fear, become the most ardent converts and devoted slaves to just such a household policeman.



SOME EFFICIENT GUARDIANS

Of course, where there is treachery in a household staff, nothing can be done as the dog naturally regards the servants as friends.

When it comes to cases of ordinary burglary there is much to be said as is entirely obvious to most people. At all events it certainly was so to a family entering a new home who possessed valuables of all kinds and who remained immune from nocturnal visitors with intent to annex, until the first night the male head of the house took his departure for a holiday. The house had evidently been watched and the ways of the inhabitants were known. Unfortunately for themselves the thieves had not discovered that the very afternoon of the day on which he left the owner had paid me a visit! For some reason he had selected a bitch—an Airedale. This sex is productive of excellent watch-dogs but they do not possess the same size as the males, and therefore are not considered as impressive as a rule. However, that night she was immediately called on to display her prowess. The rest of the family had gone to the theatre and they returned fairly late to find three burglars held at bay in the hall with the little bitch flying round and round them biting here and biting there till in very mercy she had to be requested by their mistress to desist and the local constable did the rest.

On many occasions I am asked to come myself and put a house of large proportions on a thoroughly "proof" condition by stationing sentry dogs in the correct position. For much of the value to be obtained from these guards is dependent on the place in which they are asked to do their work. A house cannot be accurately guarded unless the spreading passages and back quarters are under the full hearing of one or more dogs. For this reason I usually recommend that the hall, as being the centre of the house and in touch with the rooms containing the most valuable articles, is the most suitable place for one of the watch-dogs to be stationed at night. Such a recommendation, however, I remember once brought a decidedly unintended incident, with acidulated results, to pass!

A little lady who had been raided of her jewellery, furs, etc., came to me in great distress. They were mostly wedding presents and the happy event of her marriage was of a very recent date indeed. Her husband had been called away for the day until late that night and she, being alone, wished to

have the animal installed at once. I sent one of my men with her to her home with instructions that he was immediately to put the Airedale in position on guard on the staircase. Alack! we left out of account the fact that Jack knew neither her nor her husband; and when his kennelman left him on guard he naturally thought his duty was to hold the situation against *all* comers. The result was a few hours later an irate husband, almost foaming at the mouth, rang me up with the news that he himself could not get into his own house and his wife was wringing her hands at the top of the staircase unable to descend, while Jack reigned supreme in between the two. All attempts at negotiation—"Dear doggy, good doggy"—morsels of succulent steak and tasty biscuits proved unavailing. Needless to say, the matter was soon re-adjusted and the correct relationship was explained to Jack who was understood to infer, "Well after all, what *was* a chap to do when he was never told anything?"

Now here let me say that this uncompromising attitude is the correct one for a watch-dog. In this case the dog had no sense of mastership towards either of his owners as through mismanagement the fact of ownership had not been communicated to him, so that to his knowledge the last person who stood as his friend was the kennelman who had fastened him up and left him. The smallest thing would have conveyed to Jack that his master had changed, such as his new mistress leading him on the way home, or after his own man had left him, in her keeping him beside her about the house. It will be understood that a trained dog going on the chain at a certain spot receives a sense of proprietorship, and from that moment, excepting those persons whom it actually knows, no one may pass. When off the chain a greater discrimination is exercised, and although all persons outside the family and servants are carefully scrutinized, still it is realized by our guardian that friends of the family have to be respected and gently treated.

For this reason a well-trained watch-dog is a really valuable animal from every point of view. Much depends on his treatment, also, after he has left the trainer. Many people think that a family relationship towards him is a mistake as being likely to soften him, but this is not so, provided he has the requisite amount of guarding instinct in him. On the contrary the more he is allowed to adore his master or mistress, play with

the children, and guard the maid-servants when everyone is out, etc., the more he will assume the protectorship of the household as a duty and resent any interference with his property. At the same time this sense of proprietorship from the dog to his owners must be affectionately returned so that the link is forged both sides. No dog should be put outside for lengthened periods and left to drift. This treatment ruins his guarding mentality very soon. There is no harm in allowing him to have a run, but he should be summoned after a short time and it should be made clear that attendance near the premises is essential. Airedales particularly, and also fox terriers, are animals that are not happy without a master or mistress of whom they can make a "pal" and, if they are turned off to be more or less on their own, they deteriorate and go a-wandering in search of they know not what.

I give this hint as a warning, as many people on acquiring a perfectly good dog do not always realize that they have responsibilities towards him, if a continuance of useful work from the animal is expected. At the same time, although as much as possible the family dog should accompany a member of the family when out walking, as this conveys a sense of legitimate times and seasons for leaving home, the early morning stroll, when first let out and before family attendance is essential, is full of possibilities to Jack. In fact it may be called his only time off duty during the twenty-four hours, and clever dogs have many plans for this short period of liberty. Certain appointments with boon companions are frequent, and it is a fact that dogs have as ardent friendships with each other as have human beings and many of these attachments are somewhat incongruous. I had once a large Airedale dog which danced attendance every morning at this early hour on a small supercilious fox terrier. They made a regular appointment and went off on some mysterious errand together. I read recently of a master living in London who noticed that his chow when let out the first thing disappeared in the same direction every morning. He followed one day up to the park and was astonished to find at a given spot two other chows waiting for his own dog! The contingent had apparently much to say to each other and then they quietly trotted home in their several directions. It is true that, while friendships are frequent between differing

breeds, still the inclination is towards those of the same species. The draw is certainly stronger as a rule. Perhaps for all we know they understand each other's lingo better or else they find the same appealing desires and pleasures.

This little early morning outing, therefore, is a really happy time for dogs, so long as they are well trained and do no harm, and especially if they thoroughly understand that they are expected back shortly. After that a nice meal is the right thing and a brush and comb, when the day of duty commences once more. Sometimes this may take the form of guarding the house while the family is away for the day. In this case it is best to leave Jack loose indoors and close up everything carefully.

I sold a good Airedale dog once to a householder who came to me within a year for another. He told me that the family had gone off for the day leaving the house in the charge of Binks, the dog. On their return they found a window forced and the whole place in confusion. Binks was found dead upstairs in one of the bedrooms. The police were called in and Binks' master expressed annoyance that the dog had not made a better fight for it, but had apparently, as far as he could see, just let himself get killed! The police officer went over to examine the dog and lifted the poor head, when a man's thumb fell out of its mouth. Old Binks had done his best! The result of this discovery was that a man without a thumb was afterwards identified as the burglar and that a request for another Binks was received by me.

It is a risky thing forcing a house with a good large watchdog loose indoors. There will be no compromise and the intruder does so at his own risk.

There are times when I have been asked to provide certain persons who were in terror of their lives with dogs who would give no quarter to any assailant. I remember a man coming to me who was a go-between, his friend being an immensely wealthy moneylender, or to use the polite term for these gentlemen in the West—"financier." Apparently this person, who carried on his operations in the Malay Archipelago, went up-country to collect his dues and the journey led him to lonely parts where he had either huts or a camp of some sort. His life was always in danger and he trusted no one. The dogs were to be of the stamp that when he went into his hut to sleep

he slept with them as his guardians, only he was absolutely safe. I selected two Airedales and very fine fellows they were, of immense size, and they were essentially "one-man" dogs. I heard afterwards they travelled with him everywhere and he would not stir without them. With the unquestioning dog attitude towards their owner they took on their duties towards him with undeviating devotion. He slept secure in his lonely dwelling, the gloomy jungle resounding eerily with the night cries of animals and birds or a desolate plain with moaning winds sweeping drearily by. At each entrance to the hut his dogs lay keeping vigil and he had no further need to lie with every nerve on edge listening for the stealthy tread of the enemy, for long before he could have detected the approach his dogs would have given warning, and had necessity arisen would have defended their master to the last drop of their blood.

Most of the dogs of which I have spoken hitherto have been indoor companions, but there are others which have their field of endeavour out of doors and are useful in innumerable ways in safeguarding their masters' property. Here we come up against a difficult question. How many millions of people are there who go up to a comfortable bed themselves every night and never give a thought to the friend without, to whom perhaps they owe the safety of their lives and certainly the security of their belongings? Has he too a warm couch, dry and soft, in which to lie? Has he had sufficient exercise during the twenty-four hours, and food of the right sort? In these days of pure breeding, where the first cost of a dog is high and, therefore, the animal receives a higher measure of respect in consequence of its increased financial value, there is certainly not the crude indifference to its comfort that there used to be, but even yet there are still wretched animals kept in permanent misery in soap boxes and broken barrels, chained forever to the one spot, the most hopeless form of physical torture it is possible to devise. This should most certainly not be tolerated in these days when a greater humanity is showing itself on all sides, but there is just this much to be said, that there are certain difficulties which sometimes arise with the watch-dog that require special consideration, and very often much of the passive cruelty we see in this connection is from the total ignorance of the master as to how to ensure their removal. In the chapter

on training I have dealt with several aspects of this question, and I hope that many a faithful dog may thereby benefit.

In guarding a country place the idea of putting one or two dogs about the outside at vulnerable spots is a good one. It is possible to have kennels on wheels so that if it is not considered desirable to let them remain at any given place during the day-time it is easy for one of the men to wheel them away before the family are about. A dog posted thus, say, at a french window which might easily give ingress to one of the lower rooms gives the inhabitants great cause for peace of mind. It must be understood that it is well worth while taking a little trouble over this matter. A house of a friend of mine which contains many valuable and irreplaceable treasures and works of art is the object of a regular dog drill every evening when four dogs—Airedales—are escorted to the different sides of the building. Here they are fastened to kennels, two of which remain in position all day. The two others, on an ornamental terrace, would look out of place in daylight and are wheeled out of sight until the evening. All these canine sentries are within hearing of each other, so that a ring of warning round the house is the consequence of a stranger's footstep. It would be quite impossible for anyone unconnected with the establishment to pass through this cordon without being challenged. So far the treasures have never been burgled and, if anything in that line should occur, the police can start with a clear clue that the thief must inevitably be of the personnel within and not from without. This self-evident fact is in itself a preventative.

A house in France was badly burgled of some valuable pictures. One or two excellent watch-dogs, which were on guard in the house, made no sound whatever. The field of enquiry was narrowed down at once, the inference being that the thief must be well known to them. A sudden access of wealth to one of the upper servants gave another clue and the tracing of the crime to the guilty party was only a question of time.

I might here just mention the fact of which, however, many people are quite aware, that dogs are not the only animals with the power to detect and give warning of any untoward sound or happening. Those in touch with outdoor life in the creatures have often noticed the messages conveyed by birds.



TRAINING POLICE-DOGS TO PURSUE

I have personally found peacocks and their hens quite excellent as "watch-dogs."

It might have been because nerves were on the stretch and everyone was also waiting and listening for sinister sounds, but particular notice was taken of the warnings from animals in this respect during the war, and I here quote from an article which appeared in the *Spectator* in 1915:

"Observers of birds have been much interested by the evidence, which seems to be fairly satisfactory, that pheasants in as remote a part of England as Westmorland were disturbed by the firing in the North Sea on the day of Sir David Beatty's action and showed many signs of excitement. The first evidence came from the Rev. W. M. L. Evans of Saxby, Lincolnshire, who related in a letter to the *Times* how on Sunday morning, January 24th, his clerk met him with the announcement 'There be rare goings on in the North Sea the morn.' When asked to explain, the clerk said: 'The pheasants is all over the place with their fuss,' and many other villagers wrote from Saxby confirming this statement. Then Lady Lonsdale wrote from Lowther to say that during the battle the keepers noticed that the pheasants made a great and unusual crowing. Finally, Canon Rawnsley sent to the papers last Monday the results of his investigations on the subject. At three different places in Cumberland the crowing of the pheasants was very noticeable between 9.45 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. In Yorkshire—at York, Bass, Wyland Abbey, Risplith, Market Weighton, West Ayton, Brompton and Langdale End—the same restlessness and crowing were noticed; also at Runcorn in Cheshire. No doubt similar evidence could be collected from many other places. Canon Rawnsley's correspondents spoke of the pheasants as flying high up into the air, 'churruking' and behaving with more than the fluster which generally attends the disturbance of a covert. It is well known that a bird's ear is capable of recording impressions to which the human ear is not sensitive, and in the case of the sounds of January 24th it is not at all surprising that pheasants should have been disturbed by them. For they were heard by human beings fairly distinctly, as Canon Rawnsley says, as far inland as Risplith, near Ripon. The present writer's gardener listened to them at a place in Essex

for a long time, and mentioned them many hours before either he or the present writer knew that an action had been fought in the North Sea. The sounds were a long and low rumbling quite different from the distinct shocks of guns fired within a few miles.

“ Readers of R. L. Stevenson’s *Black Arrow* may remember how the sensitiveness of birds to the approach of man, and their power of acting as sentinels, are brought into the story. When Appleyard stopped and watched a cloud of birds skimming over the top of the forest, Bennet asked him what he was concerned about. ‘Why, the birds!’ ‘What of the birds?’ ‘Ay!’ replied Appleyard, ‘y’are a wise man to go to war, Master Bennet. Birds are a good sentry; in forest places they be the first line of battle.’ Certainly since men learned to use their eyes the tracker and the scout have always watched the movements of birds to learn whether men, invisible to the human eye, were on the move and had been detected by the nervous birds. In that entertaining work, the *Chinese Book of War*, written in the fifth century B.C., Sun the Master, in laying down rules for troops on the march, said: ‘The rising of birds shows an ambush. Startled beasts show that the enemy is stealthily approaching from several sides. High, straight spurts of dust betoken that chariots are coming. Long, low masses of dust show the coming of infantry. The clustering of birds round a position shows it is unoccupied,’ and so on. A charming instance of seagulls giving a warning to a British battleship was contained in a bluejacket’s letter printed in the *Times* of Thursday. Writing to the Rev. W. M. L. Evans the bluejacket said:

“ ‘I will just give you an incident that occurred with us in the North Sea. We have always a lot of seagulls following us about and after meals they ‘pipe down,’ i.e. go to sleep. I was at a 12-pounder gun after dinner, all our poultry having forty winks as usual, when I was startled to see them all circling round an object which proved to be the periscope of a German submarine, and I can assure you, if it had not been for the seagulls, we should have been in Davy Jones’s locker.’

“ One may indulge the fancy that the seaman accepted the warning as a reward for having fed the gulls. Apart from the scraps which continually go overboard and cause the gulls

to follow any vessel, no doubt the seamen followed the ordinary British practice of sharing their food with any living creature that happened to come that way. Here was the reverse order of things from the curse which fell on the Ancient Mariner's ship after the killing of an albatross. History has several examples of the sentinel capacity of birds in war. The most famous is, of course, the cackling of the geese which saved the Roman Capitol from the attack of the Gauls. No matter whether the legend be true or not, the Romans firmly believed it and Roman history would hardly be Roman history without the solemn faith in the saving cackle of the geese. No one who has read the story in Livy can ever forget the passage, which we may translate roughly as follows:

“ ‘The Gauls having observed the tracks of a messenger from Veii, or having reconnoitred for themselves the cliff at a spot where it was easy to scale, sent up an armed scout to explore the way. Then, alternately supporting one another and drawing one another up wherever the ground was difficult, they reached the summit so silently that they not only escaped the guards but avoided rousing even the dogs—an animal alert to notice noise by night. But they did not evade the geese, which being sacred to Juno had been spared even in the time of famine. This fact was the salvation of Rome, for, aroused by their cries and the flapping of their wings, Marcus Manlius, who had been Consul for three years before and was a distinguished soldier, snatched up his arms, called upon the troops and while the rest of the Gauls were in a flurry, struck with the boss of his shield the leading Gaul, who was already standing on the summit, and hurled him down.’

“The rout of the attacking party which followed was complete, and the Romans afterwards always distinguished between the high services of the geese and the inferior alertness—at all events on that occasion—of the dogs. Dogs and geese were always kept on the Capitol, and the geese were henceforth fed by the censors at the public expense. And on the anniversary of the saving of the Capitol, geese, clothed with magnificent state in purple and gold, were driven round in litters for public admiration.

“We have heard it said that on the day before the battle of Sadowa, a German officer, who as a country gentleman was

accustomed to watch the ways of birds, was struck by a great flight of birds from a particular forest. They were flying against the wind. He guessed that there must be a serious cause for their disturbance and, sure enough, when scouts were sent into the forest a large body of Austrians was discovered marching against the wind and involuntarily driving the birds before them. Every watcher of birds and every sportsman can call to mind hundreds of instances of the warning movements of birds. Any one who has tried to stalk wild geese while redshanks are about will know far more about the sentinel qualities of those fussy little birds than he wanted to know at the time. And of course the progress of beaters through a wood or across an open field is heralded by a shower of little birds before the more reposeful pheasant or partridge is disturbed. Canon Rawnsley says that parrots in the trenches or on the Eiffel Tower record by their sensitiveness the sounds of an aeroplane engine some twenty minutes before the aeroplane is visible. Whether the hearing of birds is subject, on its own scale, to the limitations which affect the human hearing is perhaps not ascertainable. When experiments were conducted with sounding fog-signals in various lighthouses and lightships some years ago, it was found that there were curious belts of silence. The sounds would sometimes be inaudible at comparatively short distances and audible again at much longer distances."

In answer to the last remark in the article I do not believe that birds are as a whole as limited as man with regard to hearing. Certainly dogs greatly excel in this respect, and where they are limited in sight they make up for it by an increased power to scent and hear. Having four feet on the ground it is extremely likely that they feel vibrations much more strongly than we do, and from this source are able to make many deductions which we pass by.

It is to be understood that I have many records of what dogs have accomplished which have left my kennels and I am always glad to hear of the results which follow their companionship in the home. Those accounts which come from the Army, Navy, and Police may be more spectacular, but nevertheless, the friend in the house very often renders a very good account of himself.

The dog Rustler, of which the following letter speaks, is the pet of a clergyman and his wife, and is an Airedale.

"Rustler was in our bedroom and we were alone in the house, my husband having gone out. It was a stormy morning and the windows were all closed. My boy, aged $2\frac{1}{2}$ years, was playing on the floor in his dressing gown, and I fell asleep. I was awoke by the fact that Rustler was licking my face and scratching me with his paws, but I seemed overpowered by something. The dog became so violent, however, that I managed to rouse myself to find that my small son had dismantled the gas fire and was lying quite unconcious near the tap which he had turned on. After turning the gas off and opening the windows and finally taking the boy into the open air I managed to rouse him—just in time. Probably Rustler felt overcome himself by the gas and wanted to get out of the room, but it was somewhat remarkable the way he stayed by my side until he saw my baby open his eyes again and so to speak all right. He is very devoted to the child, so much so that he often will not allow anybody to touch his toys."

As a general rule, what is required to guard us in this country is a dog with a bite in it if necessary, but one which does not care to exercise its powers of attack except on an emergency. Unfortunately, especially since the war, a class of intruder has grown in significance who does not mind using weapons, and the house owner who may be aroused from sleep by one of such gentry is not usually prepared perhaps for this form of coercion. A dog which can give him good warning, and if need be assist in ousting the burglar, is a source of great comfort to a home.

The more this sort of dog is made a "pal" by the family the better, and children are often a great asset in cementing the affectionate comradeship. It is good for them to love animals, to be taught to care for them properly and to learn to exert a protective influence towards them. Such an outlook enlarges the sympathies and makes our young people more intelligent.

In introducing dogs into the home where there are children a certain amount of discrimination is required. If the latter have not been accustomed to animals great care should be taken

in the first place that they are not scared, as it takes a long time to eradicate the impression of shock which may arise if a new dog suddenly jumps up against a small child, or barks angrily when the latter is entering the room. I have known cases of such treatment produce such fear in an infant that it has taken some years to eradicate the underlying terror. A little friend of mine of still tender years is only quite lately getting out of the habit which is quite instinctive, of curling her legs up on the seat of her chair whenever a dog comes into the room. She now laughs at herself for doing so, as she knows that it is not necessary, but it has taken four years to overcome the fright she got at a rather cross little fox terrier which used to rush at her when she came into the drawing-room at children's hour. Her younger sister, however, has no such fear and loves all dogs because, by the time she had arrived on the scene, the fox terrier had been taught better manners. In the same family there is a large and extremely affectionate Airedale which, in his dignified serious way, took charge of the children and was never so happy as when accompanying them. The babies, seeing him from the safe height of the pram, got to love his presence with them, and very soon a very close partnership was formed.

May I ask parents also to remember that the sorrows of children are terribly poignant. To some natures which are perhaps sensitive beyond the average it is doubtful if the griefs of later life exceed or even equal the dumb agonies of childhood. A dog given to a child will sometimes receive the most devoted and unspeakably tender affection. It is its very own and between the two there exists a tie that should be treated very carefully and with great respect. Someone I know tells me that when she was a little thing her dog became ill and was given what the child felt was no very skilled treatment, although she herself in her baby way did all she could for the adored little pal. Finally an all-powerful parent ordered her off and the dog was given a quietus. She heard the maids discussing casually the form of its death and the sense of pain and horror and inexorableness which possessed her at the time still remains with her to this day. Looking back now in the light of an understanding of the correct treatment of dogs, and also of the mind of a child, she knows that the pet might have lived with expert care, and

that, even had it died, the little mistress would not have grieved with such a sense of injury had she seen that every step had been taken to cure it.

Parents have no right to allow a dog to become a pet with a little child unless they are prepared to take over the responsibilities of the very often passionate affection engendered between the two. The dumbness of the childish mind in connection with its griefs, the absolute inability to express to others its most secret terrors and premonitions is one of the most pathetic aspects of human existence and we elders should never forget the fact. In the hurry and stress of jostling with the world many of us are apt to harden as we grow older and to forget the tortures one may inflict on the sensitive imaginative mind of the young about matters which to us may seem of small account.

A remembrance still lives with me and the mention of it brings back a sense of discomfiture to this day, even though it makes me smile. An adored black rabbit lived in a hutch in a wood and was carefully tended by myself and fellow youngsters. One afternoon it was missing and a most intensive search failed to disclose it until, hanging at the kitchen window, we saw with horrified eyes a red gory black fur skin. Furthermore, with a sickening shock, we remembered we had partaken of rabbit at lunch that very day! A furious onrush to the kitchen produced the information from the cook that the kitchen-maid had been sent to the gamekeeper for a rabbit, and that as there did not happen to be one available, she had annexed and killed our woodland pet. Our anguish certainly had the quality of murder in it towards the completely indifferent maid and the gentle expostulations to her on the part of our elders did little to allay our wrath. The fact that we ourselves had unbeknowningly consumed the animal added insult to injury, and I remember wondering in impotent rage why the law allowed the maid to go scot free, when we would have rejoiced to see her hanging as high as Haman, a form of punishment which in our childish estimation she fully merited.

In casting my mind back to the contemplation of my own agonies of spirit during youthful years long gone by, I am happy to think that such experiences may have given me an added perception of those of the young creatures who come to

me in trouble along similar lines. Delicate children are sometimes full of an obsession with regard to some favourite dog. The failure in health, especially where the nerves of the child are in question, seems to add strength to the devotion accorded the treasured pet. Any accident, temporary or otherwise, to the animal has been known to produce a very serious condition in the little patient and agonized parents have come to me to assist them in the catastrophe. I have known the preservation of a child's life to hang on a thread according to the success or otherwise of a hectic search for an Aberdeen terrier, which as a matter of fact, as we found later, had fallen a victim to a malicious gamekeeper's gun.

The man little realized at the time that he was practically shooting a child. The mother telephoned to me in the middle of the night under doctor's orders and the most minute description was given of the lost terrier. Could I replace it with one exactly similar so that the poor little master would not know the difference? My knowledge of the ways of all young things told me what had probably happened to the dog and also that no substitute could ever be imposed as the same dog on the child. There was nothing for it but to meet the situation from another standpoint. I told the mother to say to the child that she had just had a telephone message that Don the Aberdeen terrier had to "go home," but that he was sending him his dear little brother Laddie at once in the meantime and would Johnny see that he was fed on arrival and allowed to sleep in his (Don's) bed beside him as usual. This message was faithfully conveyed and the tension was considerably relieved. Much querulous questioning was diverted by pointing out the importance of making ready for Don's brother. Within a few hours a charming genial fellow with a captivating family resemblance to the departed pet arrived amid great excitement. Enquiries as to Don's curious departure for home and the cause, etc., were met by affectionate doggy hugs, and the eternal camaraderie of the young soon formed links of interest and affection.

The compensation for the intensity of the grief of childhood is in its evanescence. The remembrance may be there, but the sting passes soon and it is well that it should be so, or the finely drawn mental threads would break.

The gradual wasting of a child's constitution has in my

experience been arrested by the presentation of a fox terrier, which, remaining as it did the invalid's perpetual companion, filled the days with a new interest. It went out walking beside the boy's invalid chair. One day the dog injured its leg on the wheel and the limb became more or less rigid for a time and was to that extent in much the same powerless condition as was the child. The doctor remarked that what would cure the dog was that it should be compelled to use the rigid leg. The child was keen to restore his pet and in some subtle way shared in the idea of cure, so that he too in his anxiety to assist, realized that a personal effort was necessary. He had not walked for several months but was able soon to be on his legs again, and dog and boy really healed each other.

How curious are these mental reflexes and what wonderful instances of such things must come in their everyday practice to doctors and all those who set out to cure the mind, that sensitive instrument of consciousness which in itself, by the fact of its own consciousness, exemplifies the first and greatest miracle of all.

That life may be prolonged by an idea I have seen proved. A near relative had always greatly admired a sunset picture of the Dead Sea in my possession. In the days of her youth she paid a visit to the Holy Land and this picture took her back in spirit to happy days of long ago. Memories of companionships long since departed, and of rides by the deep blue sea surrounded by the shimmering pink mountains, brought back a sense of wellbeing and happiness. The little lady lay on her death-bed sinking fast. She spoke faintly of this picture. I had an inspiration and determined to send for it. A wire was instantly sent to my house that the picture was to come at once. On its arrival I placed it facing her at the foot of the bed where she lay. The change was instantaneous. Her interest and pleasure were aroused and in giving a description of a picnic held on the shores of the historic lake she seemed to take a fresh hold on life and improved from that day. The impetus of the idea carried the invalid onward for a considerable time longer.

Many old ladies are kept going far beyond what their physical capacity would warrant by the daily impulse in their lives accorded by the fact that darling Koko *must* get his walk every day. If everyone got their deserts it would really be

Koko who should receive the fat cheques (placed towards a fund for his benefit) rather than the doctor who calls every now and then to inspect the old ladies and to clear his conscience with the trite remark, "Please, my dear ladies, continue to *do* as you are *doing*."

The quality of expectancy entering into the thought of daily life is a real regenerative mental cocktail and is an antidote to that which would proclaim approaching end. Animals are affected by it in the same way. If you see an old dog of seasoned years you will probably find it is one which has evolved a certain job for himself in which he is interested and likes to carry out daily. I have had several dogs which lived to great ages and I always found they existed in a certain world of their own with definite self-constituted tasks. One of these had made a vantage point for himself facing on to the main road that bounded one side of his home. A cunningly devised spot was this, with a view in two directions. A backing of shrubberies and the trunk of a large tree, much the same colour as the fluffy little mask cautiously peeping round it, contrived to make a lookout of great possibilities. The game was to discriminate between those who were entitled to, or deserved free passes along the road, and those who should only be allowed to pass after enquiry and examination, or else entirely held up. I may say, however, that this customs house inquisition was, as a whole, only applied to individuals of his own species. Cats were naturally entirely banned and I am afraid also that he did not approve of back-firing motor bikes, and said so, but on the whole his intention was benevolent and his mission might have degenerated into boredom, had it not been for the fact that certain bold spirits lived nearby who claimed the right of free speech and passage on this portion of the road. This could not, of course, be tolerated, especially as they too claimed the same territorial rights over *their own* portions of roadway. There was no doubt that this question assumed enormous proportions in his daily outlook on life. When family claims and those of home routine necessitated his attendance elsewhere, his mind had, I think, always a pocket of anxious enquiry as to what was happening on the road during his absence, and when he was free a most careful nasal examination was made of the road, especially of that part near his coign of vantage.

Sometimes furiously indignant gurglings from him disclosed the annoying fact that, just as he had feared, advantage had been taken of his absence and an enemy with devilish effrontery had passed by and had even lingered on the way!

Another dog went house-keeping every morning, and carried the letter bag. I certainly think this sense of responsibility towards the family needs and his services in their fulfilment gave him a great hold on life and a regularity of outlook, which makes for sound health.

I need not touch on shepherds' dogs which, in spite of the hard work and not very high feeding, live often to a great age. The sense of duty here is very high, and the stern outlook of the master, who has to tend his sheep successfully or starve, is certainly felt by the dog. The expression on the face of an old working sheep-dog repays study, with its aspect of detachment and dignity, and a certain pathetic anxiety at the back. One gathers from a glance into those humid dark eyes that there is so much at stake. Hereditary impressions from dog ancestors, which for generations before have been also working on bare hill-sides, driving, and ever driving extraordinarily obtuse, but enormously important mammals called sheep, weigh on him. Like him, also, these ancestors were under orders from rather dour, lonely men, who lived difficult lives, hard lives, and who knew little rest, even when day was done. We read it all there in the dog's eyes. I cannot refrain from quoting the touching description of a working collie by the poet Hogg, which so graphically describes the world of anxious conscientiousness in the heart of a dog

I have quoted this before in an earlier publication, but as it represents one of my favourite elegies on a dog I cannot refrain from using it again.

“A collie belonged to a man named Steele, who was in the habit of consigning sheep to her charge without supervision. On one occasion,” says Hogg, “whether Steele remained behind or took another road, I know not; but on arriving home late in the evening, he was astonished to hear that his faithful animal had never made its appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her; but on their going out into the streets,

there was she coming with the drove, not one missing, and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth. She had been taken in travail on the hills, and how the poor beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering is beyond human calculation, for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected; but she, nothing daunted, and having deposited her young one in a place of safety, again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another, and another, till she brought her whole litter, one by one, but the last one was dead."

These steady, humble canine workers, what a lesson they teach us in these querulous, complaining, self-centred days. To do the job well and no bargainings is their desire. The same can be said of the watch-dog service, the value of which can be estimated by a realization of the impasse which would arise were every dog capable of fulfilling this category suddenly to be in some manner put out of action. Most certainly a certain class of lawlessness would flourish exceedingly. There are certain duties which can be carried out at times by no agency so efficiently as by the dog.

At one time I was kept exceedingly busy during a certain national crisis when members of our Cabinet and other prominent persons were in grave danger of personal attack. Although at the point of command of every safeguard from an official standpoint, they did not think that the situation was sufficiently secure without a good dog behind them.

In the case of one most important life I had to make a special journey to the house and inspect the nature of the surrounding country, note the position taken up of the official police on duty and generally report as to the number of watch-dogs required and of the placing of these animals. I quickly picked out the most vulnerable points of the property, where entry could be made at night, with risk that the existing guards would not hear, and installed good hearing and scenting dogs at these spots. From long experience I know just how large a portion they would be able to adequately supervise.

White Lodge in Richmond Park, and also the Park itself, is in charge of some responsible canine policeman—Airedales

all of them, and several Royal residences are likewise safeguarded.

I have always deeply regretted that the fine fellow I selected for General Sir Henry Wilson to be his personal guard and companion arrived just too late. Knowing the danger in which this brave and patriotic officer daily and hourly stood I had given days of anxious thought, training, and testing, in order to ensure his receiving a really adequate safeguard against his enemies. I believe this dog had actually arrived at the house and was waiting his new master's inspection, when the latter returned from Liverpool Street Station where he had been unveiling a war memorial. It will be remembered that he was attacked and shot as he entered his house. Had he had time to take over the ownership of this dog friend, it might have been with him in his car, or would have perhaps been waiting his return in the hall.

Now I have proved from many years' experience that the moral effect alone of the known presence of a dog, such as this, acts as a distinct complication to the plans of those persons who desire to attack. They never quite know how to reckon with the animal, where it will be, or what it might do, in fact how it might interfere. As to what a dog can actually do under such circumstances, even when firearms are in question, there is no doubt whatever. It is difficult for the assailant to shoot both master and dog at the same time, and the fact that a powerful, furious animal is capable of severely punishing any such attack, and is present, or near at hand to do so, and is also likely to create a tremendous noise, and finally to swiftly pursue on any attempt of the miscreant to run away, all this constitutes a sense of serious difficulty beforehand in all nefarious plottings of this nature. If, in spite of such a deterrent, a determined individual does nevertheless attempt such an assault, confusion of aim in the added excitement, noise and danger of the situation is probable. Shots fly wide when attention is distracted by a set of strong teeth embedded in the calf of the leg, or attached to the wrist that holds the gun.

Besides these ever-recurring cases of serious conditions where great interests are at stake, and on which I can only touch briefly, I and my dogs have had many amusing "stunts" in film work. Dogs are so often introduced into exciting situations

on the screen and both with bloodhounds and Airedales I have had considerable acting experience. It is not particularly easy to get the canine action to take place just exactly to order in front of the camera, especially if the scene is laid in the open. I remember a spot on Epsom Downs where we had all arranged to meet. A most exciting and thrilling scene took place. Villains exhausted themselves in malifics against the beauteous heroine, and the bloodhounds were, with great precision, based on the subtle trick methods, induced to scent their quarry up to the very eye of the instrument when, to our disgust, the operator confessed the film had not been working properly. The agitated players were furious and all had to be done over again.

John Storm in *The Christian* has been filmed more than once by film companies using dogs from my kennels. Sometimes the dogs will be away some weeks, going through the various scenes and travelling about the country to obtain the right scenery. They thoroughly enjoy themselves and are made much of. One or two of them have never returned to me, but were found to be so popular and useful that they have crossed the Atlantic with the American companies who used them.

Many years ago I had an interesting application from the Wagner family at Bayreuth and had considerable correspondence with Frau Cosima Wagner. It was at the time when I owned large numbers of deerhounds and Irish wolfhounds, and they required some fine specimens to take part in some of the operas. I think I sent over three or four, who, I was told, made impressive appearances.

The late Mr. Arthur Bouchier had a play in which bloodhounds were supposed to rush violently on to the stage on the trail of an apache. I lent him a pair for this purpose, and recently Basil Dean, in *The Padre*, a play which ran for a considerable time, was accompanied everywhere by a fine Airedale. When I went to see this play at the Lyceum, I went behind and was interested to find that Jack when off duty had his couch prepared for him in Sir Henry Irving's famous "Beefsteak" room. It was now desolate and unfurnished and I recalled the famous suppers that had taken place there and the many well known persons of rank, wit, and learning, who had sat at the hospitable board, presided over by that genius, whose

unique individuality has never since been approached or replaced in his own line.

Yes, I am often asked to interest myself in many curious things on account of some idea people entertain where they think dogs might assist them.

One of such cases was put to me by a well-known doctor engaged in research work. His theory was that, as dogs were capable of scenting out blood, they might be able to distinguish between different qualities or conditions of blood. It appears that the tendency in human beings to certain diseases is revealed by a condition of the blood and it was supposed that the different types of blood would smell differently to the dog. If, therefore, a dog could be induced to indicate by its demeanour the difference between a sample of healthy blood and that of one in which was a taint of a serious hereditary disease, and that such test could be reduced to a certainty, a very valuable contribution to science would be the result. I was extremely busy at the time with other work, and I did not anticipate much success, but I was anxious to test the idea and my wife and I spent quite a time every evening one summer, in the cool of the dusk, when scenting conditions would be helpful, carrying out the tests asked of us. We brought out all our best scenting dogs and the proceedings were certainly curious and interesting. Suffice it to say that we got as far as obtaining a distinct proof that a dog could distinguish between human blood and that of ox or sheep. The ox blood was immensely the most powerful of the three in smell and the dogs acknowledged that first every time. With that away, sheeps' blood led in strength. Finally I found there was a difference in the acknowledgment of male and female blood. After that we had a good deal of experiment with various diseased bloods. The results were not so convincing, and as by this time these very unattractive experiments were making my faithful and much enduring helpmeet extremely sick we desisted. I do not know if we would have been successful had we continued. There is a great deal of unexplored ground certainly along this line of endeavour, which awaits that person who can find time to apply a system of technical tests applicable to the dog's extraordinarily sensitive and well-known powers of differentiating between various smells.

That each person has a definitely different smell one from

the other, from the dog's point of view, is obvious to all. That various groups of people, such as different regiments, smell differently is also true as is shown by the dogs, and I can give rather an amusing proof of this capacity to distinguish between technically different scents as related to me in connection with the dogs I sent out as sentries to the Abor Expedition in India. After the operations had terminated and peace was restored, our troops inaugurated some sort of a "sing song" among themselves. Part of the entertainment took the form of a mock fight against Abors. These last, however, were sham natives, being the Tommies dressed up. The sentry dogs having, as I have elsewhere reported, accomplished some very useful work with the troops during the expedition, were in great favour with the regiment and were sitting by contemplating the proceedings. Unfortunately the stage manager, thinking to give greater effect to the fight, had included some real Abors in the attacking force. This was too much for Jack and Bob. With unerring precision they rose to the occasion (as they considered) and singling out the real from the false proceeded to give the necessary punishment. It was with great difficulty that they were hauled off.

The scent of the body is supposed, I understand, to be the result to a great extent of the food we eat. Large bodies of men living together and eating the same food would therefore smell much the same, besides infecting each other from propinquity. It is therefore quite understandable that the blood, which most intimately passes through the whole system, would certainly exhibit chemical changes according to differences in nourishment. If we could only find some way of receiving the messages from the dog's experience in the strange world of scent in which he lives, how much we could learn!

At one time a high official in Egypt approached me with a view of enlisting my services in the search for contraband hashish. This stuff was, he explained, constantly being smuggled into and out of Egypt. It was hidden in bales of cotton and every sort of carrier in which it could pass the Customs unobserved and was extremely difficult to detect. My informant desired me to train and send out to Alexandria some dogs for detecting this contraband. I felt, however, I could never really reproduce the actual conditions in this country. The atmosphere, both

in climatic and general scenting qualities, would be so different, that the success of the difficult and intensive training necessary for impressing the dogs was too much in doubt to be worth the candle. Had I been living on the spot, however, it would have been of the greatest interest to me to have tried some experiments. The line would have been on that of truffle finding, but would not, of course, be quite the same from the fact that truffles are attractive in themselves to the dogs, whereas the hashish would offer no attraction at all. One would have had to concoct some point of connection in the dog's mind whereby it associated the scent of the hashish with the presentation of some delectable reward.

One can train a dog to find and retrieve on word of command a ball, or an orange, and it will immediately sit up for its piece of sugar for doing so. It would be on such a system that this training would have to be prosecuted.

I have often wondered whether the tracing of "snow" could be helped by a dog, but I am not sufficiently aware of the methods of cocaine smugglers to make any statement as to this.

Truffle hunting is practised abroad, and pigs and dogs are both capable of finding them. The pigs do so naturally, but the dogs have to be specially trained. This is done by placing a truffle just under the soil and encouraging the dog to scrape it up and rewarding it when it has done so. This is repeated many times with the truffles being buried a little deeper. The finding is always associated with reward. In France they use poodles, or crosses of this breed, or what are called barbets. They are useful in so far that they have no previous inclination to track game and are therefore without that temptation to attract them from scenting out the succulent root.

I have heard it said, but have not seen this for myself, that in some districts, French and Italian children can scent out the truffles.

We do not seem to trouble about this form of hunting in this country, although I believe truffles exist in some parts. On one occasion a man walking near Amesbury with a dog which had been trained and it suddenly darted through a hedge and returned after a time from scraping under a beech tree with a large truffle in its mouth.

Another form of training which is not resorted to in our land is that of the smuggler's dog. On many of the frontiers of European countries, these pathetically intelligent animals are carrying on obediently the most difficult and hazardous work to order of their law-breaking masters. They represent every known sort of mongrel, and they learn to carry falsities of every description to cover the illicit merchandize beneath. A smooth-haired white cur harmlessly trotting about in the daylight under the very nose of the frontier guard will slip through the barriers that very night disguised as a black furry animal, and under the fluffy coat will be neatly packed packets of tobacco, lace, or whatever contraband is required the other side. The cunning of the poor creatures in evading the authorities is wonderful, and arises from the method of training in which someone dresses up in the uniform of the frontier police and administers severe punishment if the dog approaches them. The animal, therefore, has a strong sense of fear of the police when on duty and uses all its wits to avoid capture.

CHAPTER VI

POLICE DOGS

BRANKSOME'S HEIR AND THE HOUND

For aye the mōre he sought his way
The farther still he went astray,
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouthed bark
Comes nigher still and nigher :
Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.

SCOTT.

TRACKING BLOODHOUNDS

POLICE dogs may be divided into two sections, those which are used with the patrol constable, and those which in addition to their ordinary guarding qualities have specialized powers of scenting out the track of a fugitive. In times past this gift of tracking was of immense value. Those who have read *The Heart of Midlothian*, by Sir Walter Scott, will remember the terrifying walk which Jeannie Deans endured down into England from Scotland—the lonely roads and desolate moors she had to cross, and the rough and dangerous characters she encountered on the way. One receives the impression of a terribly lonely country in the northern counties, and in such territory the muffled booming of the bloodhounds carried on the sough of the wind across a dreary waste—hastening nearer and nearer through a dismal gloom, must have struck terror into the heart of many a marauder flying from justice.

“ The greater sort which serve to hunt, having lippes of great size, and cares of no small length, do not only chase the beast while it liveth, but being dead also by any maner of casualite, make recourse to the place where it lyeth, having

on this point an assured infallible guyde, namely, the scent and savour of the blood sprinckled heyre and there upon the ground . . . these dogges with no lesse facilitie and easinesse their aviditie and greedinesse can disclose and betray the same by smelling, applying to their pursute agilitie and nimblenesse without tediousness, for which consideration of a singular specialitie they deserve to be called Sanguinarrii or Bloudhounds."

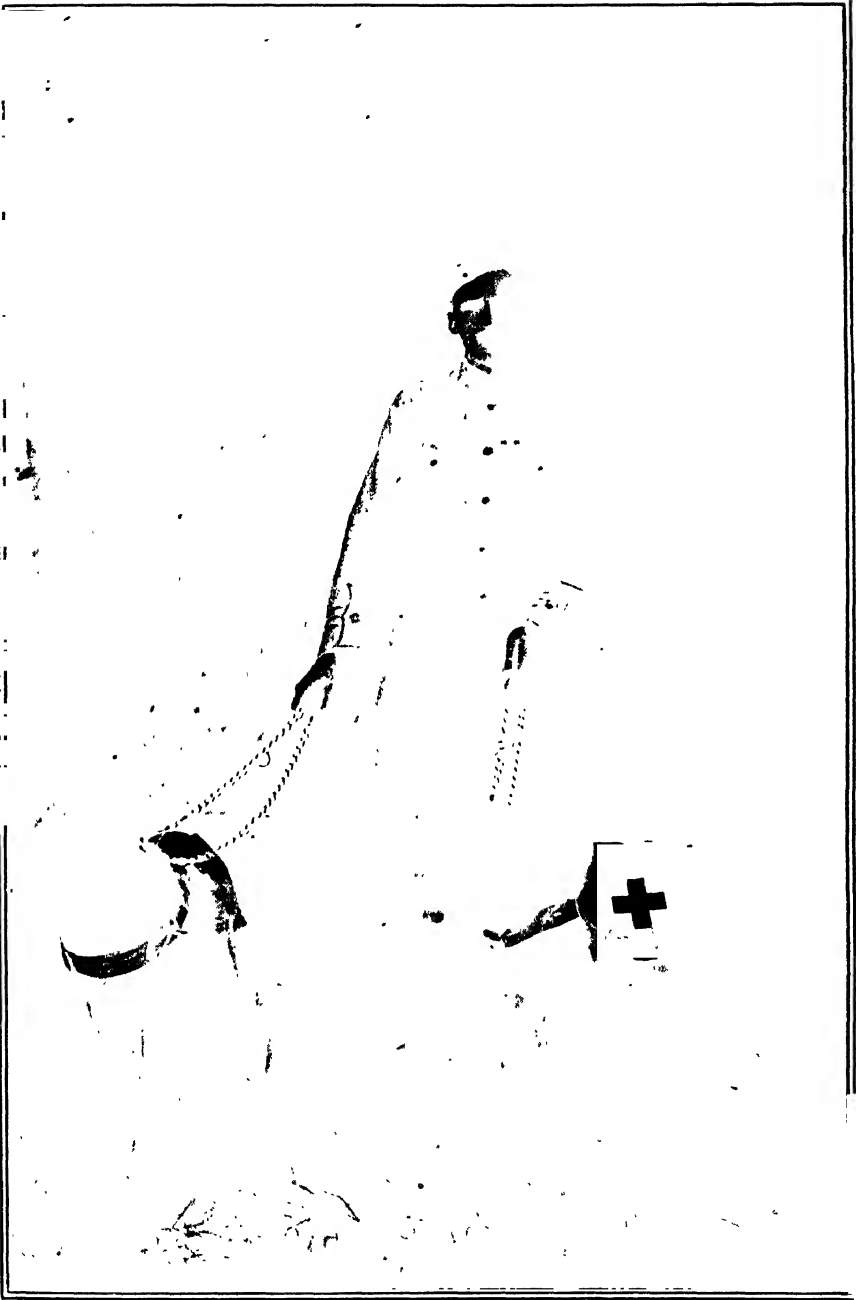
Thus says our friend Dr. Caius of Elizabethan times. What this quaint old person did not know about the dogs of his period was not very much, and his observations can be received with an attitude of respect, because they are always very much to the point.

A study of this old British breed carries us right back through a period of history that almost makes one gasp at the conditions of life and of public opinion which made these animals not merely a hobby of some nobleman of sporting tendencies, but the considered necessity for public safety.

We first hear of them in any connected way in the Middle Ages, but they had existed in Britain long before that time. There was also a strain of Black St. Hubert's breed, "unmatched for courage, breath, and speed," which was imported from France and became incorporated with the bloodhounds already in this country. To this variety our modern bloodhounds very likely owe their black saddles. That the primal use of bloodhounds was for the pursuit of wounded deer and other game is probable, but a research into the outlook and habits of that savage period makes it very apparent why, for several centuries, they became recognized as useful assistants in the tracking of human beings.

Bloodhounds are one of our oldest breeds and there is no doubt that they came to this country with William the Conqueror. Mr. Morrell Mackenzie in an article on British Breeds, says:

"These were brought by St. Hubert from the South of Gaul to his Abbey in the Ardennes, and were of two varieties. One, the White St. Hubert, was the precursor of our 'Southern Hound,' from which speedily arose the otter hound (this making another of the group of old British Breeds), while the Black St. Hubert, which was really a black and tan, and held in the greatest esteem, became known as our Bloodhound. The Bloodhound seems to have altered very little from the original



ORIENTING WITH BLOODHOUNDS AT MANOEUVRES
BEFORE THE WAR

Black St. Hubert, which became extinct in the early part of the nineteenth century, as in a picture that appears in the *Manuel de Venerie Française*, by the Count le Couteulx, there is a most marked similarity in appearance and in general characteristics of the two dogs, and they seem to have been indiscriminately used for the same purpose. Bruce and Wallace were certainly in frequent danger from the Sleuth Hound, as it was then called, and it was regularly used in the pursuit of fugitives in those days, but the dog that was used to hunt escaped slaves and murderers in America, as depicted in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was a very different animal, being probably a cross between a Cuban mastiff and a Great Dane; the Bloodhound not being introduced to the United States until 1888."

When Dick Turpin was hiding in Yorkshire, the King's huntsmen took down two hounds to track him, so necessary was it deemed to secure this daring highwayman. They were hard on his scent at one time and Dick only escaped by climbing a tree.

Behind the hounds came mounted men, and with dogs in good training, and seeing the lack of obstruction to tracking, such as one has to encounter nowadays, the chances of success in running down the fugitive were fairly certain.

Many Scottish families of great possessions had a pack of such hounds, and did not scruple to use them to run down deer stealers, etc., and it is likely that many of these dogs were at that time savage and in considerable contrast to the amenable disposition of the present-day animal, who has no ill-will whatever against the quarry as a rule.

As a result of fear of capture, the pursued became very astute in evading their pursuers. There is an account of an individual of untrustworthy tendencies, who slew his pal who was fleeing with him and left his gory corpse on the way in the fervent hope that this episode would check the track of the hounds. This it would certainly do, but if the handler of the hounds knew his job, he would have certainly recast the hounds well ahead of the murdered man and get them going again. Soap and hot water was rare in those days and body scent, under these conditions, to the sensitive nostrils of the hounds, would always be difficult to destroy or hide. *Clean* people with clean clothes are difficult to track, but fortunately for the pursuer

the class of undesirable that it is necessary to catch is usually rather fragrant to the dogs.

Everything would be favourable from a working point of view for the hounds. There were few roads, and what there were would be of rough surface holding the damp well. The sparse population would be so widespread as not to interfere with the trail on the moors and through the forests. There were no tarred surfaces and people at that period did not take baths, so that everything was to the good.

Life in the outlying parts of England and in Scotland was a parlous affair, and the husbandman kept his dirk close at hand and the mother clasped her babe in nervous embrace even when they slept. At any moment a howling war-cry of warning might rouse them to throbbing terror, a glance without the dwelling would reveal the beacons blazing red on the mountain tops against the darksome midnight sky. The great bell on the castle tower would peal forth, calling, calling, calling—the men to battle, and the women and their little ones, the flocks and the herds to safety. The great door is open and through the gloom are seen a mass of running and tottering people, a lunging of driven beasts, all making for the keep within. The men-at-arms are rushing to the battlements and impatient wardens stand at the chains of the drawbridge. At last, with creaking emphasis, it is drawn up and none too soon, before the hills around seem suddenly to become alive with warriors, and woe betide the unfortunate who has not crossed the bridge in time.

Where the soil was so crabbed and so poor, life was hard, and the strength and agility to seize from others that which in some way they had collected, were qualities much to be desired. The worst type of this class of person had reduced freebooting to a fine art, in the sense that they lived by no other means whatever than that of despoiling their neighbours. They lived in caves and fastenings of various sorts, which could only be reached by gangways across the treacherous and swampy marches. The brown colour of their clothes, which they wore to render themselves invisible, were the exact tint of their surroundings, and for that reason they became known as the Moss troopers. The difficulty of running these people to earth was that the local inhabitants, who knew the secret ways across

the bogs and could have led the King's men to the haunts, were intimidated by threats or by black and white mail from so doing. The black mail was represented by black cattle, and white mail by white cattle, and according to the amount paid as compensation to the freebooters for immunity from molestation, so far could the more respectable dwellers expect peace. But fear sealed their lips!

The following table of complaints which was laid before the Commissioners of Berwick will give an idea of the position of the unfortunate populace:

July 1586

Thomas Musgrave, deputy warden of Bewcastle, com- plaints upon	The Lard's Jock,) Dick of Dryupp, and their com- plices; for	400 kine and oxen, taken in open forrie from the Drysike in Bewcastle.
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Martinmas 1587

The poor widow and inhabitants of the town of Temmon com- plain upon	Lard of Manger- ton, Lard of Whitaugh, and their complices; for	The murder of John Tweddel, Willie Tweddel, and Davie Bell; and taking and carrying away of John Thirlway, Philip Thirlway, Edward Thirlway, John Bell, etc. etc.; ransoming them as prisoners; and taking of 100 kine and oxen, spoil of houses, writings, money and insight (household goods) 400 <i>l.</i> ster- ling.
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June 1586

Walter Grame, William Grame, and the tenants of Esk; against	William Bell Red- cloak, Wattie Bell, and the surnames of the Carliells; for	Burning of their mills, houses, corn, insight (household goods) 400 <i>l.</i>
Friends of Adam of Carliells and the Bells	Walter Grame of Netherbie, Davie and Willie his brother, Richie's Will, Rob of the Fald	Burning of Goddesbrigg, 3000 kine and oxen, 4000 sheep and gate, 500 horses and mares, estimated to 40,000 <i>l.</i> Scots.

However, perhaps those attacked were not greatly better and would retaliate without the slightest compunction were they given the chance!

To aid in tracking the route taken over trackless wastes by the Moss troopers, the keen scenting bloodhound was found to render invaluable service. While very often the hunted men were bloody from the fray, the presence of blood was not a necessity in the chase. The body scent of the fugitive was in itself sufficient, and especially when flocks and herds had gone before. The strange throttled howling sob of the hounds when in full cry must often have been heard on those dreary northern heaths, and with the unfettered hunting conditions of soil and air the result must have been, on many occasions, a practical certainty. The great nobles of the north kept a certain number of hounds for their own use, both for hunting deer and also for more serious emergencies, and also, seeing that the times were so warlike, the more peaceful of the inhabitants banded themselves together, in many parts, for mutual protection and obtained permission from the authorities to levy a local tax to purchase and maintain one or more bloodhounds for tracking down the desperadoes.

We get a picture of this time from the writings of Bishop Ross:

"They come out of their own borders in the night by troops over inaccessible places and infinite windings. In the day-time they refresh their horses in proper hiding-places, and conceal themselves till they arrive by favour of darkness at the places of their destination. When they have got their booty they return home again by long circuits and pathless ways. The more capable any of them is to guide through these wastes, windings, and precipices in mid-night darkness, the greater honour is he held in for his skill; and so cunning are they that they seldom suffer their booty to be taken from them, unless they are sometimes seized by their enemies, who follow close at their heels, and track them by scent of dogs."

On one occasion it is told that when hunting a hare, the trail was lost, but one of the hounds, nevertheless, at a certain spot, where very evidently no quarry was visible, betrayed the greatest excitement. With muzzle uplifted he sniffed the air,

giving tongue repeatedly. A narrow pathway through the bushes was detected and rushing downwards the hound led to a deep cavern. Here a gruesome hag was stirring the pot over the fire while to her skirts clung a terrified child. In the corner, cleaning his bloody weapons sat a notorious ruffian whose hiding place of his gang had long been a mystery. This man was taken away and hanged and the activities of the rest of the banditti were brought to a close after a long period of uninterrupted success.

As the country became more opened up with good roads, the security of the dwellers was more assured. An official police force, after going through many transition stages, was formed and peaceful citizens were at last able to travel and trade together and amass wealth without fear of consequences. Rifles came into use for sportsmen, and so bloodhounds lost their job—or at least they did so as a means of stern necessity. Nevertheless, up till the time of the Great War, they were still taken more or less seriously by a number of people, myself included.

Several owners kept small packs and we maintained them in quite good training in man-tracking. As far as I was concerned my work was much in connection with the police and therefore I tried to keep my hounds as proficient and ready for immediate action as I could. I perpetually changed the men representing the hunted quarry, and took them to fresh hunting grounds as much as possible. In several cases I was able to give good assistance to the police, and especially was this so with a fine scenting hound I had called Solferino. I had him for several years in my kennels, and with a bitch called Boadicea we had some interesting experiences. Solly was a most engaging animal of very good hunting stock and with much more natural brain power than the average hound, whose intelligence to a great extent is concentrated in its nose and nowhere else. He used his wits very often to aid him in tracing his line and I never had a hound who was so responsive to re-casting when we came to a difficult piece of ground. I was, with him, frequently able to prove that it was a fallacy that the fact of passing through a stream was sufficient to render a fleeing individual safe from further pursuit. When checked at the water's edge Solly plunged in and immediately sought the other side. Here he would

himself commence casting about and when I joined him was quick to follow my instructions as to the direction in which it seemed best to look for the continuation of the trail. In blood-hound trailing the hound and his handler must work together and must be one in intention. The latter should keep his eye open for any evidences of foot marks or broken bushes or twigs which might point the way of the fugitive, and the hound can then be aided on his way.

At the present time the use of bloodhounds for the police in this country is passing away, and there are several reasons why this is so. The tarred roads offer a very great detractor to the retention of scent. The motor-car, which makes flight for the criminal such a much easier matter than it used to be requires other forms of pursuit, one of which is the telephonic and wireless system which the counties have in force. Police constables themselves on motor-cycles or in motor-cars have taken the place of the running bloodhound—swift though it be, but not swift enough for these days.

All the same, they still have their uses, and I always wonder that they are not more in demand by owners of shooting covers, more especially for any place in the country where it is necessary that undesirables should be kept off the ground. The preventive value of these animals is still very strong, and rightly so, because there is no doubt that a hound properly kept in training can most certainly, even to-day, track persons for long distances over land which is not traversed by too many roads, or where the population is not large. The uncanny feeling on the part of the culprit of never knowing when the deep tones of the hound may not be heard in his rear, even though he may have long left the scene of his depredations, is not a pleasant experience, and where it is known that such an animal has its home, and is available for pursuit, such places are generally left severely alone.

Unfortunately the breed has always been rather "de luxe," and in the hands of a few people. It was expensive at all times, and is especially so to-day. During the war, keeping these big dogs fed and cared for was very difficult, and the stock available in the country was therefore greatly diminished. A further difficulty in keeping them in training has arisen from the fact that the moving population known as "tramps," which before the war were available to act as "quarry," and

were extremely happy to earn a shilling or two by a good run across country are now—in these glorious days of the dole—no longer in evidence.

For anyone, however, who likes to own a representative of a fine old British breed, and who would enjoy experimenting along the lines of man-tracking in a sporting way, I can thoroughly recommend the bloodhound. With his noble head, his active body and his musical voice, he still impresses the beholder with a sense of dignity and romance, as does no other dog. His nature is nearly always gentle and magnanimous, and once safely reared, he is hardy and strong.

In old days, when hunting was the primary object, feet and leg qualities were very carefully bred to, but since the breed has lost its supremely detective importance, the interest has centred more especially on the head. With the high domed crown, the long drooping ears and the rolling folds surrounding the deep-set, bloodshot eyes, the aspect of a well-bred modern hound is certainly a splendid one, and it would be a thousand pities if, through inattention, the variety should be allowed to die out.

When I first studied this interesting sport many years ago, bitumenized roads were unknown, and one had some very good runs very often just for the fun of the thing, but sometimes for serious reasons. Some of my most successful "finds" were those which received the least notice, and no doubt the lack of publicity at the time was greatly the reason of success. The sensationalism which attends so many of the cases to which bloodhounds are called is of course one of the greatest factors against satisfactory results, as huge crowds are immediately attracted to the neighbourhood where the incident has occurred, and the hounds do not get much chance of a clear trail.

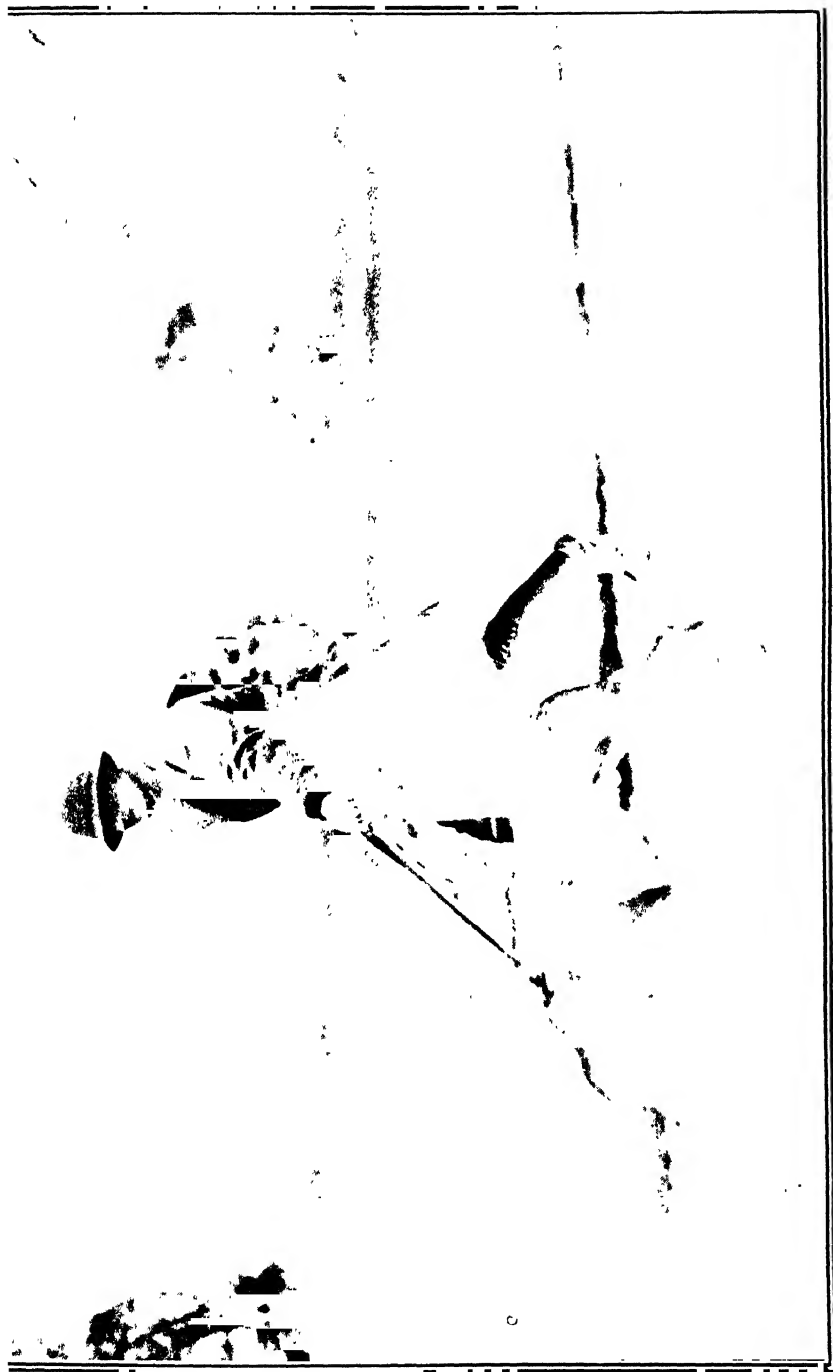
On one occasion the old "Granny" of a family had gone amissing. From certain information received by her relations in their house on the east coast of Scotland, it seemed as though she had gone to Glasgow, but as no trace of her could be found there I was asked to take my hounds to her home. It was a keeper's cottage on the edge of a large wood. Two days had elapsed since she had been missed. I cast the hounds round about the path leading from the door, and down which her son thought she had gone to the railway station. Suddenly, however,

Solferino—the dog-hound—gave a most determined lead to the left and took a line up the hill in quite an opposite direction from the village and railway station. I followed and soon saw a tiny piece of a print dress fluttering on a bramble bush which proved to be the same pattern as that which the old lady was wearing. Solly went on fairly steadily after this but once or twice I had to help him by re-casting him further back, and letting him pick up once more. After a time he gave tongue where the wood was enclosed and the ground rather swampy. Evidently in the still weather we had been having, the body scent had lain near the ground almost without evaporating and dispersing, and it was true that the poor old woman had wandered that way for Solly led us higher and higher until, with a despairing howl, he ended on the shore of a dark evil-looking mountain tarn. It did not take long to bring and drag in the frail little body lying at the bottom of the shining depths. There was nothing sensational about this, but to a handler of hounds it was a most interesting case, as the hound work was so wonderfully conscientiously done and the animal's interest never for a moment waned.

Another very curious case was one where, to my mind, the hounds did wonderful work, but for various reasons they never obtained the credit they deserved and could not have done so. It was a case of murder, and the assailant was supposed to have been a tramp who had got away along the main road. The hounds were greatly encouraged to go in the direction this supposed person had taken. They steadily refused this lead and always headed for an opposite direction leading to a certain house. The owner of this residence, although he evinced every possible interest in the investigations ordinarily, whenever the hounds were brought on to the scene remained invisible and never came near. The case was a peculiar one and the tramp was never traced nor was the murder ever solved.

I suffered from a certain amount of obstruction from the police at times, who preferred to keep the credit of solving the difficulty themselves, and so were not keen to furnish me with clues. However, this churlish attitude was not very often received and, as a rule, I found them very good fellows. It must be understood that every possible help should be given to the handler of the hounds in the sense of where the fugitive

BLOODHOUND TRACKING



was *last* seen, irrespective of where the crime actually took place. Any article being found belonging to that person should also be reported, as every little item of news of this nature is a help to show where the scent lies strongest and most recently.

One case of the murder of a gamekeeper by poachers in the Midlands was greatly aided by my hounds giving a clear line through a wood, where the gun and game-bag were found beside a fence, where the murderer had put them down while climbing over in the flight from pursuit.

I worked very hard at this sort of work for fully five years. During most of that time I used, along with others, the hound Solly, which I have already mentioned. He was not quite pure bred, but very nearly so and he was a wonderful animal as he combined an unusual amount of general intelligence apart from his clever nose powers. Bloodhounds I do not consider particularly intelligent in a wide sense, although they are very dignified fine fellows and look very wise, but they are hounds first and the other qualities follow after. Solly, however, had a sense of humour and was a great wag. He was self-willed and when on the trail would stop for nothing. I used him on a long lead and many a good run he gave me, but I do not think I ever saw him tired. I believe he could have worked day and night for a week without fatigue, so strong was he. I had many cases where the evidence given by the bloodhounds was negative, but was nevertheless useful to the police from that very fact. If a wood or tract of country where a criminal is supposed to be hiding is well patrolled by good scouting dogs the inference will certainly be that there is no one there and the authorities can then turn their attention with greater certainty elsewhere. The results, however, in such cases are not spectacular from the public point of view.

To what curious places I have been led in this pursuit of criminals! I have been awakened by a furious ringing of the telephone at my bedside in the middle watches of the night with an urgent summons. The clear, matter of fact, but none the less serious voice of the police superintendent with explanatory information and directions for the journey. Then a motor drive at breakneck speed, through silent villages and along darkened country roads. The arrival at some strange spot

with a silent figure stretched out, weeping women and the quiet forms of the policemen, moving about and controlling all.

A picture stands out. A Jewish jeweller who had been murdered in his own house. I remember the dark, swarthy, Oriental features with pennies on the eyes, lighted up by guttering candles placed on the floor round the body.

The women on their knees, wailing, and the disordered cabinets with sparkling jewels gleaming like those in Aladdin's cave. I was not able to render any help in this case. The house was in a town, I found, and too long had elapsed before I arrived. The hounds went straight downstairs from the room where the man had been murdered and rushed violently into the street, but they faltered there and could do no more.

Another case, however, I remember with greater satisfaction. On this occasion the news reached me one evening, just as I was sitting down to dinner at a house I had taken in Surrey. The summons came from far in the north. By going straight off as I was, I caught the night mail with the bloodhounds and arrived at a mining village on the east coast of Scotland. The dawn was breaking and cold mists were circling round a bleak little cottage where lay the pathetic figure of a child—a little lad foully done to death by some unknown individual. Furious indignation filled one at the cruel and dreadful sight. Fortunately some definite marks had been left in the soft mud near the place and by comparing them with the footgear of those persons about the place it was possible to see that they did not correspond and must be the tracks of some stranger. Thirty-six hours had now elapsed since the murder had been discovered, but the air had been damp and foggy and the scent from the murderer had gradually fallen to the ground, where it had lain more or less undisturbed as, owing to the fog, not many people had passed that way. Nevertheless, the chase was stern and very difficult. I had my good Solly and one other, a very excellent bitch who started on the trail well. The fugitive had followed the main road on which many feet had trodden. But he had, however, evidently from fear of recognition, made detours from the road on to the country on each side, taking refuge behind bushes and trees. In this way when we lost the trail on the highway we were able to pick it up further on by casting more widely on each side. I shall never forget that hunt! For several

hours we never stopped working and at last we approached a fork on the road, one side of which led to a town and the other to the railway station. Without hesitation the hounds went straight up the road to the station. Enquiries down the line had, of course, already been made by the police, but this steady tracking work was in itself so convincing that further urgent messages were immediately sent to all stations with the result that the man who ultimately proved to be the murderer was arrested and brought to justice.

FEAR OF BLOODHOUNDS

I have frequently had definite proof of the fear in which bloodhounds are held by those who do not wish to be sought after, and one instance comes to mind where a series of extraordinary outrages had taken place in a certain district. Cattle and horse maiming had assumed very serious proportions but with no success in the conviction of the perpetrator. Finally the Chief Constable asked me if I would stay in the neighbourhood so as to be ready to put the hounds on the trial immediately anything happened. The miscreant was very cunning, and there was no regularity that one could count upon as to when he committed his dastardly deeds. I was too busy to leave my home indefinitely, but I offered to lend the authorities a hound to keep themselves and use if need be. During the weeks that followed nothing whatever happened, so my hound was returned to me with the result that another outrage immediately took place! It was quite apparent that the criminal knew of the presence of the hound with the police, and of its departure. I think it possible also that this fact gave the authorities a certain clue as to the culprit being in close touch with the neighbourhood which narrowed down the field of enquiry, so that one or two persons who had been suspected were kept under very close supervision, and, as far as I remember, there was no further trouble, the criminal probably thinking the game not worth the candle under the circumstances. This strange insensate fury which takes delight in maiming innocent and harmless animals is incomprehensible and can only be the result of a brain mentally deranged.

Another form of outrage I assisted to bring to an end had more sense in it, in that the sheep, which the marauders persist-

ently destroyed, were carefully skinned. The fleece was left lying, and the carcase was confiscated. This annoyance had assumed very serious proportions in one county and on one particular estate. The owner therefore asked me if I would help him to elucidate this problem. This class of crime is a very difficult one for the police. The deed takes place at night under the cover of darkness in a wide area, and is most troublesome to bring home to the perpetrators. I received a summons late one night and started away immediately in a motor, driving for some hours till I reached my host's place, where he was anxiously waiting for me. It was pitch dark, but men with lanterns led the way to the downland on the property where the fleeces of two sheep were lying on the ground. The tracks of those who had discovered the deed were pretty well-known, so I was able to cast the hounds in a fairly certain manner. They did not take long in picking up a definite line and I can say that the evil-doer, whoever he was, was well chased right into Margate town. I could do no more than demonstrate that direction for the police and for them to work it out. I do not know how it ultimately ended, but I believe that whoever was conducting the raids received a shock as to the possibility of bloodhounds being employed again. Seeing they had made a good line after hours had elapsed, the tracking should have been very accurate had the hounds been laid on shortly after the deed had been done, so as to trip the criminal before he got into the town. That this is so was proved on many occasions, one being quite unofficial when I have found the best work could be done, owing to the fact that only one or two people knew hounds were to be used and also that there was no delay in laying them on.

A friend had his fowl-house raided evidently about the hour of 6 a.m. I put on the hounds at 9.30 a.m., on the obvious tracks of the thief and it was a pleasure to see the recognition of the trail, the welkin ringing with the joyous music. Away we went over the fields behind the house across two or three roads for a good three miles. Here we came to a hamlet and without the least hesitation the hounds made straight for a cottage, pawing eagerly at the door. The hunt had been entered on more or less as an experiment and we had not notified the police, so we had no right to demand entry and it was significant

that, although the noise old Bouncer was making would have roused the dead and that every head in the place was peering forth from the other abodes, still this particular door remained hermetically sealed and the inhabitants lay low! We told the police later and it appeared that the most notorious poacher in the neighbourhood lived there.

During those years when I kept my hounds up to working pitch I moved about a good deal, so as to get new training ground for them. Downland was always good from a practice point of view as the short dry grass held very little scent. I spent several months at Epsom and also two winters at Aldershot. Everyone was interested in the hound-work and landowners were most kind in allowing me to trespass on their properties.

At the former place I often used to traverse the meadows where groups of racehorses were turned out and I always noticed the difference when the dogs came into contact with this class of animal as against the ordinary farm horse. Crossing fields with dogs and where plough horses or cattle are grazing is often a dangerous matter, but the higher grade animals seemed to be of a more sensitive understanding, and we were often followed by gently inquisitive young things, but with no ill nature in their attitude, while the mild-eyed mothers hardly troubled to turn their aristocratic heads.

For a summer holiday we went to Stratford-on-Avon and, taking a couple of hounds with us, we had a pleasant time running them in that historic neighbourhood where they seemed to fit in with the traditions of the place.

One spring I spent at Wimbledon as I wanted to practise the hounds where there was plenty of traffic and get open ground as well. The Common proved very excellent as a training ground as it was difficult for them to keep a distinct trail amid so many. I had a few weeks' excellent training here and every sportsman in the neighbourhood of both sexes evinced the most kind and helpful interest in the work, by constantly offering to run as a quarry and in other ways. That was a good many years ago now, but I had a visitor quite recently who told me he had lived at Wimbledon at that period and still remembered the pleasure with which he heard the hounds giving tongue as they flew over Wimbledon Common, bringing back to the imagination a picture of what must have happened in days gone by, when

Dick Turpin, or others like him sped across the moor with justice close behind. Unfortunately everyone was not of the same fanciful nature and some of the elderly ladies of the neighbourhood did not care for those "nasty great dogs," and were afraid that darling Fido might be swallowed up perhaps, so complaint was made and I was asked to confine my training to before 8 a.m. However, I had finished all I wanted to do there so I departed. As a matter of fact there was no danger to either person or animal. When bloodhounds are on the trail they are blind to everything except the object they are pursuing, and they are not as a rule of an aggressive character in any case. Even their own quarry they have no desire to harm, but merely to find, and with other dogs they are not quarrelsome. I have had bad tempered hounds, but they are the exception, so that the interference of the old dames deprived the Common, so romantic as it is with its birch plantations, old world windmill and pond, a feature which most people found most attractive and in accordance with the reminiscences of the place.

After this I fear my readers will think me unduly bold when I confess that I have even run trails in Hyde Park itself! I was staying in town and had one or two hounds with me, so finding one day a seedy individual who seemed "willing to do anything and go anywhere" lounging on one of the seats I suggested he might earn a shilling by running from the Albert Memorial to Speke's Monument in Kensington Gardens. Away he went, and after an hour's wait away went Bouncer and Primrose after him. There were certainly checks as they had never trained on that sort of ground before and were unprepared for the many cross-trails they encountered, but with assistance they worked it out. For a couple of weeks we had some interesting experiments daily, and the "quarry" who, by the way, on being questioned as to where his home was, gave the enigmatic answer, "in Piccadilly, Guvnor," thoroughly enjoyed his unusual calling. We, of course, did the thing very quietly and most people noticed nothing, but some looked rather bewildered on seeing two bloodhounds speeding past them at full gallop. The park keepers soon were in the know, but as no harm was resulting they kindly raised no difficulties. What stopped me was the extraordinary behaviour of some policemen who came from Spain, and who were sent over officially to me to inspect tracking

bloodhounds with a view to taking back some specimens for their service. The gentlemen arrived at my house in London in mufti and wearing impressive sombreros. I said we would have to go down to the country to test the hounds properly. They refused to do this however, and insisted on going into Hyde Park. One of them also preferred to act as the quarry. All this was harmless enough, if rather futile, but they elected to communicate with each other from one side of the park to the other by the most ear-splitting, piercing howls and halloos so that all the world thought murder was being done at least. The sight of the two bloodhounds contributed to the excitement of the situation, and I saw the position, as far as I was concerned, was critical. Hurriedly calling in the hounds I made a rapid exit, and as I sped down Queen's Gate I conceived a certain amount of satisfaction when, on looking back into the park, I saw the foreign gentlemen surrounded by an excited crowd and several policemen!

After that I gave Hyde Park a wide berth, but of course the training there was only more or less of a joke, and only to pass the time while in town. But to keep hounds in training for serious work one cannot have too much experience under every possible circumstance, and difficult work is good for them. For this reason, as other duties came to me, I found it difficult to keep up the necessary amount of practice which was required. The practice work took much time and the fact of having to start straight away whenever I was summoned by the police whether by day or night and to leave all my other interests for sometimes an indefinite period, was, I found, too much of a strain.

The chief constables of the counties invited me to address them at their annual meeting one year, and I told them of my experiences and difficulties. In the latter category the impossibility of reaching the destination before too long a time had elapsed was one of the most potent as, apart from the time elapsing between the actual crime and its discovery, the police did not always send for me until every other line of enquiry had been tried first. So that I was nearly always working under difficulties. That I had a considerable percentage of successes I take as a source of satisfaction, and I think that in many cases what seemed to be in the first place a negative

result often proved in the end to be a source of certain clues from which success was achieved. I recommended that Chief Constables should keep hounds themselves, and as a matter of fact, one or two counties now have them at the headquarters and have done very useful work, I believe; but while in lonely districts they still have their uses officially, still there are several factors nowadays which as I have already stated are putting hound work out of existence from a police point of view. These are—the increased efficiency of the police themselves and the mechanical aids to investigation with which they are provided, such as an intricate telephone system, motor-cars and cycles, and wireless, whereby the necessity for the hounds is obviated. Secondly, the motor-cars which criminals themselves use and which facilitates their escape. Thirdly, the tarred roads which not only have a strong smell but which also, owing to their smooth, quickly drying surface, hold no scent of a passer-by. Fourthly, since the war there is no one obtainable on the move of the tramp class, who were useful and ever willing to act as runners. Many was the cheery, tattered individual who used to turn up at my back-door asking for “a job with the ’ounds, guvnor.” I had several good friends among these sons of the road and will always feel grateful to them for the help they gave me. Another difficulty has increased greatly since the war and that is the purchase price of the animals themselves. They were always high-priced dogs and were in the hands of the few, but latterly they are so scarce that the cost has soared to fancy estimates, and for practical purposes, apart from mere hobby or sporting needs, are prohibitive. Caring for a kennel of bloodhounds requires considerable experience. When once reared and hardened they are strong enough, but even so they require warm and dry kennelling, and must not be roughly housed. Bringing up the puppies, however, is a decidedly difficult proposition as they are sensitive to distemper and take it hardly as a rule. The percentage of loss is high. Having successfully reared a young hound, however, and brought him through distemper, he will then need training in tracking, as it must be understood that although this breed has a natural instinct above others along this line, still it needs developing. This training is not very easy and must be taken seriously and with regularity. The quarry should be constantly changed and the

handler must at the same time train himself as well as the hound, that is to say, if the duties of the hound are to be for detective service. The object of the training is presumably to find a person of whose whereabouts no one is aware, therefore anything whatever that will indicate where that person has been last seen or would prove that he could not be in a certain place where a search was proceeding, should be studied.

Bloodhounds have been as detectives superseded to a great extent owing to other methods being employed which are more convenient. But they will *always* have a preventive tendency against the criminal who will very wisely be afraid of their tracking powers which cannot be discounted. When my kennel of hounds was kept in full training and I was in constant demand by the police and others, to whatever place I moved the criminal statistics in the neighbourhood immediately lowered. I have been often told this by the authorities themselves.

In America bloodhounds (so called) are still used to a considerable extent in connection with the prisons and penitentiaries. These are not the pure bred, heavy type of animal which we know over here of that name, but of a much lighter, smaller build, though nevertheless of the hound type. They date back to the days of the slaves and were, at that time, often kept privately on the estates where these labourers worked. The hounds were kept and hunted in packs, and this had the tendency of making them very fierce when on the trail which was, of course, what was required by the slave-owners. A dog is always much more excited and determined when running with a number of others and will then do many things which in an ordinary way it would not attempt by itself. The fear of search and attack from such animals would certainly inspire a slave with fear and a sense of the hopelessness of any attempt at escape.

At the present time it is only for the safeguarding of the public from an escaping felon that they are in use, and where many of the prisoners are employed in work out of doors, on farms, quarries, etc., it can be understood that the fact of such dogs being ready for action on the very spot acts as a deterrent to any effort to run away. Nevertheless, such desperate attempts do take place at times, and I have already related how one of these hounds, which I purchased direct from America, had

inexorably tracked a man for two days until he was run down, hiding in the mountains. No sympathy need be wasted on this quarry, however, as he was a cruel and desperate murderer, and the good hound pursuing him was of an immeasurably higher standard than the man himself.

I have corresponded at different times with several breeders of these hounds. One of these was Mr. Elmer McQuire, who said :

"I trailed a horse and rubber-tired buggy through Dayton, Ohio, for a distance of eight miles, and four miles over asphalt streets, right through the centre of the city. This was done after midnight when there were not many people about, but I got my fair thieves and all the goods. The best work I have done was with the small American hound. They never tire and could go day and night."

In this case of which he speaks, the fugitives being in a horse-drawn vehicle would certainly, especially in the humid night air, aid the hounds in their tracking. It would really be the horse I think they were trailing as this would give off a much more powerful scent than the drivers.

Mr. McQuire says, "I do not allow my hounds to trail on anything but the foot scent or where the feet have trod, as no thief leaves anything for a hound to take the scent from. I merely point to the ground and say 'Look close, look closer, nigger.'" With this method I fully agree. In what may be called professional work there is hardly ever anything left behind and therefore it is better to train the animals straight away in the most straightforward manner.

In reply to an enquiry of mine I received the following reply from the Commandant of the Huntsville Penitentiary, U.S.A. :

"In answer to your enquiry of recent date relative to bloodhounds, I beg to say that we are raising here at the Huntsville Penitentiary man-trailing dogs, which have been generally successful. These dogs, however, are not thoroughbred bloodhounds, but are crosses between the old Negro dog, used in the Southern States some years ago, and the bloodhounds.

"Now these dogs have been constantly used at this business for years and have never been permitted to run anything except a man. Fully three-fourths of our prison population are worked upon the farms, and we have generally been successful in holding our men, wherever we have had a good pack of dogs."

Another owner of hounds in America writing of one of the native animals says :

"Some years ago I bought in the South one of the best trained Southern man-trailers. She, as you might say, had tasted her game. She was a little thirty- or forty-pound dog, looked like a cross between a black and tan foxhound, a bull terrier and a pug. She had the colour of a foxhound, the head, muzzle, and stick-to-it-iveness of a bull terrier when she caught hold; with three twists in her tail, and a knot like a prize pug. Good natured and friendly, if she did not imagine herself imposed on, except to the party she was trailing; that one was her game; no former friendships counted then. Even had she been playing with a child an hour before, that child would be her game, if caught on the trail. I bought her to amuse some of my visitors. She was much the kind of dog painted by the northern politician before the war—a tree dog and savage. She gave them a new sensation; it never was a drag hunt after she started. I never let her trail except for the amusement of visitors. Then it was laid so the party could see most of her work, and ended near some tree where they were seated watching the runner. He was always instructed to climb near the top so he could have a better view of her work. In the South when after a real criminal, they were run in packs, the Sheriff and officers riding on horse after.

"Curl, as she was called, was good natured when I let her out to show visitors in the yard; some doubted her attempting to harm them at the end of the find. One who had been quite friendly when at the house was to act as fugitive. He was confident no dog would harm him, but he consented to stand under some tree that he could easily get into if he should change his mind at the last moment, as I told him I was sure he would.

"She finally ran, as musical as ever, especially after she caught sight of him. Then her barking and excitement increased, much as that of a dog does in close pursuit of a cat. She did

not have time to give many calls before his legs went over a limb of the tree, out of her reach, but at the same time her mouth closed on the tail of his swinging coat, and she was swinging in the air, and had it not parted company with him she would still have been swinging there. On a fresh trail in the country they run very well; but if it was laid lightly and was much recrossed, she was at fault. Her voice was short, sharp, and quick, a contrast to that of the English bloodhound, long drawn out, deep, resounding like the echoes of a distant cannon."

At one time, before the war, there was a considerable movement towards using tracking dogs in India, for the assistance of the police. Part of the reason for this desire was probably due to the reputation two of my bloodhounds obtained, which did a good piece of tracking when a murderer was successfully caught. These hounds were privately imported by an officer of the Indian police. The result of this was some correspondence I had with several highly placed officers in Bengal and elsewhere in India. One of these gentlemen gives his ideas on the subject which are interesting, as they are given from the point of view of the needs of the situation and also with constructive hints as to what might be done in the matter. He says:

"I will now proceed to give you a general outline of my ideas for what they may be worth to you.

"The particular kinds of crime these dogs would be most useful in are dacoities, burglaries, and murders.

"Dacoities are usually committed in the early hours of the morning by gaup living in the locality or passing through a district. The dacoits in many cases leave sticks, shoes, clothes, or some articles behind which are often identified, but this evidence is seldom believed by courts out in this country. The trace of the gaup is in most cases followed for several hundred yards and place where property has been divided is often discovered and if dacoits are concerned, the members hide about in the jungles round and often in neighbouring villages, watching the movements of police, their absence being accounted for by their relatives in some way. A dog would give the necessary clue for the police to work on instead of, as is usually the case, the police having to work in every direction till a clue is obtained.

"Dogs would also be useful in finding and following the

movements of a particular suspected man with a view to finding the hiding-place in a tank or well.

"Burglaries also are usually committed in the early hours of the morning, and police usually arrive within a short time after case is reported. These criminals invariably work with bare feet, and a dog would probably lead the investigating officer to the place where the property was taken to.

"In murder cases the difficulty out in this country is to get any evidence, even from eye-witnesses, and a clue is obtained usually too late to be of any use as, in the meantime, the witnesses have probably given three or four different versions of a made-up story, and even when in the end, telling the true story, cannot be considered reliable.

"For the work I have here mentioned I do not think it is necessary to have bloodhounds.

"I have had spaniels for sixteen years now, and have seen them tracking their masters or persons they know, and I think that this work could be done in ordinary cases by many kinds of dogs besides bloodhounds. Spaniels of kinds are most easily trained. Of course, bloodhounds are specially useful for other reasons than mere tracking and must be considered the ideal dog for work. But I feel prepared to show that a great deal of good work can be done by other dogs that can be bred to stand this climate. It is simply a matter of training. You have evidently got the secret of this training."

Just before the war I had visits from police officers in China with a view to the force being supplied with trained police dogs. The upheaval which followed completely upset the plans which were in process of formation but, as I write, I am once more in touch with the situation out there.

I have also had under official instructions at my place in Surrey this summer a Siamese gentleman, who came to me to study the subject so that, on his return to Siam, he will be in a position to carry out innovations along that line.

I give an interesting letter from Mr. Allan of Tredegar, which speaks of other days:

"When I was quite a boy (alas! I am now what good Dean Hole, the well-known gardener, called an "Octogeranium") the Northamptonshire Society for the Prevention of Felony kept

a couple of bloodhounds for the purpose of tracking sheep stealers. It was their custom at the annual dinner (which was a movable feast) to start a man (clean boot) across country to finish at the inn where the dinner was to take place, his destination being known only to the secretary.

"The last time the hounds were actually used, I take from a letter from Mr. Chowler, many years head keeper for Lord Spencer:

"The last sheep that was stolen from a field at 7 a.m., the bloodhounds were taken over (from Northampton) and ran the man to Kingsthorpe, found part of the sheep hid in some stones, then ran to the house and the man was taken. That would be about thirty years back.

"In the year 1860, a woman was found murdered near the town of Luton. The police officers at the station had a young bloodhound bitch, that they amused themselves by roughly training. They took her to the scene of the murder accompanied by two farmers on horseback. The hound took up the scent and led them to a house in Welwyn where Joseph Castle, the husband of the murdered woman, was found in bed. It was not known that he had accompanied his wife to Luton, but this clear proof of his having been on the scene of the murder led to his arrest and finally to his execution. This was the last public execution at Bedford.'"

BLOODHOUND TRAINING

To those who may be interested in teaching dogs to track I may give a few hints, which may help them. In doing so I will call the pupils *hounds*, meaning bloodhounds, to save too much explanation, but I would have it clear that this tuition may be given to any good intelligent scenting breed. An intelligent collie or Airedale with good noses and well trained is better than a badly or partially trained bloodhound. The latter breed has, in an ordinary way, precedence over any other in this particular function, because it has been used for man-tracking for generations, and so has a strong natural trend to which to revert if this is properly brought out.

Now the whole crux of the adequate training of such dogs is that they should be used seriously for professional purposes. If the owner is only carrying out the training in a desultory

way to amuse himself as a pastime, all he will get is quite an amusing sport, and which might occasionally be useful, but he will not get anything which could be relied upon for police work. For one thing, police dog trackers should never be exercised, except they are trailing someone. That is to say, their exercise every day must take the form of pursuit of some runner, who has previously made a trail near or far, according to the capacity of the pupils. This alone will put such training on a plane by itself from any other.

The idea inculcated here is of course the concentration of all efforts on the picking up the scent of a definite individual. A dog which is allowed to potter about or indulge in a stroll with its owner may be turned on to a trail as an amateur, but police work is a different matter. The amateur dog will very often, with no training at all, track his own master, and assist himself by his wits as to the likelihood of the whereabouts according to what he knows of the family habits and customs, but the police tracker has to seek for a trail of a person who is a stranger to it, and with no particular clue of any sort. What the dog goes by is an order which he receives and which he connects from practice with an endeavour to follow out a definite scent on which he is laid, and the fact that he never is out without this concentrated attention being demanded, naturally the applying of this function becomes fairly automatic. A great deal of intelligence is also demanded from the person who works the hounds. This I have already mentioned, but I would impress upon those who are at the other end of the lead that it is no use leaving everything to the dog. The handler must be aware, or must be made aware, of every clue that will lead to the knowledge of where the pursued has really been in the first place, and nothing must be done in real criminal tracking to exploit the hounds in any way whatever. They must be honestly used.

In practice work, after they are fairly proficient, it is a good plan to lift them off the trail and place them in a motor and put them on it again a little further on, doing this several times so that they are well versed in recognizing the scent in another place. This is a very good method of training them to a broken trail.

As to the age at which this intensive training can begin.

It is possible to do this when the hounds are seven or nine months old. A kennel boy should attract the young dog's attention by flicking a sack, then running away. This should be done every day once or twice, and at a word of command the dog allowed to pursue him. A reward of a small piece of meat can be given. This exercise is gradually increased in difficulty, until the boy makes a trail before the dogs come on the scene, so that he is out of sight when they arrive and they have to work it out merely on word of command.

It used to be thought desirable to make the hounds savage in pursuit, and then the quarry when flicking the sack at them in the first place would continue to do this when they came up with him and would seek to enrage them by hitting them with the sack and with sticks. This was the method employed in the old slave days, but nowadays, of course, this temperament is not desirable; the only desire in the dog's mind should be to track and not to attack.

The methods which ensure success are the principle of reward for good work and steady routine. It is for the last reason that one does not come across many good trackers. In these busy days it is extremely difficult for the ordinary individual to set aside sufficient time to carry out the necessary daily exercise sufficient to keep the dogs in training, and the labour question enters into it as well.

SCENT

The question of scent is interesting to anyone who desires to track anything. The huntsman is generally very wise on the subject. He will tell you that a fox in a quiet, inactive state gives out but a moderate scent compared to when it is on the run and heated up, also that the animal, when exhausted, declines in this property. He knows the climatic conditions which will be favourable for good hunting, and that freshly ploughed land, on account of the strong clean smell of earth, is detrimental to the lie of a trail.

It is a mistake to imagine that it is impossible to track across water. People say this who think that the only clue to scent is from the feet of the pursued. Probably the words "clean booted," which means that the runner's boots have not been dipped in any attractive odour, such as aniseed, have

conveyed this impression. If this were the only source of the scent, certainly the immersion of the feet in water would destroy everything, but the fact is that it is the scent from the whole body which the dogs are pursuing. This, unless there is a strong wind to blow it away, or a hot sun to scorch it up, gradually falls to the ground, or rests on the surface of the water and will remain there for an indefinite time.

Flowing water, by its draught, will draw the scent away, but still water, such as flooded fields or a shallow pool, will support the body scent on the surface.

A hound of mine very successfully tracked a murderer over flooded land, so that the man eventually was apprehended. Anything which of itself has a strong smell is a strong counter-action to any body smell. For this reason manured land, the perfume of flowers in a garden, or tarred roads, are very obstructive to a hound.

It has been stated by those who have studied the matter that deaf mutes develop a deductive capacity from a greatly enhanced power of smell which comes to them on the deprivation of hearing. They are also able to distinguish between the different scent which each person is said to have and can tell who is coming into a room merely by the sense of smell.

I am personally not prepared, however, to vouch for the following statement which I saw made in all seriousness.

“Dean Buckland, the famous geologist, must have had a keen sense of smell. Out riding with some friends one day they were benighted and lost their way. Buckland dismounted, took up a handful of soil, smelt it and said, ‘Uxbridge’ ! ”

MY BLOODHOUND

“Come, Herod, my hound, from the stranger’s floor!
Old friend,—we must wander the world once more!
For no one now liveth to welcome us back:
So, come!—let us speed on our fated track.

What matter the region,—what matter the weather,
So you and I travel, till death, together?
And in death?—why e’en there I may still be found
By the side of my beautiful, black bloodhound.

FORTY YEARS WITH DOGS

We've traversed the desert, we've traversed the sea,
And we've trod on the heights where the eagles be;
Seen Tartar, and Arab, and smart Hindoo;
(How thou pull'dst down the deer in those skies of blue!)
No joy did divide us; no peril could part
The man from his friend of the noble heart;
Ay, his friend; for where shall there ever be found
A friend like his resolute, fond bloodhound?

What, Herod, old hound! Dost remember the day
When I fronted the wolves like a stag at bay?
When downwards they galloped to where we stood,
Whilst I staggered from dread in the dark pine wood?
Dost remember their howlings? their horrible speed?
God, God! how I prayed for a friend in need!
And—he came. Ah! 'twas then, my dear Herod, I found
That the best of all friends was my bold bloodhound.

Men tell us, dear friend, that a noble hound
Must for ever be lost in the worthless ground;
Yet courage, fidelity, love (they say)
Bear man, as on wings, to his skies away;
Well, Herod—go tell them whatever may be
I'll hope I may ever be found by thee:
If in sleep, then in sleep; if with skies around
May'st thou follow e'en thither—my dear bloodhound.
BARRY CORNWALL (PROCTER).

CHAPTER VII
POLICE PATROL DOGS
IN CINEAM

Thou doggèd Cineas, hated like a dog,
For still thou grumblest like a masty dog,
Compar'st thyself to nothing but a dog ;
Thou say'st thou art as weary as a dog,
As angry, sick and hungry as a dog,
As dull and melancholy as a dog,
As lazy, sleepy, idle as a dog.
And why dost thou compare thee to a dog
In that for which all men despise a dog ?
I will compare thee better to a dog ;
Thou art as fair and comely as a dog,
Thou art as true and honest as a dog,
Thou art as kind and liberal as a dog,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dog.

DAVIES.

IN describing the difficulties which beset the training of tracking bloodhounds, I may say as a compensation that it is quite possible to train other kinds to follow a trail. Collies and Airedales are very good—the former have been used for years by deerstalkers in the Highlands for running the wounded deer, and one of the best trackers I had was a collie of the drover type. I used to send a runner up the hill-side over the mountains taking a zigzag track, and it was a charming sight to see Carlo speeding backwards and forwards, higher and higher picking up without deviation the way the man had gone.

Airedales are also excellent and cross-bred lurchers can be trained to be very efficient. All these breeds are very intelligent and assist the searchers by their wits as well as by their noses. It must be understood that all dogs, whether bloodhounds or otherwise, need tuition. They require to be taught to use

this gift of scenting in the service of man, for, although a dog may quite naturally follow its master's trail out of a natural desire to find him, it is an entirely artificial process that the animal should work out the track of a person with whom it has had no association whatever. This adaptation of the instinct has to be implanted in the animal's mind—it is not every one that will respond either. It is the truth that we see human sins reflected in our canine companions as well as the good qualities, and sad to relate we often come up against stupidity, laziness and idle cunning in our pupils.

I well remember a very intelligent and handsome collie who I trained for ambulance work and whose duty was to seek out a person lying hidden in undergrowth. Laddie knew what he had to do perfectly well and he also understood that when he had found he was supposed to lie down beside the man. But sometimes, if he happened to be bored, he could not be bothered stopping and, after he had found what he sought, he would trot past and after amusing himself would come back to me. He always gave himself away, however, as although of a somewhat flighty and vain disposition he, at the same time, had a sensitive conscience and he never could keep up his usual jaunty attitude, which he would ordinarily assume when he had to face me after doing his duty properly. I always knew by his guilty demeanour as he approached that he had found some one and had not troubled to stop, and my accusing eye still further led to his confusion, so that by the time he crawled abjectly to my feet he apparently wished he had never been born, not from fear of punishment, which as a matter of fact he never received, but from a sense of a *vie manqué*.

Patrol dogs are to assist the policeman in his nightly duties, and these dogs are generally most suitably employed in suburban and country districts. The class of animal required is of a very high standard and is not easily come by. To create a desirable impression it is better that the animals should be of a good size, and apart from the effect of a powerful dog going on duty, the fact that its weight is available as a means of attack or defence is a useful factor in the situation. It must be obedient and very intelligent and capable of defending the constable if he is attacked. I have supplied many of these dogs to the police, and I train them in the first place myself personally, and at

night. The sense of responsibility towards the master must be developed in the pupil and, after a certain amount of training, a dog will become very acute as to anyone being in the vicinity, and will let me know at once by growling. After a dog leaves me as perfect as I can make it under the circumstances, it will then have to take up its further instruction in the actual beat and with the constable—any constable. The sense of uniform will soon develop and it will comprehend that its duty is towards the service and not to the individual. I have found that in all these public services it is better to use the native breeds of our country rather than those of other lands, as in every case dogs and men of the native race understand each other best.

The dogs which are to be used for police work, whether as trackers or as patrols, must on no account be savage. It is most important to understand that. What the continental police do is no concern of ours, and if their ideas on this point differ, all we can say is that in many essentials we hold in this country different opinions from those of continental nations. To try and use weapons which are unsuitable to the criterion of public opinion is not wise. The police dog which is in use on the Continent is of too savage a disposition for the needs of our police. Being a sheep-dog this animal trains well and can be made obedient to orders, but there is always this strain of ferocity which is very difficult to eradicate and which breaks out at times in a dangerous manner. Such dogs also which are savage by nature and are only coerced by severe training into obedience may present an interesting spectacle, but the fact remains that this system is not a reliable or desirable one where it is not advisable or necessary that the dog should attack.

In England the motto of the police dog is Defence. Along this line the police dog has a wide channel to exercise its intelligence, its detective and guarding powers. If its master—that is the constable for the time being to whom it is attached—is attacked, this attitude of obligation towards its master will, of itself, produce a spirit of ardent defence in the right type of dog and will ill-betide anyone who seeks to injure. But, apart from this, while the dog must always be on the alert to notify any suspicious circumstances or happening by growling or barking, and it can bay a suspect as much as it likes, it is not

desirable that human beings should be liable to physical attack from a dog. All it should do is to locate that which is suspicious and which might be quite unnoticed by the constable and for the latter to act according to his discretion. As a matter of fact it has been found abroad where the foreign type of dog has been in use that such animals are far from satisfactory and frequently by their aggressive conduct arouse public opinion against this method. One has always to remember that the roads and streets are open to everyone and that many quite innocent people object to being attacked by a ferocious dog.

The best method for the policeman to employ is to keep his dog on the lead either all the time while he is on patrol, or at all events until he thoroughly understands the animal's temper and disposition. It is only customary to use the dogs at night after traffic has ceased and in quiet roads or suburban streets. Under these conditions the dog will hear or scent very easily and will by its demeanour warn the constable of anyone in the near vicinity. As to how far it would be safe for him to release the dog depends on the man himself to a great extent and the amount of understanding he possesses as to its control, also as to the length of time which it has been training actually with the police. The man and the dog require to be at one with each other before enlarging the opportunities too much and this takes a certain time. The more highly trained the animal the more co-operation it will require from the constable, and this greatly depends on the natural aptitude the latter may possess and his experience with dogs.

For patrolling the quiet outskirts of great cities police dogs are excellent. The fact that they are there exerts a deterrent effect on crime of the theft class, as the detective powers of the constable are greatly enlarged by his having a good hearing and scenting dog with him. He has also an increased feeling of security as anyone will understand who is accustomed to be out late at night, along dark roads. The companionship of a good sharp dog which has been specially trained to be on the alert is, without doubt, the greatest comfort and protection.

The country constable should have such a companion also. The case of Constable Gutteridge presents an instance of where the presence of a dog with him would have made things much



P.C. AIREDALE

more difficult for his cruel and brutal assailants. It is easy to say the dog would probably have been shot too. Yes, but where dog and man support each other and the former is an active and powerful animal, it is not so easy to tackle both at the same time, especially by men in desperate fear of detection and they dread any noise or loss of time, apart from the difficulty of shooting straight in such a struggle.

I have, of course, supplied many dogs up and down the country to the police, and it is impossible to say just exactly, apart from the definite cases where it is known they have rendered aid to the constables, how much crime of the Gutteridge type has been averted by the presence of a dog.

It is becoming quite customary for constables on their beats at night to be accompanied by their dogs, which are very useful for detecting offences, such as sleeping out, and for giving timely notice of persons loitering or hiding in premises for an unlawful object. Apart from this there is no doubt that the presence of a bloodhound or trained police dog in the neighbourhood has a good moral effect.

Many towns in this country have come to me for dogs for the town police, before the War and after. Glasgow was one of the first. It was said at the time:

"Fortunately there are no hooligans of the Parisian type in Glasgow, but it was considered that it would be an advantage to a policeman in isolated localities if he went his rounds with a canine companion, which would warn him of the presence of any person in a garden or other enclosure, help him to capture a criminal, and also prevent him being suddenly attacked. Such a sagacious auxiliary would be not only a benefit to the force in general, but would relieve the tension which is sometimes felt by constables on their solitary patrols in the eerie hours of early morning in deserted streets.

"In the Queen's Park Division where they have two splendid Airedales, marked success has attended the introduction of these four-footed officers, one of them, Bob by name, showing particular aptitude for police work. The constables who have charge of the animals patrol the extensive and quiet district of Pollokshields at night, and it is worthy of note that no house burglaries have occurred since the dogs took up duty."

In Liverpool they have been proved a success and I have twice supplied this town with a contingent. A cutting from a local paper states:

"Twenty dogs are maintained and are under excellent control; no person has ever complained of having been molested or frightened by the animals. While speaking of the work of the dogs in the Mersey seaport, the Chief Constable mentioned that one of the Airedales and a constable were able to effect the arrest of six men who had been attempting to commit a crime."

The Chief Constable of Nottingham stated:

"Since taking over the command of the borough constabulary I have found it necessary to have regular mounted patrols in the outlying portions of the borough. These patrols are very useful, and are an incentive to reduce the commission of crime. The police dogs are a distinct acquisition to the force, particularly in connection with the patrolling of outside districts. They are powerful, sensible animals, and are regularly exercised and trained for police duties. They have proved most useful in finding persons secreted in out-of-the-way places and followed and stopped others at some distance away whom the police were desirous of overhauling, but would have failed to get in touch with without the dogs' assistance. They are valuable companions to constables patrolling lonely beats."

I could give many other instances, but these testimonies are sufficient to show that the idea of officially supplied dogs to the police is a sound one and gives confidence and protection to the constable.

Many policemen train their own dogs, and some fine captures, rescues, and acts of defence have resulted from these unofficial dogs.

One constable I know of started life in Ireland, tending his father's sheep. To work a dog was therefore quite instinctive with such as he, and when he came over to this country and joined our police, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should bring his cross-bred collie with him to continue her aid. With a little training under her master, who so thoroughly understood her, she was soon able to readjust her

point of view, and instead of rounding up sheep she discovered her hours had greatly changed and that lurking individuals were her objective.

In this particular case a man was seen in suspicious circumstances one dark night, who on being called to stop, paid no attention, but made off. Away went Maisie, the collie, after him at a word from her master. She caught the man's flying coat tails and his efforts to dislodge her just gave the constable sufficient time to come up with them. A terrible struggle then followed between the two men, the constable's assailant being a very powerful fellow and armed with a heavy club. He broke away once more, and again constable and dog pursued. This time they overtook him nearer some houses, but the fight was fast becoming fatal to the policeman. All the time, however, the collie was dancing round the attacker and barking furiously at the top of her voice so that people in the nearest house were aroused and help was soon forthcoming. The constable was badly injured but was saved, and the murderous ruffian was apprehended, while good little Maisie once more proved the natural co-operation between master and dog.

With her, the natural collie instinct to run round and round her objective with snaps and quick bites came out, and certainly did what, in the end, was required, but a dog which goes in and holds on is even more hampering to an assailant. Some collies with certain cross in them would do this, but I have found as a whole that Airedales are very good, especially for this sort of work if they are properly selected and trained. They have the necessary weight and power and besides, in their natures, are essentially honest and intelligent. They take a great interest in people and are good at discrimination. When under orders they are extremely determined and courageous, so that one does not feel, as it were, that there is a broken reed on which to lean.

The bull terrier is a determined animal, but is without the discrimination and intelligence of the Airedale.

Many policemen are excellent judges of dogs, and are well able to obtain and train themselves extremely useful helpmeets in their work. They may not be of the convincing appearance and dignity of those official police dogs, carefully selected from those of pedigree origin and of markedly suitable characteristics,

but still they are able in the dark hours of the night to render very great service.

Hull was one of the first towns to start police dogs. These are found useful in the dock area where hidden persons at night are very difficult to dislodge unless with the aid of good hearing and scenting dogs.

CHAPTER VIII

MIND

LAST LINES

(Extract)

With wide embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void.
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroy'd.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ONE of the most amazing things in this amazing age in which we live is the rapidly changing attitude towards the brute creation as a whole, and to dogs in particular.

Cruelty to dogs is now mostly the result of some form of mental abnormality—a foul insanity rarely found. Even children, who in former time found pleasure in attaching tin cans, etc., to a dog's tail, and in similar playful tortures, nowadays are much more likely to soundly trounce anyone using the animal in such a fashion. I see advertisements on the railways:

“Take your Dog with you.”

“Cheap week-end tickets for Dogs.”

Which shows that even practical persons of the type of the railway director recognize the fact of the inherent affection in most British families towards the family dog.

I have often amused myself watching from a train carriage window some earnest and excited little group on the platform waiting to embark. The paterfamilias, important and fussy in charge of tickets and all directions. Mother, already rather tired looking and flushed from the effort of keeping her brood together, besides suffering from divers anxieties such as whether the backdoor was bolted in their closed-up home, or the gas meter turned off. Little Ben and his younger sister cling to her skirts, but Mary, the elder girl, helps with the hand luggage and assumes a protective attitude, while Tom, the big boy, considers himself quite superior and is even adopting a certain air of patronage towards the whole party. Billy, however, who is the family dog, is the secret care of them all. Safely secured on a lead and led by Tom, there are, nevertheless, qualms as to whether Billy will be objected to in the carriage by some disgruntled old gentleman or implacable maiden lady, in which case a stern guard will order him away to the van to the other end of the train, alone and incredibly nervous as to whether he will ever see his beloved family again. In order to avert this catastrophe, he is slipped into the compartment along with the legs of his owners which are then arranged in a serried row in front of his crouching body, bestowed hurriedly under the seat. An air of tension pervades the party until the guard's green flag falls and the train is safely on the move. The other occupants of the carriage appearing to be of a benevolent aspect, Billy is allowed to emerge, which he does somewhat pantingly apologetic, and he is only completely reassured when resuming his rightful place with the family. The rest of the journey is spent on the seat with affectionate arms round him and sharing large portions of the chicken and ham provided for the luncheon.

All this is to the good, and any special consideration given to our canine friends will cement the comradeship between us and will be returned in countless happy associations. There is much to learn yet, however, I fear, and perhaps the love and pity which the dog is calling forth from the hearts of nations in all parts of the world may lead to a more conscientious attitude towards the rights of animals as a whole. That the lower creation has rights is certainly a fact, but we have so long ago lost sight of what must have been the intended lovable co-

operation between man and *all* animals, that most people have no sense of such a thing at all and the subject so bristles with controversy, prejudice and vested interests that at present perhaps it is wiser to put the finger to the lips and——wait!

The great mills are grinding down slowly but surely the horrifying cruelties, greed, and bestialities from the looms of human mentality, and the inevitable evolution of all things is leading to that final solution wherein: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. . . ."

Does this condition seem far-fetched and impossible of realization? Some people may think so, but to those of us who study and love animals, it stands as a star of hope and carries an absolute conviction of truth. The reasoning is simple, as is all really scientific fact. The mind of man is rising in concept. All over the world the races of higher civilizations are becoming better educated, more humane, more conscientious as to the rights of others, and these nations will in time impress the lesser people with their ideals. Wars may for a time continue, and demonstrate what the most enlightened people now are beginning to consider a form of national insanity. But, as the centuries pass along, the brotherhood of man will most assuredly be brought into being from where it has remained hidden so long in the "three measures of meal." As this happier mentality is born, the grosser qualities will be shed and man will be a murderer no longer, neither a murderer of his human brother, nor a murderer of the animals. The desire to kill will pass.

Now here is the place to consider what the effect of this changing human concept will have on the animals. Those of us who work with them and intelligently study the possibilities of the training and subjugation of the brute mentality learn many things. In the case of dogs—the animal which is nearest to man in sympathy and co-operation, the first thing we find out is how extremely susceptible it is to the temperament and disposition of the person or persons with whom it has been brought in contact. I have elsewhere in other books pointed out how the dogs of the different nations resemble and reflect the national

characteristics. They are mentally *exactly* like their masters. Coming down to individuals, do we not all know the fussy, stupid people who would ruin any dog and turn it too into a stupid, fussy, annoying little brute? I have known a certain breed which started out as nice, sporting fellows pass mostly into cultivation by one lady of an exigent temperament, with the result that the fashionable sires and dams of her kennels have produced several generations of stilted, nervous, querulous animals, and the whole breed has become more or less affected. We know the jolly school-room dog ready for a rag at any moment, also the poacher's attendant, so wise and quiet and so sly. The shepherd's dog—a race apart with a weight of responsibility which is apparent by his aloofness and his thoughtful mien. The bloodhound, still with the tradition of centuries on him and all his brains concentrated in his nose; the policeman's Airedale, alertness in his eye, and with the dignity of bearing as befits his calling. The fluffy, floppy, nursery pet, with its innocent goggly eyes, and innocuous disposition, and so on. All these types testify to the fact that the mind of the master is reflected in his companion.

Many thinkers are now taking up higher views of creation as a whole; they are going back to fundamental truths which are typified by that allegory as shown forth in the *first* chapter of Genesis. In this description the seer, whoever he was, saw the gradual evolution of qualities of Mind as represented by each class of animal, and these qualities were Divine. Finally man, the perfect and complete representative of all these qualities, reflected in the one entity. So the true creation was finished and was *good*. The next chapter and following onwards give the dolorous results of erroneous thinking as to the original source of being—the radiant facts of true origin becoming clouded and impinged upon by baser concepts. The murderer Cain typifies what man has become, namely, a murderer in intention in some form or other ever since. The animals, at first fleeing in terror from this changed mastership, which was embodied originally in a magnanimous and benevolent protection, began to reflect, as I have already pointed out they always do, the altered qualities of the mental human atmosphere in the world, with the result that the ravening, cunning, treacherous, fearful, vindictive, gross, sly attributes which are projected from the

mind of man, at present find lodgment in the natures of many creatures and will continue to do so until man himself raises the standard of his own concept.

Those of us who train animals very soon trace the underlying soul—the golden thread which runs through all creation, from the individual person down to the smallest insect that creeps—that original thought of God, perfect and sure. This must be cultivated and protected and the comfort to all those who are watching and working for the animals is, that they can see that this progress is gradually proceeding and will spread throughout the world. As man ceases to raven, so will the animals, the true mastership will return and the brute creation will respond to the advances made to it in honesty and gentleness. How long will this transformation take? Who can say, but the wheel of evolution is increasing in ratio and the impulse seems to grow in greater proportion every year. Certainly there has been more progress in most things in the last fifty years than in the previous five hundred, and in the midst of gross dullness of apprehension there never has been such clarity of vision and interpretation.

SOUL IN ANIMALS

It seems to me that the world, or those in the world who have attained to those heights of mental vision where they view the central point of creation from a mountain peak, are ready now to ponder on the underlying reality of all things—yes even to that which is behind the creeping slug, the atom of floating protoplasm, through all the scale up to man himself. At one of my training camps in the war, I had the pleasure of a visit from one of the senior chaplains, who asked permission to inspect the dogs on account of his great love for them. It was a real joy to converse with him for he had thought deeply and knew that in these friends there was a golden thread of being which in essence was the same as that which, in a fuller degree, is found in each one of the human species. Until we talked together I do not think I had fully realized that the majority of people do not credit dogs or any other creature with souls. Perhaps many of them do not think about the matter at all, but if they do, they merely regard the subject with astonishment that anyone should presume to associate an animal with the

sacred attribute of a soul, which man has arrogated to himself alone. My friend informed me that in his pulpit at his home parish, he would not care to preach openly his beliefs, which he entertained after careful study, that dogs, at all events, certainly had souls. The good man was only continuing the doctrine which has always existed in the Christian Church and which was the inherited belief of the Jews.

The sacrificial practices, endorsed by the Mosaic code, must have inculcated a spirit of complete indifference to the pains and sufferings of animals, so that all sensitiveness to the beseechings for mercy from the brute creation would become entirely blunted. At that time the flocks and herds represented the wealth of man, and the dull and stupid state of mind of the Israelites with which Moses had to contend, could only be admonished and brought to some state of spiritual understanding through causing the carnal outlook to be punished by sacrificing some of its treasure. It was all he could do in the circumstances, but it was later seen to be a terrible mistake and even before the New Testament period, the understanding had improved.

In Isaiah we read: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats."

We are given to understand that it was the purging of the material sense of living which was required under Spiritual Law, rather than the sacrifice of innocent lives of animals, even though they themselves represented personal possessions.

The underlying fact of soul as a Divine Idea running through the whole universe, which the words "God spake and it was done" convey with a sense of unaltering eternity is one that seems to be gradually unfolding to those who are ready to progress in thought.

I may seem to my readers to be unduly Biblical. I will make no apology as there is no other book in the world to which we can turn with a like surety for a complete statement of creation in all its forms as we find there. The creation of all things, to revert again to that first chapter of Genesis, wherein all was spiritual and was good, is followed by a false sense of reality in the second chapter wherein a material manifestation is by

man considered necessary, but even in this lower concept we find the highly metaphysical statement that "the Lord God made the earth and the heavens and every plant of the field *before* it was in the earth, and every herb of the field *before* it grew."

The Master shows clearly the indestructible nature of that state of being which represents the eternal inner soul of all things when He tells His disciples of their physical death owing to the hatred of the populace, but at the same time assures them that "There shall not a hair of your head perish." The least of animals is also given its rightful place by Him in the Divine Eternal Mind as we see by His statement: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God," which is the same as saying that each animal retains its eternal position in the mind of God—the Intelligence of the Universe.

It is curious to note the instruments which have been used through the ages for a Divine Purpose. They are in themselves often of a most imperfect outlook, but it is apparent that there has been some channel of simplicity, through which Intelligence can flow. The simple childlike obedience of the young Moses, enabled him to understand the Divine Mandates, but his followers, in considering themselves as the sole representatives of this holy charge frequently exalted personality over principle. Their overweening conceit led them into an erroneous relationship with humanity as a whole and with the animal creation especially. Finally, they became so corrupt that, when the Light of Life shone forth by the shores of Galilee they were, except for a few simple souls, unable to recognize that which for generations they had been awaiting. Unfortunately many of the wrong concepts still persisted, even in spite of the vision that had been perceived. That it would not be fully understood, in fact that it would be almost entirely lost, was foreseen by the Master and he warned His disciples to this effect, but the marvel of His statement: "Heaven and earth shall pass away but My words shall not pass away" stands forth in all its wonderfully unerring prophecy when we visualize the situation in which they were uttered. A teacher of no particular repute, especially with the rulers of the period, persecuted, followed by wandering crowds of wondering, incredulous people, endeavouring with pathetic persistence to rouse the dull sense of the minds about

Him, speaking in a dying language—despised and rejected of men—and yet He *knew*. Knew that a time would come when the real principle of all he taught would be realized and that as men claimed for themselves the birthright of the “Sons of God,” so the animals also would be placed in their true relationship.

In that very metaphysical Epistle to the Hebrews we read: “Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.” The translation of this verse in the Wycliffe edition makes the meaning clearer: “That the world was made by God’s word, that visible things were made by invisible things.” Tyndale I think puts it simply and even clearer: “That the world was ordained by the word of God and that things which are seen were made by those which are not seen.” In the Geneva version of this same verse the interesting fact of the causative *force* of hope or definite thought in a given direction is brought out. “Faith is that which *causeth* those things to appear indeed which are hoped for and *showeth* evidently the things which are not seen.”

All this teaching would seem to infer that there is an underlying vital eternal principle of life running through all creation, the animals and even the plants included. That this “river of life” flows from a Divine Concept, and is held intact and complete and quite apart from the material vision in which would be seen only *symbols* (and sometimes symbols immensely perverted by human misconceptions) of the perfect reality behind each one.

The word “man” means “thinker,” and through the centuries there have been those who pondered sufficiently to grasp some sort of idea of the original creation. Pythagoras, the great philosopher, taught that animals as well as men were endowed with souls. His doctrine was, it is true, based to a certain extent on transmigration, which is not such a high conception as was that of Plato who, while acceding to man an eternal soul, also insisted that the same possession should be allowed to the brute creation. Aristotle believed that all things are from a divine origin and for a divine purpose. Theophrastus says that all living things are related to man and have a common origin; Plutarch believed in the immortality of the soul and

that animals also had the same quality of existence. He condemned the practice of killing and eating them for food, his idea being that, as they were endowed with reason, they had just as much right to live as had man.

A direct challenge to the origin of all things was conveyed by Professor Darwin and again quite recently by Sir Arthur Keith, and although their reasoning related more especially to the starting point of man, still, in so far as they deny the original perfection of the human being as a spiritual idea, so must it follow naturally that the animal creation is also without this exalted source. The point in their premise which seems to me to be the weakest, is that it does not agree with what is known to be one of the fundamental truths in science—namely, that the stream cannot rise above its source. If man does not have an original perfection in the realm of reality to which he can and is reverting, from what source is he receiving the propulsion in that scale of ascending being, which the professors admit he is passing through? A blob of protoplasm has no power in itself to create an angel, and even if it were the case that the material universe has slowly evolved upwards from this lowly origin to man, does this argument really matter, compared to the enormous importance of grasping the fact, that the only thing of any consequence to mankind is the realization that there is immense power to be found in the recognition of the divine Sonship, both for the highest idea, man, and for the whole lesser creation as well! Can we not now strike our pen through those long drawn out treatises on material evolution, seeing that they must inevitably be based on a false premise, and instead turn to and study more closely the statements as to spiritual identity for all! St. John puts the position clearly and with authority, which can only have been used through some knowledge, which to him was irrefutable. "In the beginning was the Word (Mind, Spirit), and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made. . . . In Him (Spirit) was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

Now I give these conclusions as a basis for training—a plane on which man can work when he is in touch with animals.

This does not advocate any impossible theory. One does not choose a keeper's night dog to associate with the nursery, nor would it be possible at this stage to allow a wild animal like a lion, leopard, or serpent to live unfettered with us, but the gradual perception of higher rights for the creatures will, in time, most certainly raise the standard of existence, both for ourselves and for them. "These little brothers," as St. Francis called them, will eventually respond in a thousand ways which are at present unknown and undreamt of.

The arguments as expounded in this chapter represent the result of a concentrated study carried over a very long number of years. So far I have not met many persons who either agree or who have given enough time to the subject to have come to any conclusions whatever. It is therefore a pleasure to remember one whom I hope I may call friend, since we hold similar views as regards the souls of animals. This gentleman is the Reverend Vivian Evans, who is the chaplain in charge of the English church at Versailles. His love and understanding of animals is very great and he has thought deeply on the meaning of their life. I visited him in 1915 at his house at Versailles, at a time when he was extremely busy with war work. He nevertheless was kind enough to give me an interview and we had an interesting talk. On coming away he gave me a small book he had published called *The Soul of a Dog*. It is a pleasure to me to endorse his point of view which is, incidentally, entirely my own, and I will therefore give some quotations.

THE SOUL OF A DOG

"Everyone in the district knows of the old disused stone quarry at the foot of the hill upon which stands the little village of Mesnille-Roy, on the road to St. Germain-en-Laye. The old man who has taken up his abode in it has made it famous. He is a well-known figure in Maisons-Laffitte, where he comes every morning to gather rags and bones, empty bottles and scrap iron. He and his dog, La France, and his rickety old perambulator, have become an institution. There are many stories told about him—some say that he is a count, but all that is immaterial. I know him to be a genial old fellow; but I have studied La France more than I have her master.

"The other day she came into the dining-room of a house just opposite to the stone quarry, where I was having luncheon. Some food was given her and then I stroked her head, and for the first time looked into the depths of her great brown eyes. And anyone doing so would not doubt for an instant the intelligence that is attributed to her. Indeed, her master would have been killed long ago but for La France; for there are occasions when she perceives that neither he nor the old perambulator are going along the country road as straight as they could do, that at any moment a passing trap or a motor-car might run them down. Directly, therefore, she hears a vehicle upon the road she goes round and walks upon the off-side of her master, giving him a good yard or so of safe space, an action which has more than once nearly cost her her own life. But what would that matter to her so long as she saved his? Then, again, when the old man was found in the snow, La France had spread herself over him and was breathing in his face.

"Such actions do not bear close analysis by those who would deny to dogs an intelligence capable of high reasoning power. I give the story for what it is worth; but it is worth a great deal to those who care to sit down and quietly think it out. It is only when one sits down to quietly think things out that he realizes how very conventional his ideas about things in general are.

"Men and women adhere firmly to ideas, which, when challenged, they find to be wholly indefensible. Many confess that they 'never thought of it in that light'; but it would be a great deal more true were they to confess that they never thought of it at all. Most of the opinions that we hold, political or otherwise, are inherited family possessions, or they are the same opinions as those held by very dear friends, or they are the opinions one is supposed to hold. And very often we have not the merest rag of an argument in support of them. But even so, the first denial that Joshua stopped the sun in its course came as a shock to the religious thought of the sixteenth century, and consequently as a shock to poor Galileo himself. Fortunately, however, this is a thinking age; not in the sense that all conventional ideas and theories are universally questioned, but in the sense that a far greater number of people now than in the past demand reasons for existing theories. An arena of

thought has been established in which theories must prove their fitness to live. We do not allow that because they have lived for centuries they have acquired a right to live a day longer. This is as it should be, and we should be thankful that it is so. . . .

“ Most men allow that a dog or a horse is something more than a creature merely endowed with the power of locomotion, and at times they are willing to confess that their intelligence is amazing, that their love and their devotion to their masters is magnificent, and that frequently their actions show a surprising degree of what in man we call judgment and thought. But to all this no explanation is offered, no source of origin is sought; and these phenomena so akin to the mental operations in man are dismissed with the amazement, the wonder and the surprise that they created. Not that the explanation is far away. If a dog or a horse perform an action common to man, that which produces it in man also produces it in the dog or the horse. There can be no other explanation, and if only a dog or a horse were allowed to possess a reasonable soul, subject to the limitations of the body which it animates, there would be no necessity either for surprise or wonder. But from time immemorial man has asserted that he alone enjoys the possession of a rational soul, because he has probably thought that it would materially lessen his dignity were such a concession made to animals. It would, upon occasions, make the beast more than his master (which would not be the fault of the beast) and moreover it would tend to destroy his pet hallucination that animals were only created for his use and pleasure. The theory that would give to a dog a rational soul, subject to limitations, no matter how much it helped to explain phenomena incapable of any other explanation, could only be contemplated by many with horror. We may express our wonder and amazement at a dog's intelligence—we may call it marvellous, even miraculous, but let us leave it at that. It seems as though it were preferable to believe that a dog can perform miraculous actions than to allow that they have the same species of soul as a man, subject to the limitations which the Creator has thought fit to put to a dog's mental powers.

“ But is it right or just to abstain from seeking explanations because by so doing one will be forced to confess that it is only

the use a man makes of his reasoning powers that makes him nobler or meaner than his dog? Theoretically, a man may be what he likes, do what he likes, but he must always be allowed to say, 'I am more noble than a dog, because—well, because I have a man's body.'

"We do not want to know how it is that when a drunken man throws the reins over the horse's back the animal takes him home, apparently using his judgment to find the way, to avoid obstacles, and to keep the hubs of the wheels clear of the gate posts. Some will say that it is a matter of pure instinct; but in the event of his wife wheeling this individual home in a barrow they would call it judgment. Many a man who will deny reasoning power in his horse or his dog will, when his own judgment can no longer help him, confide his life to their keeping and judgment. He, too, will call it instinct, and so will a good many other people; but I hope to show that instinct and reasoning power in an animal are not the same thing, and can wilfully be confounded. . . .

"The world for the most part is inclined to be grudging where animals are concerned, and I cannot see how or in what way a man degrades or belittles himself or his kind by allowing to animals a certain amount of the reasoning power which he himself possesses. Of course, John being a fool makes Jack seem more cute; but is it necessary in order to prove the nobility of the human mind that man should deprive every other creature of the slightest approach to reasonable thought? A sorry way of proving the nobility!

"But man cannot pretend that he has arrived at his conclusions concerning animals by the exercise of his reasoning powers; for he owns that there are facts and phenomena in the animal world that he cannot understand and that he is utterly at a loss to account for. He has not conscientiously tried to understand and account for them. He simply asserts that the differentiating point between a man and a beast is that the one has an immortal soul and the other has not. I say simply asserts with reason, because it is an assertion and nothing more. It cannot be proved that an animal has not a soul; and if it has, then in the nature of it it must be immortal. That animals have not souls is an assertion arrived at without any premises to warrant it—a philosophy of convenience, a form of argument

often made use of by theologians when their mental evolutions have landed them in a hole—it would be more convenient so, therefore it is so. It is feared that if a dog were allowed a soul endless difficult questions would arise, therefore it is better to say that he has not; and to go on sincerely hoping that no one will ask us to explain what he has in its place to adequately account for his almost human actions. Personally I do not see where the difficult questions would arise. The present belief that man alone has a soul presents to anyone asked why—a far more difficult problem to solve, and the only answer he can give is ‘because the Creator of things has ordained it so’—which reply is a sophism pure and simple, besides begging the question, and taking for granted what has to be proved.

“If we take the Bible story of Creation at all literally we shall see that the Creator of things does not seem to have done anything of the sort; for neither the material out of which both man and beast were made, nor yet the mode of making them living creatures differs in the slightest degree. There was a general similitude of Divine construction common to both; as well in the creation of their bodies as in imparting to them their principles of life or animation.

“The breath, life, or spirit of God must always be immortal, and every creature that partakes of it partakes of immortality. It cannot be otherwise. Only one other theory with regard to the breath of God imparted by Him to animals is possible, and that is, that God destroys their personalities at death, and takes His life back again to Himself, which would make the difference between a man and a beast this—they both have the same species of soul here on earth, but when a man dies he goes on living an independent personality, whereas when an animal dies his soul becomes part of the Divine Life. This is an impossible theory, and it is also impossible that any part of God can be subject to death; therefore, all souls, whether in men or in animals, must be immortal.

“If the story of the beginning of things is taken literally, and not distorted to suit theological theories, we can only infer from it that animals as well as man have a reasonable, conscious soul, but subject to limitations not put to man’s; and, that they were not created for man’s pleasure and use, but like him for themselves.

“ Then the Bible tells us that in making His covenant after the flood, God made use of these words: ‘ Behold, I establish My covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, *and of every beast of the earth with you* ’ (Gen. ix. 9, 10). This is a three-fold promise—to Noah, to his seed and to the beast creation, which certainly seems to argue that the beast creation, as creatures, were much upon the same footing as man, and capable of some understanding. If not, why make a covenant with them? We cannot say that such an idea is stupid, for beyond what their actions tell we have absolutely no knowledge as to whether or not the beast creation has a conception of a Supreme Being. We can affirm with truth they do not appear to have any such conception, in the same way that Sir John Lubbock reports of the Andaman Islanders, and Admiral Fitzroy of the Fuegians, that neither of these tribes exhibited the slightest indication or sign that they possessed any knowledge either of a God or of any religion; but we are not justified on account of such observations to assert that therefore the Andamans and the Fuegians have not the same rational soul as other men. If such observations proved anything it would be in favour of the theory that the breath of life or soul is the same in every creature, but that it depends for its development upon the capabilities of the brain it vivifies. . . .

“ But why should God fulfil the expectations of one creature and mercilessly crush those of another? Can any good or even probable reason be given for His doing so? I suppose because man has no further use for an animal when it is dead, he concludes that God cannot have either. It would seem more true to say that man has created God after his own image. The same argument might just as logically be applied to one’s dead cook, for as far as we are concerned we have no further use for him. There is nothing to be done with either the cook or the dog, but to bury the body and let it return to the dust of which it was made. God has withdrawn from both of them the breath of life which He gave them. But in the one case we are told to believe that the man’s slightest laudable action is to be justly rewarded, and his hopes of eternal life are not to be disappointed, whereas in the case of the other creature all its great love and devotion and the nobility of character to which it has attained,

together with its desires of an enduring life, are to be crushed and annihilated. I believe that St. Paul thought differently, very differently, when he wrote to the Romans and told them that 'the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God'—and 'the creature itself shall also be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God; for,' he continued 'we know that the whole creation (i.e. every creature) groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now' (Rom. viii. 22). Theologians of all ages have shaken wise but puzzled heads over these words of the greatest apostolic theologian, and not a few of them have written learned interpretations of what St. Paul *did not mean*. But one thing is evident if words convey any meaning at all, and that is that other creatures besides man have expectations for the future—expectations too which are not to be disappointed, expectations of the same 'glorious liberty' that is to be enjoyed by the human race.

"Why should man suffer from such a positive horror lest any other creature but himself should have a soul, and enjoy an after life in another world? Why shouldn't they? And why does man go out of his way, a long way from logic and obvious facts, to invent all sorts of lame excuses why they shouldn't? Personally, I am of the opinion of St. Paul that creatures expect an after life, and that they will have it.

"Some people are ready to allow that a dog has a soul of sorts, but not a human soul, which accounts for the difference in the reasoning powers of the two. But if the reasoning power of a creature determines the nature of a soul, then there must be many species of souls even amongst human beings; and moreover, there must be a dog soul, a cat soul, a monkey soul, and so on *ad infinitum*, for the souls of all animals differ in the degree of their reasoning powers. And there is not so much difference between these powers in a nigger and a monkey as there is between a monkey and a rabbit.

"The only theory capable of giving a reasonable explanation to so much that we cannot understand in animals is one that allows a reasoning soul of the same species to all creatures, men or beasts; and that this soul develops in each creature according to its species and to the limits ordained by the Creator.

"That man has any domination over animals is only true

in the sense that he has gained one over them by his superior cunning, and he has imbued them with that dread of him foretold in the Bible. Unfortunately for animals in general we have in the course of time come to believe that they have been given to us to do what we like with. The idea has grown up with us from our childhood when we numbered a long-suffering kitten or an unfortunate puppy amongst our most treasured toys and possessions. Quite unquestioningly we assume that a beneficent Creator has put them here on earth because He knows that man would find them useful and amusing, and apparently this is all we care to know.

"The only mystery of man's dominion over animals is the mysterious way in which he has come to believe that such a dominion was ever divinely given him. The Bible says that Esau shall have dominion over his brother (Gen. xxvii. 40). But surely no one gathers from this that Jacob was created solely for the use of Esau? . . .

"Every species of animal was created for its own sake, and with its own particular use with reference to the general scheme of Creation, and it is a fallacy to think that any of them were created for the use of man. . . .

"The personality—the ego in each animal, which dwells in the depths of their eyes, which pleads for pity and love, and which can be so full of reproach as to make a man feel less noble than the animal he is ill-treating—is not this personality which we see and feel, to be called a soul because it does not happen to be in a man's eyes? Is the whole question whether they have souls or not to be thrust aside with the term—Personal life? A plant may be said to have a personal life, for each plant is itself and not another plant. But there is something more than just life in a dog's eyes, there is the personality that thinks, that tries to win your love, to anticipate your wishes, that reads with the deepest sympathy the moods that are flashing through the windows of your own soul. Yes, in a man all this is called soul, but in a dog, mere life doomed to extinction, notwithstanding the fact that not a single reasonable argument has ever been brought forward capable of proving that man alone has a reasonable soul. . . .

"People say that if you give a soul to a dog you must give a soul to a microbe. Why not? The Creator has done what he

thinks fit, and has schemes and plans of which we shall never have any knowledge.

"Some religious people say that a dog has not a soul because he is incapable of knowing and loving his Creator. It would be interesting to hear how such people have ascertained this; or for instance, what a dog thinks of the vastness of the landscape before him, of the fury of the tempest, and of a thousand other phenomena of nature capable of inspiring the weakest intellects with some vague idea of the existence of a Great Hidden Power. After all, a dog would be only thinking as a great many men think were he merely to recognize some vast external force; which in all probability he does. He does not connect the elements with his master, to whom he flies for protection. It is not at all unlikely that he has some idea of a Great Hidden Force, an idea little beneath, if not the same as that conceived by primitive man. Whether he knows or loves his Creator depends wholly upon the limitations his Creator has put to the exercise of his mental powers. It is not the dog's fault. But the nature of the object loved cannot in any way diminish the great ability of loving which a dog has, so that whether he loves his Creator, or only loves his master, the fact remains that he has a soul capable of an intense love, so that if God cared to reveal Himself to the brute creation (and who can say that in some way He does not?) the beast creation is capable of both knowing and loving Him. . . .

"If a dog be lost he will run about and circle the neighbourhood for weeks in the hope of striking the trail that will lead him to his master. His feet may be bleeding and crying out for rest, his stomach empty and craving for food; but there is the other element within him that will not listen to the cries and cravings of the body—the element that loves his master. Overcome at last he may lay himself down to die, his body weakened, his sense of scent gone, his eyesight dim, but his love and his desire to be with the one he loves becomes stronger as death approaches, because it is the other element—the element that cannot be affected by bodily conditions, the element capable of separate existence, the element that is spiritual and therefore cannot die. . . .

"This reminds me of the story of a little dog that belonged to a friend of mine in India, little Johnson as she was called,



A MILITARY POLICE-DOG AT ALDERSHOT

was a fox-terrier, devoted to her master and mistress, for had been inseparable for many years; and it was a very sad y for her when she saw those whom she loved get into the train at Coconanda and go away on leave to England. A friend into whose keeping she had been entrusted took her home with him to Penuquduru, a distance of some ten miles from her master's bungalow. Perhaps at the time she did not feel the parting as keenly as those who loved her so dearly; but when night came—two nights, three nights, and master did not come to her, she could bear the parting no longer. She broke away and ran for home, running, little mite that she was, the gauntlet of the native dogs—great red fellows, four times her size; and never giving the dangers of the jungle a thought. Her one desire was to be with those she loved. Twice she was carried back from the closed and deserted bungalow; but with the little strength she had left, for she would not eat, she returned yet again, and stretching herself upon the verandah where her master used to sit, she waited through another weary vigil with burning eyes fixed upon the dry, white road by which he had so often come to her. But when the shades of night filled the compound all hope fled. She was found in the morning, still waiting, still staring at the dry, white road—dead. A triumph of love over suffering. A triumph of soul over body.

“You who read this story—the story of a love so true, of a love so deep and noble, does it not tell you that so great a love could not be born of instinct, but within a sentient soul. Nothing but a noble soul could leave its body to the jackals, and conceive so great a sacrifice. Who can fail to recognize in the ardent love of this little furry creature of God's a spark of that origin from which his own deepest spirituality springs? The cravings of love are not the cravings of water and food—they are different. We know well that they are. The one spiritual, from the soul; and the other physical, from instinct. And we must recognize in this true story that the cravings of the soul silenced in death the cravings of the body—it would not satisfy them, although it could easily have done so. Who can deny the existence of two elements here? the same two elements of which we ourselves are conscious? In this little animal there was the body with its power of movement—life, and its physical wants; and the

alter ego, whose sorrow was too great to heed the cravings of the body, which prompted by the instinct of self-preservation demanded food, rest, and sleep. Men and women have also died of broken hearts, but not so often as dogs. And we say that the former go on living in eternity—that their love does not cease; that God could not be so cruel as to let it be otherwise. But with dogs—well, life, love, and all their hopes are extinguished, even though their ideal existence and happiness is to love and to be always with their masters. Yes, the world in general would say that the great, self-sacrificing love of little Johnson ceased and crumbled in a ruin of shattered hopes and unanswered yearnings with the beating of her little broken heart. Indeed, I think that few men are capable of the intensity and purity of the love that a dog has for his master—it is a species of adoration. A man will love a woman to adoration, but how much of that love is influenced by sex? A dog's love for his master is the pure love of one personality for another—soul for soul. The body does not count, it may be repulsive and hideous, all that matters is the soul behind the eyes. As the soul of man is said to differ from God not in species but in degree, so the soul of a dog differs from that of his master only in degree of development.

“It is a fallacy to think that they (animals) have been created for our use and amusement. Were this so the thousands of animals which man neither wants nor uses, because they will not be used, would never have been created. And as far as the original scheme of Creation can be understood, it was, I take it, to put upon this earth various species of living creatures (man amongst them), each having its own independent end and mode and means of existence. None of them were originally made for the use of the other. . . .

“I contend that animals have immortal, reasonable souls, because there are certain sentiments and actions common alike both to man and beast which can have but a common origin; and that it is unfair and illogical to assert that these actions are accountable for in man by the presence of a soul, whereas in animals they cannot be accounted for at all. Love in a dog must have the same spiritual origin as love in a man. . . .

“No useful purpose can be served by stating that one creature has a soul and that another has not, but there is every reason for recognizing the limitations set by the Creator to the different

species of creatures for His own wise ends. There are not different species of souls, but merely more or less highly developed souls, and this is the only theory that can give any satisfactory explanation to the almost human actions sometimes performed by animals."

I have quoted fully from this book, so humane and full of spiritual vision, and I would commend the passages and the book itself to the clergy and all persons who have the power and opportunity of giving instruction along the above lines, more especially to the young. The perception of the spiritual rights and entity of each creature most certainly creates an entirely new viewpoint in that mind which has not considered the matter before. This change of standpoint immediately elevates the conception of the universe as a whole.

In those countries whose religious faiths totally and authoritatively deny the creatures eternal life (and therefore an eternal soul), the treatment of animals is, as a whole, on a low level and very often extremely harsh.

Although amongst the northern races there still exists under different expediencies certain definite cruelties to animals, still there is a better sense of conscience towards the creatures and at all events there is no definite denouncement in our religions.

It is high time now, however, that the teachers of the people in every land, whoever they may be, aroused themselves and broadened their views by intensive study of the spiritual causes behind all creation so that a higher plane of thought may be reached. It would appear plain to most thinkers that the cessation of the "groaning and travelling in pain" in the whole creation can only come through the channel of the mind of man. At the "fall" of man, that is when he impinged a material concept of his origin on that of the true one, namely, a purely spiritual and eternal fact of creation, the animals fell also. Their salvation therefore can only appear as a reaction from the quality of the mind in man.

The reason that the dog is more especially the friend of man as above all other animals is, of course, because it approximates the mentality of man himself and exemplifies unselfish attachment apart from its own needs and desires. In some cases a dog actually has a higher concept of certain moral obligations

than its own master. You may find a dog which under no circumstances will betray a trust, while its master may be continually doing so. A dog is frequently forgiving and loving, it is joyous and happy and it can also die of grief. How many people can we describe thus, and those of which we can do so are they not the best that we know, the salt of the earth?

Where man fails the animal is in the correct use of what he has and they have not, namely, in the use of all the mental qualities the *whole* scale of which should be put out for his own use and for that of the creatures.

The dog makes a good exposition, considering it is limited in several directions. Being low to ground, the sense of vision is very short. Owing to this, the canine mind has been thrown back on other resources, and three qualities immediately stand out—the sense of smell and hearing and inner knowing. It lives in a world of scent, and watching the sensitive nostrils one sees they are never still. All sorts of intimations are conveyed through this channel alone and the ears also play a useful accompaniment. Besides this, there is a sort of inner sense which, in the desire to advance along the line of endeavour, the dog falls back upon and in the use thereof often leaves us wondering and nonplussed. Man, standing erect, sees far, but he is depending too much at present on his material vision and has lost the use of several senses which he originally must have had. Our knowledge of each other as individuality from a sense of smell is nil, but to the dog each person has a different scent and, through this, a distinctive and differing personality. Primitive races still possess extreme sensitiveness of smell and use it for tracking purposes. They too have a sense of direction, which is above the ordinary knowledge as we understand it, and a savage, lost in the impenetrable jungle, is often able to find his way home when his more civilized companion, with all his culture, may be at a loss.

A correspondent to *The Field* newspaper gives a good description of the Australian black trackers, which illustrates what I mean:

“ Though repulsive in appearance and indolent in habit, the Australian black possesses a keenness of vision and inherent powers of observation that together enable him to follow a

trail in a degree far superior to the natives of any other land. Very possibly the necessity of obtaining food depending to a great extent on his ability to track his prey is responsible for his efficiency. True, as is the case with whites, all blacks are not gifted with equally keen eyesight; but no white man who ever accompanied a black tracker of admitted smartness possessed the aboriginal's ability to follow the track of man or beast. Even when the tracker will indicate with his finger the outline of the footmarks, or the portion of it visible to him, it still remains invisible to the unpractised eye of the white. The black fellow begins his education as a tracker when he is able to run about, at six years old, and sometimes earlier. They see their seniors tracking, and in the spirit of emulation common to all youth, spurred on by the encouragement of elders and the rivalry of those of their own age, these piccaninnies enthusiastically follow the tracks of every walking and creeping thing the Australian bush provides. The 'possum, snake, iguana, dingo, and various lizards are followed to their location. A lad of ten or twelve could tell at a glance in what direction a snake went by looking at the track. This feat is impossible to hundreds of white men who have spent their lives in the bush, though it is simple enough to a close observer, whose knowledge of the Australian bush and its denizens has been gained in the exacting school of practical experience, if the snake happens to pass over a loose sandy patch of ground, but the black can tell if he only sees where the reptile went through the grass. The 'possum being a favourite article of diet, a black fellow, by examining the trunk of a tree can tell whether a 'possum went up it the previous night, and also whether it came down again.

"The black tracker has played a most important part in bringing criminals to justice who, but for the human sleuth-hound, might have added to their crimes with impunity, and died of old age, undiscovered. In the early days of Australia's history the whites soon discovered the marvellous sight power possessed by the blacks, and employed them in tracking runaway convicts, and from that time forward they have always been engaged in tracing fugitives from the law. Many tricks have been tried by these fugitives to throw the trackers off the trail, but they have never succeeded. Criminals have been known to get on fences and walk along the top rail for considerable

distances, sometimes three-quarters of a mile, and then leave the fence again. The black tracker has traced them to the fence, has followed them along by observing a disturbed splinter or a bit of moss knocked off the rail, and eventually run them to earth. Going into a running stream and following its course up and down has been tried, but of no avail, for the tracker always found where his quarry left the water.

"In the days when the gold fever was at its height in New South Wales and Victoria, and when bushrangers held up and robbed lucky diggers, and mail coaches, and boldly entered townships and rifled banks, and shot in cold blood any that attempted to prevent them, the black tracker had a busy time; but in every case where he was given a free hand the police were led to the retreat of the outlaws, and it is a noticeable fact that of all the bushrangers that terrorised this country for the past fifty years, not one had escaped, being either shot in encounters with the police or civilians, hanged or imprisoned. In the days when there were no telegraph lines to flash the news of the outlaws' movements, and no fences to retard their progress, the black tracker has often followed their trail, left a week before, for scores of miles through dense scrubs, across swamps and rivers, and over rugged mountain ranges, when a white man would have been baffled before he had gone a mile.

"The sense of sight of the blacks is greatly assisted by their phenomenally keen sense of smell. This has been demonstrated in many cases where people have been drowned, or had been thrown into a waterhole by a murderer. If decomposition had started at all, the black by smelling the water would say at once—'white man's fat' and the body has always been found. In the notorious 'Fisher's Ghost' murder the body of Fisher was buried in a shallow grave in a swamp that drained into a waterhole some distance away. The black tracker thrust his spear into the soft mud between the swamp and the waterhole, smelt it, and immediately said 'white man's fat.' In several places he did this, till at last he led them to the grave of the murdered man, and traced the crime home to the assassin, who was executed. The black tracker has become such a necessity that every country town of importance has its tracker attached to the police stationed there, and although the increase of settlement and consequent fencing, and the erection of

thousands of miles of telegraphic communication, supported by an almost universal system of education, have eradicated the bushranging element, still the tracker justifies his existence as an adjunct of the law by tracing sundry murderers, cattle thieves, and minor criminals, who try to evade the punishment of their misdeeds.

"It is a regrettable fact that the trackers that have been long in the service of the police department are inferior to the aboriginal of his native state, for when the black contracts the white man's habits of indulging in tea, spirits, and tobacco, he invariably indulges to excess, and his vision and clear-witted aptitude for observation become impaired. The best black trackers of the present day are to be found among the tribes of Queensland and Western Australia, who have had little or no intercourse with white men. The natives of the older states of Australia (New South Wales and Victoria) have become so demoralized by the influences of the white man's food and vices as to have deteriorated physically, mentally, and morally." (Paul Cupid).

Memory in dogs is capable of curious variations. I gave a young sealyham just ending its puppyhood to a friend who very soon attached the animal devotedly to herself. She then went away for a couple of weeks' holiday, at the end of which the pup was brought in the car from her home to fetch her. On arrival at the house where she was staying it seemed to have practically forgotten her, but on the return with its mistress to her own environment memory immediately was restored and she was greeted with bubbling affection, showing that some association of ideas was missing in the first instance of meeting. On the other hand, we all know of the old dog that greeted Ulysses when no one else recognized him after long years, and Sir Walter Scott tells of a similar recognition between dog and master in *St. Ronan's Well*. I personally have known cases of recognition where the dog has become old and blind and where the link was re-formed obviously through the sense of scent, in which there would appear to be a world of memory. A queer instance came to my knowledge where a woman was alone in a house and was assaulted by a tramp. She had a dog indoors but it was chained up, and although it barked savagely it could not

help her. The assailant escaped, and as he had been disguised the woman had been unable to give a sufficient description for identification. Some time later a loud disturbance took place on the road outside the house and the dog was seen with its teeth embedded in the leg of a man who had been passing by. This occurrence was so unusual and seemed so suspiciously unlike the animal's ordinary behaviour that questions were put to the man by the police and the result was that he was identified beyond doubt as the one wanted. Memory would seem to be associated very much with the affections in dogs, but in their own wants they are often very absent-minded, and I have often been amused with Timmy who perpetually forgets where he hid that juicy bone only the day before and who may waste half an hour going over the plot in which he knows it must be.

That inward vision, that hidden sense of things, direction, and extraneous influence, which in animals is generally called instinct, but in those few people who possess it is called spiritual sense or clairvoyance, is common in dogs. The reason for this is, that the mental powers are not diverted from the heart of things by accentuated material dependence, as is the case in man. There would seem to be a sort of mental television or telepathy in the mind of the dog on which it can fall back in moments of emergency. Having studied the homing instinct carefully for many years, I have come to the conclusion that, while in the early stages of instruction a dog may largely use its seeing and scenting qualities, as it progresses in experience it quickly learns to discard these and brings instead into action a sense of direction that does not depend upon what evidently are regarded as inferior methods of inference.

Speech in dogs, or rather what may more truly be described as their powers of communication, is a subject well worth study, as by doing this we will probably learn a great deal which may open our eyes to much that we are unconsciously missing even in our fully developed scale of mentality. It is a fact that in addressing us our canine friends have actually to condescend to our inabilities in their means of expression, otherwise our dull wits would not understand them. They employ gesture, facial expression and what power of sound they have. By these means they can show us every passing thought, but with each

other their operation for conveying the same emotions is much simpler. Some process of mental telepathy is clearly at work. All animals can communicate with each other soundlessly and in most cases, certainly among dogs, this is the usual method. Sometimes, when a new dog comes into my kennels, it is installed overnight by the kennel-man among the others. In the morning the new-comer may show a desire to object to my entry. It is most apparent that the other dogs hurriedly, and in an emphatic manner, although separated from the new dog by stalls, convey the information that he is entirely mistaken and is making a fool of himself. This is done in some distinctive way and the instruction is immediately received in a conscience-stricken and apologetic manner. I have seen a new dog charge down the exercising yard in a fury as I appeared, and the other dogs heading him off. What was said by them was evidently extremely condemnatory of his hasty attitude to what with many assurances they explain is its master and quite a good one too! I have had my Airedale lying sound asleep beside me in the room and have seen it suddenly rise and make for the french window, and there on the terrace outside stands his little fox terrier friend, absolutely motionless and soundless but telegraphing the information that it is quite ready for a stroll.

I had a scottie once which used to amuse me by its quaint character, which however, was most exasperating to his brothers on account of an unfortunately domineering nature. On my entry into the particular yard where the scotties exercised, this Jockie would immediately stand by the door and like a general on parade would order every other dog to where he thought it should be, namely, in its kennel! With a stern eye and bristling fur the little fellow took his stand and in absolute silence conveyed his orders, the other fellows slinking shamefacedly away as they were directed. Jock then advanced to me himself with dignified salaams, but the others did not dare to do so.

This thought transference, and it can be nothing else, between dogs is a wonderful thing. That we ourselves do have the same power is quite certain, but from long disuse and by dependence on the more material method of speech we have practically lost the faculty. But it is an art or endeavour, call it what you will, which in the course of things will return, and already many people are studying the question. The interesting

experiment on the wireless under the direction of Sir Oliver Lodge, when certain objects, pictures, etc., were displayed at B.B.C. headquarters for transmission of thought to thousands of listeners, while it did not, I gather, demonstrate anything very definite, still the very nearly accurate descriptions given by the few, and the fairly accurate ones given by the larger few, did certainly show that some sort of transmission was felt.

From the inner soul of man all kinds of inspirations are welling to the surface, seeking expression in hitherto unthought-of modes of manifestation. Our humble friends whom we have regarded as much inferior to ourselves are teaching us many things. We are learning to soar like the birds, and I remember some years ago travelling on shipboard with a young aeronaut who later on did great things, who spent most of the day at the stern of the ship ardently studying the rising and swooping flight of the seagulls as they pursued the track of the steamer. Television and telepathy are gradually doing for us what must be to a great extent (how much we do not know) a common method of transmission amongst the animal creation, and in every direction we are breaking bonds which the fetters of materialism have welded on us for long centuries. Sensitiveness to unusual conditions or unseen presences or influences is a marked feature with some animals. I have known dogs display an intense agitation and fear in a haunted house. I have seen them very restless before thunderstorms and travellers tell that they have known the same premonition before an earthquake.

As to what the animals have learned from us much can be said, and as a pupil the dog, of course, stands pre-eminent amongst all others. In the artificial line of instruction we would first mention that of the circus, where trick training is the method of tuition. The scheming of the human brain is here imposed on the pupil and obedience is the first quality required, and after that requisite intelligence to pick up the directions.

Dogs and horses, etc., are taught to count and even speak by trick methods, and while animal wits may be very much sharpened by all sorts of tricks of this nature, the training is purely mechanical and does not call for much independent initiative on the part of the animal.

Draught dogs as used abroad for drawing milk, etc., are

under their master's rule and law ; smugglers' and poachers' canine assistants have, however, to work much more on their own sense of the situation and often display great cunning and intelligence. Truffle dogs develop their sense of scent to a very high degree and the shepherd dog, police-dog, and war-dog, while working under orders, soon rise to what very often is the most extraordinarily high standard of intelligence and initiative entirely original on their part.

THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked,
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moments when the moon was blood,
Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will ;
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;
One far fierce hour and sweet :
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.

CHAPTER IX

MIND-TRAINING OF ANIMALS

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet—
A crystal and a cell—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

HAVING dealt fairly fully with the psychology of the dog I would like to explain how I have found the training of the animal's mental capacity can best be accomplished.

The modern ideas as to the upbringing of the young in general have undergone a great change in the last two generations. The mosaic "thou shalt not" attitude has been replaced with that of "thou shalt" of the New Testament, which represents in practice a more liberal and humane point of view. There is much to be said for this as the method allows initiative to find an outlet, and if the tentative efforts to develop find suitable channels the absence of any sense of chilling repression or rebuke is all to the good and character blossoms naturally like a growing plant. Imagination or the mental capacity to perceive and understand the realities behind, around, and in front of us has enormously increased in the present generation. Man is more generally intelligent. That is to say, the level of receptiveness in the generality of the people has risen and the best of them are better than the best of what used to be, speaking in a general way and not of individuals who may have represented exceptions in the past. The finding of feasible and suitable

channels of endeavour for each entity is certainly a problem of great difficulty, but there is no doubt that accomplishment of this is the most important solution of the subject.

I knew two brothers who as young growing lads were charming youths, full of *esprit* and glowing ideas. The imagination in their case was of such an order that it leapt over ordinary barriers and the openings in life which were deemed suitable by their contemporaries held no attraction whatever to these two. One brother found a walk in life where his valiant spirit soared magnificently with benefit to himself and others. He became an explorer. The other was not so fortunate, and finding no legitimate channel where his capacity could find full acceptance he employed his brilliant wits along very regrettable lines of adventure with disastrous results. It was sad to observe the difference between the two and yet they both started even and one could trace the same impulse in both of them in all their actions towards new and untried fields of endeavour, the difference being that in one case the effort was along legitimate lines while the other was not.

The ideas as regard punishing the young are also changing. There is a school of thought which does not believe in correction in the light of punishment at all, but rather the undermining of the causative thought in the youngster's mind and introducing an element of opposition from another direction. I heard of a mother the other day who was much perturbed because her children would bite their nails. No amount of argument, bitter aloes or stern measures made any difference, and the fingertips still remained ragged and unsightly. She consulted a friend who had a great love for and a sympathetic understanding of young things and this person recommended her to start having the children's hands manicured. They were taken in the first place to a shop where the digits were professionally dealt with in a very smart manner. An attractive set of manicure implements was presented to each child and from that time they came regularly to their mother each day to have their nails tidied up and polished. All biting stopped. Doctors, of course, know of many queer mental traits that appear in their patients which are found to be due to some shock or erroneous impression received in extreme youth and which has been held in suppressed tension, poisoning the whole drift of the suc-

ceeding years of life. If some counteracting influence can be brought to bear on the afflicted mentality sufficiently powerful in itself to destroy the original affecting cause the patient is cured.

It is a source of great satisfaction that curative science is now being directed persistently towards revealing and destroying the underlying cause of all moral and physical turpitude rather than concentrating only on the removal of the effects from such cause.

The commandment which states that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation has for centuries of generations stood as an inexorable edict which has certainly poisoned with pain and sorrow millions of innocent lives and we are only in our own day beginning to awaken to the fact that for all these long ages the true meaning of the commandment has been misunderstood because the last and most important paragraph has been either slurred over or entirely overlooked—"but I will show mercy to thousands that love Me and keep My commandments." The best class of thinker now sees that the meaning of the lawgiver was that the crime of living apart from the principle of all good will be punished—yes, unto the third and fourth generation—until that principle is regained and acknowledged by any one in any generation at any moment. The healing principle is always available and operative. The result of this higher and more merciful understanding is a great desire to help the stumbler rather than to condemn him, to lead gently into paths of less resistance to changing concepts, and always to probe for the starting point of the erroneous mental cause, whether it be that of disease or sin.

These ideas I have found apply equally to the training of dogs. I remember quite well how as a boy I used to wonder at the harshness with which the gun dogs of my forebears were treated by the keepers. The chief remedy for lapses of behaviour on the part of the quivering pointers and setters seemed always to be terrible thrashings and fear of wrath to come was certainly the governing motive in the first place in the wretched animal's mind.

Now I do not advocate sentimental pandering to uncorrected faults—such misdemeanours if deliberately persisted in must

be rebuked, but should, in any case, be done without cruelty. The tone of the voice is to most dogs the keynote of the master's mind, and from this source it will gather in far the most effectual and efficient manner how far it has erred. A sharp smack to emphasize correction for any stupid or wilful behaviour can be given at times, but even for most flagrant faults I can think of several alternatives which I consider infinitely more reformatory rather than physical correction, especially what is called "a good sound thrashing." The confusion and excitement engendered in the mind of the delinquent thereby very often causes it entirely to misconceive and forget the object of the chastisement, so that it may commit the offence again. Besides which there is a possibility of physical injury to the body from violent blows.

A dog properly started in its training in youth is not naturally disobedient. Where it has been with an understanding affectionate owner who sensibly instructs it as to what it should not do by checking any fault gently in the first place and scolding if the error is committed a second time, it will develop a responsive attitude of enduring devotion and the desire to run counter to the will of the master will be non-existent. Someone I know who has a great sense of the inner nature of the animal has a business house out of doors where he interviews his outside dependants and uses it as a place for interviews. As many as twelve dogs are sometimes seen waiting outside the door of the hut. They never dream of roaming away but wait patiently to know his will. Some of them may be quite young things and it is apparent that the older ones rebuke the wide-eyed questioning of the youngsters as they reply to the eager demands to know where the master has gone and when he will appear again. It is as though they were put in their place with the answer—it is not for you to know the time and seasons but merely to do what you are told and to sit down and wait. The affection and respect for their owner which one dog teaches to another induces an *esprit de corps* on which true obedience can be based. This is the only safe and reliable foundation on which to commence any training. The desire to obey must be first inculcated. This should not be done through fear but through love. It may happen that a dog changes ownership often so that its sense of mastership becomes alienated by the frequent compulsory

variations. This is hard on the animal, but even here the right understanding of the situation can generally bring out anew the necessary response.

ACQUIRING A NEW DOG

The first fortnight, and especially the first three days, matter enormously in the correct management and settling in of the new dog. As I have pointed out, the quality of mastership is the most important part of the situation. There are some people on whom a really intelligent dog is practically wasted. The animal is infinitely superior in brains and heart to its owners. However, given a reasonable being as his owner the next thing is for this personality to be impressed very emphatically on the dog from the start. He or she to whom the dog is to belong must keep a close companionship with the dog through the day, and even the night if possible. It will be remembered that in all probability the new pet will be excited and perhaps very homesick, and will be in a state to grasp eagerly at a proffered sympathetic friendship. The confidentially caressing hand, the lead of ownership which may take him everywhere with his new master will convey to him where he has to turn for happiness, and it is, therefore, important that care should be taken to ensure this result by the right person being there to carry out the necessary procedure. It is sometimes thought that the person who feeds the dog is the one to receive the full affection, but this is not so. The affection of man's friend is on a higher plane, and the mere giving of food does not constitute a reason for receiving his affection. It is the identification of the first individual to give him close companionship on his arrival which constitutes the ground of his reverence and attachment. Proper treatment along these lines can settle even a completely adult dog into the family ways. Many people are of the opinion that a young half-grown animal is the best to adopt, having an idea that an older one will not learn the ways of the house. As to this, it is true that a dog trained from the start by an understanding master will be all his own so to speak, but on the other hand it is not everyone who wishes to take the trouble of rearing and training a young thing, and in that case a very good dog may have its character and health ruined by misunderstanding.

A sympathetic understanding of the mind of a child is a

great assistance when one comes to moulding the intelligence of animals as the essence of the quality of the mentality in both is much the same. There is the same trustfulness which must be most carefully used and must on no account be misused or bullied in any way. It is true that birds manifest terror at a very early stage which is sad, but most young animals, until trained by the parents to fear us, are calm and trustful. If one can only gain this complete surrender of the young, train it and gain the confidence of the soul of the creature, great things can be done.

As I have already said, I do not believe in chastisement in training, except on rare occasions. Discipline is required, of course, but checking a mistake and doing the exercise, whatever it may be, over again is the best method of correcting mistakes. Naughtiness in children and animals has to be punished, that is to say, when a duty is thoroughly taught and the reason for doing it understood, a mere wilful determination not to carry out the order is a sin. The difficulty for the trainer of all young things is to judge when the refusal takes on this quality of self-will, or if there is not some secondary impression which may be causing disturbance in the mind of the pupil. This point is where cruelty can be inflicted—when the lesson may be forced on a mind which has not had sufficient mechanical habitude impressed upon it.

The fact of the various phases which animals pass through when under training was brought very fully before me when hundreds of dogs were passing through my hands during the war. The messenger work for which they were training was not easy instruction. I based the motive on two qualities which are usually natural to the canine mind under any circumstances (and all trainers for whatever service they are looking should always seek for some instinct which is already implanted), viz: The affection for a master and the love of reward. The first is intuitive in most dogs. It is true that selfish, cruel, destructive, or stupid people will impress themselves in the world and, as they give, so will they receive—little. The cold mental outlook goes forth and finds lodgment somewhere and there are selfish dogs and stupid ones and those of cowardly ungrateful temperaments—Man, the ruler of material creation, gives out the mental aroma of good or evil, and this brute creation, the

whole of which is under this material lordship, responds to the influences of both. Fortunately for the world the true spiritual creation is behind all, repeated through man and also through the animals—the lesser forms of thought. The gleams of radiant reality are constantly piercing the crust of mental infidelity to the true pattern, and just as we respond to the warmth and brightness of a loving spiritual nature in man, so do we rejoice at the evidence of charming, beautiful, and useful tendencies in the animals as we seek to bring forward that which is lying in waiting for recognition.

OBEDIENCE

Having discussed the broad aspects of control the next point is to explain how definite obedience is best developed. There is no doubt whatever, that for happy results of confidence and co-operation between master and dog, affection is the first and most effectual basis all the time and every time on which to rest. The fact that it has erred and vexed a beloved master whose voice carries reproach or even anger and exasperation should be the cause of deep regret to a properly trained animal. Now I fear I may be repeating myself unduly as to this point, but in order to make it understood how true it is I will reiterate that one sees the same nature reflected in the dog as is apparent in man—the same failings and the same good qualities. There is just this also to be said for both species, that the importance of the early initiation from infancy onwards in the ways of uprightness, obedience, intelligence is regarded as of the first importance. Personally my opinion is, after studying the upbringing of young children for two generations, that the trend of the character is given a bias even in the first month of life. A very highly experienced Nanny tells me that when she takes over the babe from its first attendant a great deal has been done even in that time for good or for ill, according to the method of judicious control or the reverse which it may have received. Even at that early period the will is active, and if it has been unduly indulged in connection with the feeding or sleeping there is a stern struggle to regain the starting point where the bend begins. The continuance of a steady, firm and continuous pressure prosecuted with infinite love and gentleness by the controlling mind for the next few years following is of the most

enormous consequence to the child's nature in later life. The kink of the character has been formed for good or ill in my estimation within the first ten years. An experienced trainer of the young will be able to tell just exactly where one youngster may be indulged and another restrained over what may be the same activity in both. What may be harmless for one may be dangerous for the other, and this careful supervision continues until the mental bearing becomes mature and the youthful charge can stand alone and unashamed and unafraid.

The progress of years of a child's life corresponds more or less in relativity to the same months in the life of a dog and the method of control should be exactly the same. I hope I have made this point clear so that those persons who think they know how to bring up boys and girls, but are doubtful if they can do the same with a dog, may see that their task is practically the same in both cases.

The well known educational authority, Dr. Kimmins, informs me that in his opinion, "far and away the most interesting and most important period of a child's life is between two and five years of age. That, moreover, is the great time for the formation of 'kinks' when the impulsive instincts begin to function."

In response to a question of mine as to the probable results in the character development were a Zulu baby to be removed from its savage parents and environment and placed at the Chailey Heritage Craft Schools, an institution carried on on very fine lines and one in which Dr. Kimmins is very greatly interested, came the following reply: "The Zulu baby brought up at Chailey would have few opportunities to give expression to many of the instinctive traits in the inherited disposition and they would become diverted (sublimated) into other channels. Environment counts for so much. Many instinctive tendencies unable to express themselves would cease to 'feature' after a few attempts and either disappear and become changed or develop into habits more of the 'Chailey than the Zulu type.'" He also concludes with "the struggle between heredity and environment may give rise to 'kinks.'"

My own idea is that these "kinks" are formed for good or for ill in the age of from one to seven years, that the next few years confirm them. A very impressionable period of transition follows during the years of from fifteen to nineteen when the

child mind is detaching itself from the control of the parent and is seeking to find a resting place for its own ideas of development. Like a person walking over unstable ground testing shifting sand before leaning too heavily on it, the young intellect wanders here and there, sometimes deliberately astray from the early teaching and for a time perhaps under the domination of that very greatly over-done idea called "self-determination." But after careful study of mind development over a long period of years I have come to the conclusion that although youth can and does sometimes go woefully far afield from the fundamental principles of right and wrong in the erroneous idea that these facts can in themselves be altered, still *if* those first ten years of life have been well and truly laid as the basic structure of the mind, the wandering concept will always return sooner or later to the straight and narrow way of straightforward thinking.

Dr. Kimmins in an article contributed to *Eve* on Parents and Children, evidently agrees with this reasoning. He says:

"The great period of the parents' opportunity is that between six and ten years of age. Following close on the heels of the highly imaginative phase there comes one of remarkable docility. The mimic warfare of early days is over, and parents and teachers are regarded by the child as wonderful people with whom he desires to be on the best possible terms. It is the charming period of hero worship, in which childish love and devotion find their fullest expression. Woe be to the parent who does not fully grasp the potentialities of a situation which will never recur.

"Links of sincere affection can now be forged without difficulty and may persist through life. The only danger is that the imitative element which is now fully in action may lead the child to model his behaviour on that of those to whom he is so much attached, and thus he may miss the opportunity of forming a vigorous personality of his own. The parent who looks forward to a continuance of this stage of docility is living in a fool's paradise, for at ten years of age there comes the inevitable development of the critical attitude, and the weak places in the parent's armour are revealed to the most unobservant child. In these circumstances nothing but personal devotion can save the situation.

"It is now evident to the child that daddy often makes mistakes and gives unreliable information in answer to questions. It is also clear that mother, though much more careful than daddy in dealing with them, does not really possess the requisite knowledge, as shown by her efforts to avoid a direct reply. The attitude of the child towards his parents now undergoes a remarkable change, and he no longer regards them as the wonderful people he pictured during the docility period.

"Moreover, the child is now entering the larger society and pays more attention to the opinion of the social group of which he is becoming a member; the family bonds are weakening. This is a perfectly natural stage in the child's development and it is preparing him for the final break when, no longer depending upon his family for support and guidance, he will enter on the great adventure of starting a home of his own. In this connection, the father is frequently wiser than the mother, who dreads the loss of her children."

Great discoveries are being made every day and greater ones are on the way. What are these but revelations of that which *is*. What is wanted more than all else is a receptive intelligence wherein the call of true science or divine intelligence will find an answering hail. As regards animals, the dog will certainly be the master mind for all the species claiming as it does partnership with man and a gay and charming assumption of all the joys and pleasures which come from happy participation in the beauties and benefits of Nature in company with the beloved master. Gradually—perhaps in centuries, perhaps sooner, the greater understanding of the world towards this ardently loving doggy soul will open windows of the human mind towards all other struggling helpless creatures, helpless in their weakness, helpless in their slavery, helpless in their destructive powers and unconsciously awaiting that recognition which shall deliver them from the groaning and the travail until now.

UNDERSTANDING

Thank God there is little deliberate cruelty to dogs nowadays, but one sees many a good beast wasted on a master whose cold fish-like mind is utterly unable to respond to the warm, happy, affectionate laughing nature turning to him for recognition.

All young things, whether human or animals, require sympathy. There are times when they are full of terrors. Do we not all remember the agonizing tears of our youth when in the dark hours sweating terrors possessed us and how that strange reticence which goes with childhood sealed our lips so that until years of maturity they remained unmentioned, locked away with the secret memories of the past. Perhaps nowadays, where child management is so much better understood, the present-day babies will tell us in later years that they never had any fears of any description whatever or a kind and understanding Nanny or Mummy soothed away these imaginings which the astute infant poured out to them. If so they will be different fundamentally entirely from preceding generations. But there is no doubt that certainly as a more sympathetic attitude is expressed towards the undeveloped child mind a greater confidence on both sides will be the result. A friend tells me of the terror with which she was filled as a small girl when the peacocks screamed outside in the night. Seeing the birds every day and knowing well their call, nevertheless the association of the weird cry at night-time roused agony within her. Another experience has been told me where a very devoted little daughter spent hours of misery when her father was out walking on the hills at night. Visions of dire happenings filled her mind and she could neither rest nor play but wandered about the passages listening passionately for the longed-for step. In both these cases the children seemed to find it impossible to disclose to anyone in charge of them the agony of their apprehensions. A still stranger case is that of a relative now able to look back down a long vista of years who remembers a nurse (for whom one can hardly imagine a sufficiently severe retribution) who, wishing to go out at night illicitly, dressed a figure up which she placed at the end of the little boy's bed. This, she told him, had iron teeth and would tear him to bits if he dared to stir or call for anyone. The child knew the woman lied in every point but the effect was the same as though she had not done so. A ghastly terror seized the poor mite as he lay in voiceless anguish and yet although possessed of a very affectionate and tender mother he was never able to bring himself to tell her of this treatment. One other instance is from the memory of someone who was taken to the house of a lady whose son had just died.



A MODERN GELERT



MY LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTER ALETHEA

With the ghoulish habits of half a century ago she was taken by the relatives into the room where the corpse was lying in the coffin. After having gazed on the pallid face the handkerchief was replaced, but as she was on a lower level than the others round the bier she, of course, saw the face longer than they did before the cloth fell over it. During that second of extra vision she seemed to *see the eyes open*. So clearly did she see this, or think she saw it, that she looked up immediately to the others standing round, expecting a rush to remove the cloth. But nothing evidently had been noticed. A frozen terror seized the child. She was rooted to the spot, unable to speak or move. The relatives began to move away and she heard her name called so that at last she was compelled to go, but fifty years passed before she could voice the strange experience, and to this day she does not know what she really saw, although the memory of those opening sunken eyes still remains a vision of terror.

TALKING TO ANIMALS

In young animals there are timidities also, and these have to be overcome by gentle confidence and by teaching them where to look for comfort and instruction. They should be spoken to a great deal. This is *most important* and is the underlying secret of all really successful training, if by this is understood the formation of a strong sound character on which to build any secondary instruction that may be required. The mere educational system of instruction which is based in the first place purely on obedience is not sufficient in itself to create a fine personality. Much more is wanted. The distinction can be seen I think in human beings under what might be described as cleverness as against intelligence. One finds many people who are very clever, that is to say they have specialized along certain lines and have the power of absorption and the application thereof of a great many facts which are generally culled from the minds of other people. But they need not be in themselves particularly intelligent. In fact, many clever people are very dull, and in a general way, apart from their own bent, extremely ignorant and unprogressive. Intelligent people, on the other hand, show a receptive and inspired outlook. Their mind is like a beam of light that sheds a radiance wherever it falls. They

are receptive to good everywhere and all the time, but they may not have applied or trained themselves along specialized channels. The ideal is, of course, intelligence and trained application combined. In this one has the perfect concept and on this we should base our training work.

Now the way to teach a young dog is to address yourself to it as one personality to another, to speak to its soul and to credit it with the capacity to understand and to respond. Speech is the channel of communication and will be found to open up an extraordinary amount of understanding. This should be used in all sorts of ways besides the mere giving of orders. Dogs very soon understand definite sentences and the more they are addressed the wider will become their comprehending powers, both of the actual words and also of the variations and inflexions of the voice. They are very appreciative of humour. There is nothing a dog enjoys more than a joke—even against itself. One must be careful not to affront the doggy sense of virtue, however. They are very trustful and one must always keep the fun on the level of a joke.

Starting in the first place with a young dog about ten months old to a year, the primary necessity is to gain the animal's love, trust, and confidence. If it is owned prior to this the teaching under this heading can commence from when it leaves the mother, but as the age of approximately one year represents that of eighteen to twenty years in a youth, it will be seen that this period corresponds to what is considered in the human being to be the best age for the serious start on the adventure of life. The whole point of connection with the successful after-life seems to stand or fall to a great extent by the manner of contact at this time in the pupil's life. Given an owner who believes in him, who has the art of bestowing his will sympathetically or with intelligence, there is nothing to mar the subsequent result. I do not believe that either children or dogs are born bad, but I think they are often made so by those persons who have the mishandling of them as they grow up.

The next thing, according to the breed, is to see for what purpose we wish it to fulfil. Is it to be a police dog, a war dog, a sportsman, a watch-dog and companion, or merely a pet. The last word is open to suspicion, however. The accepted meaning

conveys usually in dogdom something pampered and rather useless, but this should not be so. Every dog should be a pet—of someone. There are no dogs more favoured in this respect than are those with the sternest duties. Members of the Police and Military Canine Corps are invariably regarded with extreme affection, and lucky are the animals that qualify for these responsible but highly repaid posts. Not all dogs are suitable for these last onerous duties and they require a highly specialized concentrated training. Sporting dogs also, of course, have a course to run of definite instruction in accordance with the traditions of their breed, while watch-dogs and companions need a general all-round education to develop their sense of guardianship for person and property. This last can apply and should do so to all dogs. Size, even if minute, need make no difference to the intelligence of the animal, and a properly developed “toy” or peke, need not be in the least a little ass, but can be as sprightly and responsively intelligent as any other breed provided it does not fall into the hands of an owner of toy intellect. Unfortunately things go wrong sometimes—changes, bad influences from masters and canine brothers. The clear upward gaze becomes clouded and our friend begins to go downhill, alas! In the dog, the association with man has certainly placed it, as regards the finer mental qualities, on a higher plane than any other animal has yet attained to. The ardent aspirations of the creature to reach the point of co-operation with the master has brought out unusual tendencies and great powers of unselfish affection. This statement certainly applies to the canine race as a whole, so that in seeking for an underlying natural impulse on which to base a certain line of training, this quality of genuine comradeship is a very good one on which to rely. Children and dogs all love “goodies” in some form or another, so that reward for work well done is a legitimate lever to employ.

It is not every dog which will do any one given service, that is to say, although there are certain characteristics which are common to dogdom as a whole, they vary in strength in the individual, so that where a pupil may fail in one duty that very dog may excel in another and the instructor has to judge how he can best adapt the differing qualities to his needs. But he will generally find one or two aspects which in every sort of

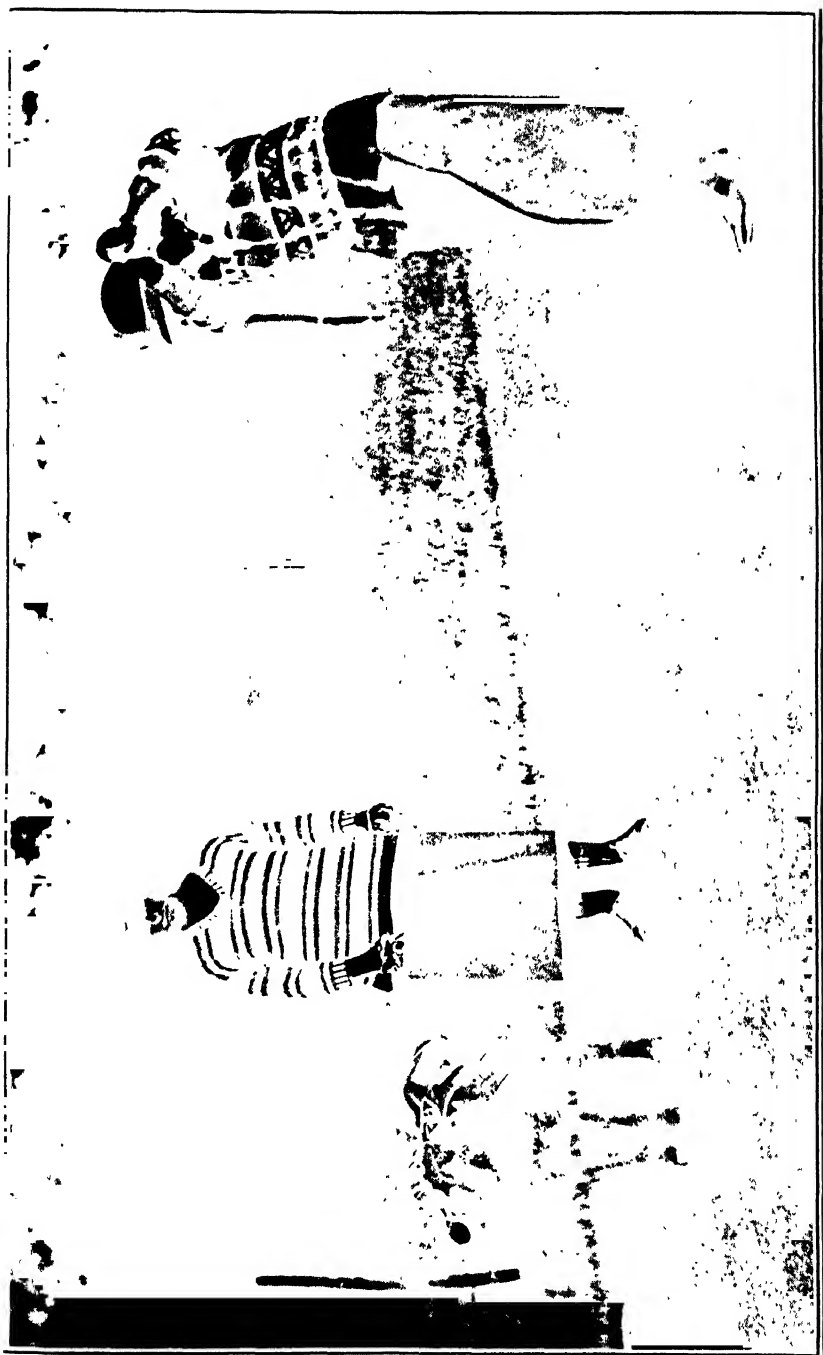
training he will have to regard with understanding and patience. A dog will very often enter into its training work with great enthusiasm and, like a child with a new toy, will take great pleasure in it. After a time a certain boredom intervenes, and this without necessarily any over-training. The dog will shirk its work and turn to various forms of distraction in which it delights. This is sometimes the most heartrending period for the trainer. A dog on which he has had the highest hopes will suddenly deteriorate completely. At this point of experience he must on no account whatever resort to punishment. The pupil may only be passing through a phase which very often passes away entirely, and if it is beaten the consequences may be such as to entirely check the return to a better frame of mind. The only way is to continue gently but firmly the course of training steadily and at regular times and very often this danger period is passed safely through, the routine becomes habit, and with this point of view attained the gradual developing intelligence and initiative are reached. In messenger work the first stage was one of extreme interest on the part of the dispatch carrier. It seemed a delightful game at the end of which a reward was awaiting. After a time, however, in passing through the same old village with the same old smell of fish at the corner shop the temptation to investigate the attractive odour proved too strong, especially as doing the same old thing every day was a bit monotonous, and there did not seem to be much harm in playing about a bit *en route*. The example, however, of an old stager, or a dog which was of a naturally highly conscientious nature, would overcome the tendency to those lapses in all except real "rotters." The fact of seeing one of the fraternity from the training school come trotting steadily through the street, while our recalcitrant friend was enjoying a stolen morsel in a secret place seemed to rouse a spirit of emulation in all except the most grossly material natures, with the result that the tasty haddock was either left lying or was brought along, impeding though its fishy carcase might be to hurried motion. I have seen this scene enacted or have visualized it when at my training post at the camp I have stood waiting for the messages to be brought in. The responsible steady fellow would come loping in first when he had actually left last, and some way behind him, galloping hard to make up for lost time and with the tell-tale tit-bit sticking out

of his mouth, came the student who had been sent out well in advance. Confiscation of the dainty and an accusing glance generally reduced the guilty party to self-conscious despair and in time the lesson was learnt.

Dogs are greatly creatures of habit and very conservative. They like to do the same thing the same way so that the trainer has that to count upon when laying down the foundations of his training. They are quite prepared for variations in the carrying of it out, but the formula must be the same. In this way, when training for the public services, the chief object must be to implant an idea of the service for its own sake rather than as acting for an individual. If this is done, in the event of change of mastership, as represented by a regiment of soldiers or a police constable, there is no confusion in the animal's mind and it can be used by any one of the same service and in any territory.

In the same way, the training of dogs for watching and guarding work in the house should be considered seriously, but will depend much more on personality than will that of its service brother. The quality of mastership is of immense importance, of course, and applies to every branch of training. People are sometimes heard to remark anent a particular person—"he (or she) raises the devil in me!" I think this remark must often pass between our canine friends when they are discussing their masters and mistresses, and personally my sympathies are with the dogs. There are some people so stupid and unsympathetic that any failure of success in connection with their pets is due to their own limited outlook and is richly deserved. The nervous system of the dog is very finely strung and is much more akin to that of the child than to the adult human being. In some ways the average dog is considerably more refined in its sensitiveness than is many a master. On changing ownership, for instance, in private life, the nervous tension on the part of the dog is intensely high and requires most sympathetic, kindly and patient treatment. As to how long will be taken for it to settle in the new home depends almost entirely on the attitude of the new owners. The new arrival will immediately seek something loving to love—yes, even the most severe dog will do this. If it finds a response it will very quickly feel that, in spite of change in all its surroundings, which are very much disliked, there is a firm foundation

on which to rest and a general softening and expansion of the character will follow. But some persons do not recognize the underlying quivering nervousness and regard a dog as "just any dog," a machine which should obey, should follow, or go on guard without first providing the animal with the primary reason for doing so! To obtain the best results from a household pet it must be treated as a valued friend, to be placed on an equality with the family. If it is to be the pet of a certain member of the family, that person should keep it more especially with him at the commencement of acquaintanceship. This period is the true starting point for the subsequent results and great emphasis should be placed upon an understanding treatment at that time. I have shown that the intensive training which dogs for police and military services receive is to fit them for work in which they have to learn complete independence of any particular personality or territory. The civilian house-dog, however, is different and it has no practice in change of environment or ownership and it arrives, therefore, more or less in a state of shock and is to that extent not in a normal condition of mind. It requires affectionate treatment and a soothing system of initiation into family affairs. A new dog is best kept on the lead for a little time after arrival indoors as well as out. Place a comfortable bed for him in a certain place where he will be beside his owner and fasten him to this. A walk now and then outside and gradually accustoming him to the life within when he will then be able to be loosed. I have already explained that when a dog is left outside except for an occasional well-conducted stroll, it should never be allowed to roam. One of the most intelligent dogs I have had, who became the joy of the family and an immensely useful watch-dog and guard, behaved abominably for some time after his arrival. I purchased him as a gift to my wife, and he came from some distance away. For one thing Lammie had had a previous mistress whom he adored, and as we found out later, everything he did was extremely well done even to loving, so his heart was sick with grief at the separation. The effect was to produce an attitude of furious protest against the whole situation and against everyone with whom he came in contact. He bit everyone, and when taken out for a walk the first day he even made a bee line for an inoffensive road labourer who was scraping at the kerbside.



A CANINE CADDIE

The lead, however, fortunately reduced the onslaught to a frantic pawing in the air and much gnashing of teeth. For two or three days he maintained a surly and unbending demeanour but his new mistress understood, and he could not withstand her comforting and sympathetic advances. His sore heart reached out to her and his hurt feelings were warmed by the sunshine of her love. For very many years after that he richly repaid the ardent affection he received, giving all that his highly intelligent and deeply loving nature contained. The tie with us all was very strong, and in the years which came later so many happy incidents are involved in memory with his quaint little ways and his participation in the family happenings in which he was always accorded a place. A time came, too, of grief, and his little attempts at comfort, his efforts to cheer with various games he had thought out and which had been played in the happy hours—can we ever forget? He had a small bear constructed of metal as one of his toys, and this animal he regarded as his own property to be treated with firmness and even severity at times. His game was to produce it with a flop beside my chair. This was an invitation to me to immediately seize it, but with a great show of protest on his part. The bear was then hidden and the game proceeded in the unearthing of the victim. If great subtlety had been displayed in the hiding place sometimes the search on his part would continue for a whole evening, but he always found it in the end, even if the hide hole was on top of one of the pictures, in which case a determined position was taken up beneath the spot and a basilisk stare and an occasional yap announced the find. Sometimes if the invitation to play found me in rather a negative state of mind I would pretend to throw the bear with great gusto to the other side of the room, and then slip it under me where I was sitting. Away went Lammie on the hunt, but on no discovery being made he soon became suspicious of my manœuvre and returned to snuff loudly in my neighbourhood. An aggravated yelp disclosed the fact that he knew where the quarry was perfectly well. In the meantime I might have relapsed into a doze and his attitude then was one of simulated complete indifference. This was entirely hypocritical, as on the slightest movement a glistening eye would instantly be cocked on me, and if I actually did rise, a streak of lightning held no com-

parison in speed to Lammie's dart to capture his toy before I had time to think out a further stunt to tantalize him.

We also played what we called "golf." The method in this case was for me to *infer* the throwing of a piece of sugar into the far corner of the room. The actual passage through the air of the sugar took place after Lammie had started on his bootless hunt, and it found lodgement in the opposite direction. The point of the game was to see how often Lammie would let himself be taken in over the harmless fraud. He became very sharp after a time and on the first simulated throw would remain alert and motionless with cocked ear, listening for the tap on the floor of the sugar from the direction in which it had really been thrown. He knew quite well he was being "joked" and thoroughly entered into the spirit of the fun. "Russian fricasee" was another littlerag he and I had together at mealtimes, but this was viewed with disfavour by a lady we both loved on account of the fact that the dining room carpet suffered somewhat in the progress of the game. We, therefore, could only indulge in this when she happened to be in a particularly forgiving state of mind. The way to play this was for me to decide that I could and would concoct a morsel that no dog on earth, Lammie included, could eat. He immediately gave notice that his mind was made up that under any circumstances whatever he intended to consume the portion. The next thing was to cut off a thin piece of succulent cold roast beef. This was then dipped in pickle, in which cayenne had not been spared, mustard interlarded the folds and one or two other ingredients of a like nature were called in to make the offering an exceedingly biting one to say the least of it. It was then presented ceremoniously, but no subtlety devised could get him to swallow it without inspection. It was here the carpet came in. Tentative licks with much head shaking gradually unrolled the meaty morsel until the "dressing" would be gradually dusted off to find a resting place in the usefully absorbing velvet pile. Finally with a gratified gulp the tasty slab of beef, if somewhat piquant still, was triumphantly consumed.

This little fellow had a very acute instinct for time. His day ended at 10 p.m. to the minute, and though he might be indulging in a most enjoyable tussle of some sort with the young people, at that hour the game ended and he sought his couch.

Another face appears every day to the minute at 1.30 p.m., which happens to be the luncheon hour, at the dining room window and two bright eyes and expressively pricked ears demand the inevitable "bittie."

This sense of time in animals is one of the hidden secrets which are always so interesting: what they have to guide them is unknown but the exactitude is marvellous.

It is instinctive and by cultivation can become extraordinarily accurate. I expect we most of us know many instances of the regularity with which certain duties are carried out by our humble friends. Birds and all creatures of the earth and air are influenced a great deal, of course, by the process of the elements, the use and setting of the sun, etc. The urge from within also, under which would come the dislike of cold and the impulse of propagation whereby their movements are regularly controlled by the necessity for finding suitable nesting places, produces regularity of habit which may be called instinctive. But, apart from this, association with man very soon develops a second and more detailed time schedule in his companion. The horse subscribes to it but more especially the dog which, as I have said, above all animals is that which from its own initiative co-operates with man after the manner of an earnest disciple. A family pet of ours spent most of his day keeping us all up to the mark in the observation of meal times and the hours of rising and sleeping, besides many other definite engagements which he knew came regularly. The superintendence of the arrival of children from school or those at week-ends was taken on and whoever else was absent on the door mat with a welcome, certainly he would never be. All the working days of the week he was on duty in his own way bustling about the inside or out somewhere, but on Sunday his habits changed. On that morning his movements were circumscribed and he relapsed into a comatose "nothing doing" attitude, openly and somewhat defiantly occupying the most comfortable armchair—an act he would not have indulged in on the week day except under very surreptitious circumstances. The reason for this was that he knew perfectly well that the family on that morning adjourned to church and there would be no interesting happenings as far as he was concerned. Besides, the cook usually gave him his weekly bath during service hours, so that altogether the

Sabbath Day held out no particular attractions, but rather the reverse. The appropriation of the chair in the face of all known regulations was, I am afraid, to show his dissatisfaction with the change of routine and his opinion that at all events he was entitled to some sort of compensation. How he knew the arrival of the seventh day I was never able to determine.

This same dog understood words and when the day was closed with the reading aloud of the Lord's Prayer he always awoke from even the deepest sleep and sat up. At the last words he invariably stood up and shook himself with an air of finality. Any state of elation could be dissipated instantly with the sentence "Who stole the beef!" because these words brought back the remembrance of his first real crime, which nevertheless happened years before and when the sight and sound of a steak keeping warm by the fire was too much for his puppy powers of self-restraint at the time.

To the dog, ardently reaching up to man for approval, the position always seems to approximate to that of the human heart seeking God. I even think that very often the animal has the advantage of us, as, with it, there is no doubt whatever in its mind as to where or what the deity is. This attempt to discover and to be one with the will of the master fills the mental world of the dog. This attitude develops a sensitive conscience also and memories of past sins rise into frightful prominence in the minds of our canine friends. Those agitated quiverings and squeaks that seize them when asleep by the fire represent no doubt many a brain-storm of the nature of which we have no inkling, but the sense of right and wrong in those dogs which have been in intimate association with intelligent people is very strong.

Speaking of the tendency of animals to co-operate intelligently with man, reminds one of a discussion which went on in the Press for some little time recently as to how far do creatures think independently of man. At the time a large number of scientific men had met at the International Psychic Congress in Paris, in October 1927.

One of the lecturers—Herr Karl Krall—interested me very much. I am indebted to the paper *Light* for an excerpt from his speech which I give—The Eberfeldt horses were, of course, famous.

“ ‘Do animals think?’ asked M. Karl Krall, who replied to his own question in the affirmative. His own experiences at Elberfeldt convinced him that animals possessed the power of independent thought. He described his method of experiment with the horse Mahomet. First of all he treated the animal as he would a friend, speaking to it as to a human being. ‘This is your right foot, Mahomet. This is your right leg and right side. Here is a carrot. Turn your head to the right and you may have the carrot.’ After a few trials the horse obeyed correctly.

“ Later he taught the horse to count by striking its foot against a wooden platform. ‘Listen, I am going to raise my foot and bring it down—one! That is “one,”’ said Herr Krall. The horse quickly learned to follow suit, and later was able to count up to four.

“ He showed the horse four objects together, and one some distance apart: ‘Four and one make?’ After some hesitation Mahomet gave the correct answer. He obviously took time to think the matter out. By means of an abacus, an instrument consisting of beads strung on wires, the animal further learned subtraction, division, and multiplication. Later came square-root and cube-root, and Herr Krall wrote on the blackboard various quadratic equations which the horse had been able to solve mentally and with great rapidity. The same results had taken place in Herr Krall’s absence. Errors were sometimes made, but the animal, in making a correction, would go back to the point at which the error was made.

“ Another horse, Columbus, had learned simple arithmetic in four days.

“ With the horse Zarif some extraordinary results were achieved. Herr Krall constructed an alphabetical table; for instance, one stroke with the left hoof and twenty with the right signified the letter ‘A.’ The animal rapidly learned to spell out messages, but phonetically; for instance, the name of a gentleman named Hess was spelled by the letter ‘S’ only. Visitors were introduced to Zarif, who on learning their names would spell these at once, on one occasion doing so before the name had been announced.

“ Later he would make independent remarks—in German. On a lady being admitted to his table, Zarif spelt out ‘nice girl.’

Another lady evoked the remark 'I don't want to see her.' One day the horse wandered away into a wood, and on its return spelt out 'Wood very nice.' On another occasion the horse was shown some ducklings, and later in the day his master asked him, 'What nice animals did you see this morning?' The reply was 'Frau Krall,' which, said the lecturer, amid laughter, was not the result of telepathy from his mind.

"Herr Krall drew a parallel between the training of his horses and that of Helen Keller, the blind, deaf and dumb girl, who, in spite of her infirmity, was able to take a university degree. She also had been taught by a system upon simple raps.

"At a later conference, Herr Krall discussed his experiments in transmission of thought between men and animals. He concluded that it was difficult to explain the phenomenon of animal thought. In one experiment he and Herr Von Osten had each mentally concentrated upon a number; neither knew what number the other had in mind. They asked one of their horses to indicate the sum of the two numbers thought of; this was given as eight, which was correct, the numbers thought of having been respectively five and three. Herr Krall had also given mental commands to his horse, for instance, that the animal should raise its right or left hoof. These mental orders had been obeyed! He had also experimented with an elephant which had showed remarkable powers, and had even used with its trunk a species of giant typewriter which had been specially constructed."

All this shows how powerfully concentrated thought acts from one mind to another and that the minds of animals are not exempt from this influence. As a matter of fact, for those who experiment along this line of endeavour, unlimited fields of achievement can be visualized.

The analysis of the mind through all the modes of its expression has always interested me both in human beings and in animals. The study of handwriting was one of my early endeavours along this line and I have always found it absolutely accurate in defining the mind of the writer. That is to say, the sentences may say one thing, but the soul behind the words very often stands revealed, all unknowingly to the owner, at an

entirely opposite angle. The words "I feel so happy" may be written in letters which by their poise and formation convey the unerring message of intense depression. "I assure you truthfully" may give one a feeling of security, until one studies the evidences of duplicity and unstraightforwardness. "I am prepared to pay a decent price" sounds well, but what about those clipped, niggardly endings to words and other signs of penuriousness. I have a clever companion in this study, and between us we can tell the sex, age, state of mind, character, status, yes, and even the looks of persons we have never seen and merely by concentrating on their correspondence. It is a useful accomplishment at times.

I think most people have put this analysis of mind to the test on the telephone—that most revealing instrument of all to those who put themselves in tune to the signs. In speaking to a person face to face there is always the glance of the eye, the smiling mouth, the spoken word to counteract the real meaning. But the voice on the telephone never lies. There, one defines the tone that comes to one naturally, spontaneously, joyously, or that sudden effort to appear so when the heart of the speaker is heavy. Hesitation is instantly noted and sincerity rings crystal clear. The accent of the lady of high degree, of that of the office lad, of the little maid-of-all-work who breathlessly rushes to answer the 'phone after removing a boiling-over saucepan from the range, the measured and carefully aspirated messages from the butler who has "always lived in good families" and has correct telephone manners. The testy, bad-tempered person so quick to resent delay, the patient, gentle soul, the rough, the rude, the kind, the slow and so on, what do we not learn from that little black receiver which claims so much of our time nowadays and from which we can learn so much!

As already stated, the question of the future life of animals has always interested me enormously. Can it be proved for man? and if so is it not logical that the same fact should be equally proved for the beast, the bird, the fishes, great and small? Is it logic to suppose that a dog, for instance, whose whole attitude on earth is one of dependence on man for its happiness, control, and sustenance is to be deprived for ever of that companionship when its measure of life on this plane is finished? Equally so, many of us would not feel that Heaven had been quite won

after much toil were certain dear dog friends not there in spirit to join us. I have collected a good many opinions and experiences in connection with this enquiry, and many people, knowing my deep interest, have written to me. I was at one time in touch with Sir Rider Haggard who wrote to me of a curious dream he had had about a favourite dog. I think he has mentioned the circumstances in his autobiography, but I give the account here as was written down in the *Journal of Psychic Research*, in 1904.

"Sir Rider Haggard relates that he was sleeping peacefully at one o'clock in the morning of the 10th of July. One hour afterwards Lady Haggard, who was sleeping in the same room, heard her husband groaning and emitting queer noises like a wounded animal. Nervously she called him. Sir Rider Haggard heard her voice like a dream but could not quite get rid of the nightmare which was pressing him. When he actually awoke he told his wife he had dreamt of Bob, an old pointer of their eldest girl; he had seen him struggling in a terrible manner as if he were going to die. This dream had two distinct issues; the novelist remembers having felt a sensation of suffocation as if he had been drowning; the time he heard his wife's voice till the time he awoke completely up the dream took a more precise form. Sir Rider Haggard said 'I saw old Bob, the pointer, among the reeds of a pond. It appeared to me that my personality seemed to come from the dog's body who put his head against mine in a strange way. Bob tried to speak to me and as he could not speak with his voice tried to transmit to me in an indefinite manner the idea that he was about to die.'

"Sir Rider Haggard went to sleep again and the novelist had no further trouble. Next morning at breakfast he related to his daughters what he had dreamt and laughed with them at their mother's fright—he thought the nightmare was the result of indigestion.

"As regards Bob, nobody bothered about him since the afternoon before he was seen with the other dogs, and had been with his mistress. Only when the dinner hour came without Bob's appearance Miss Haggard commenced to be a bit uneasy, and the novelist suspected that he had had a true dream. Search parties were sent out. On the fourth day Sir Rider Haggard

himself found the poor dog floating in the water of a pond among the reeds two miles from the house. His skull and feet were broken. On first examination by a veterinary surgeon it looked as if the animal had been caught in a snare, but afterwards there were indisputable traces that the dog had been run over by a train and that it had thrown him into the pond. On July 19th a railwayman had found the bloody collar of Bob and there is not the slightest doubt that the dog was killed on the night of the dream. By chance that night an express excursion train, which did not usually pass, had passed that way a few minutes before midnight which had been the cause of the accident. All these circumstances are proved by the novelist in a series of documents. According to the veterinary surgeon, death was almost instantaneous, and it preceded by two hours the dream of Sir Rider Haggard."

In the *Review Spirite*, Baron Joseph Krohelm relates:

"An officer of my acquaintance quartered at Gasson in Padolia, left in the month of April for Antura for the Russian-Japanese war. The evening of the day of his departure he handed over his pointer, a very beautiful and intelligent dog, which was devoted to him, to another officer in the regiment. His friend was a lover of shooting dogs and was asked to keep the animal until he came back if providence permitted him to return; in the case of his death the dog should remain the property of his friend.

"Three months after the departure of the officer, the dog, one morning, without any apparent cause commenced to howl in a most terrible way which upset the family and the neighbours of the officer who was looking after the dog. Everything that was done to calm the dog was useless, the poor animal paid not the slightest attention to the caresses of the officer and his wife, refused to eat anything and howled without ceasing day and night and only ceased to howl on the third day. The officer in charge of it, a very intelligent man, who had already heard of presentiments in animals, took down carefully the date and time and said to his wife, "I hope to God I am deceived but this howling on the part of the dog without any reason is a sign of very bad augury, certainly some misfortune is going to happen to us or some very bad news."

The misfortune was not delayed long. A few days afterwards the news came in that the officer, the real owner of the dog, had been killed by the Japanese the morning of the day on which the dog made the extraordinary howling.

Another case happened in the War. As related in a French paper, *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*. Madame Payker writes:

"You asked me what had become of Richard. Unfortunately he fell fighting in Russia, he was a man who looked on other men as his friend. At the time of his death something happened which would interest you. You remember Khaki, Richard's dog. At seven in the evening of August 13th last he was sleeping at my feet; all of a sudden he jumped up, ran to the door, wagging his tail, yapping joyfully and leaping as if he were going to receive somebody; all of a sudden he drew back groaning and trembling and he came back to my feet and whined the whole night. Next day he left the house and no one has seen him since. This manifestation coincided exactly with the hour when Richard fell grievously wounded. He disappeared at the time he died."

The celebrated author, Andrew Lang, sent to the Society for Psychical Research the following letter which was received by him from one of his friends:

19th February, 1909.

DEAR PROFESSOR,

"Recently in your article in the *Morning Post* you quoted the case of a thing being seen simultaneously by a lady and a dog. I think my experience might interest you. I was reading in front of the fire in my drawing room. The door was shut. My dog, Dan, was sleeping on the floor; all of a sudden I was roused from my reading by the dog who had commenced to growl. I bent over and caressed him but he got worse, then I looked in the same direction that the animal was looking, and to my astonishment I saw the form of a woman dressed in grey near the door. I could not distinguish her face which was hidden by some plants on the table. I thought it was my sister and called her by name, asking her why she had returned so early and how she had come through the door without making any noise, but I remembered I had bolted the door; then I got up

terrified while Dan hurled himself against the invisible intruder who disappeared although the door of the drawing-room was still shut. The dog showed signs of rage and terror, his head was low and his fur was up, he appeared to have seen a real person because when I opened the door he barked furiously and went down the stairs looking everywhere for somebody, although he could not find anyone. I was by myself in the house and I experienced a great feeling of relief when a short time afterwards my sister arrived. I have no theory to explain this but I am absolutely sure that both I and the dog perceived something."

I have myself related elsewhere in this book the unusual behaviour of a bull terrier in a house which was haunted, and John Wesley, the celebrated founder of the Methodists, in his account of the happenings which took place at the Vicarage of Epworth, also describes the extraordinary noises which seemed like iron or glass being hurled on the floor:

"A short time afterwards our mastiff, which ordinarily was a magnificent watch, took refuge behind Mrs. Wesley. As long as the noise continued he yelped and snapped the air on both sides and often did that before anybody heard anything in the room. After a few days he shook all over and went off growling with his tail between his legs, although on any ordinary occasion he would have torn anybody to pieces. When he did this our family knew what was about to take place and this always occurred."

It is well known that at the time of the tragic death of Mr. William Terriss, the well-known actor, his dog showed signs of extreme agitation. An account in *Light* of the circumstances is as follows:

"The evening of the assassination Mrs. Terriss was sitting in the drawing-room of her house at Bedford Park; she had on her knees a small fox terrier called Davie who was sleeping. Her children, William and Tom, were with her. The clock marked 7.20 p.m., when suddenly, without any reason, the dog jumped to the ground and commenced to hurl himself about all over the place growling, barking, and grinding his teeth and biting in an attitude of extraordinary rage and terror. These happenings had a tremendous effect on Mrs. Terriss who was

knocked out for the rest of the evening. Strangely enough it was at 7.20 p.m. that William Terriss fell assassinated at the theatre."

His son, Tom Terriss, said it occurred in this way:

"I was playing draughts with my brother William, the dog was asleep on my mother's knees, when all of a sudden he jumped to the ground, grinding his teeth, biting in the air. My mother was terrified and asked what was happening, what did he see. She was convinced that the rage of the dog was conducted against something invisible to us. My brother and I tried to calm him although we were completely surprised and perplexed at the extraordinary behaviour of the dog who was generally meek and mild."

Mrs. Sidgwick relates:

"One night in the month of June, 1863, at our house, the Vicarage of Weeford in Staffordshire, my sister and myself were awakened all of a sudden by a pitiful howling. We searched the whole house which was right away in the country without finding anything. Neither my mother nor the servants were awakened by this moaning, but on the contrary we found our savage dog, a bull dog, with his muzzle in a heap of faggots terrified, and shaking. On the 27th of the same month my mother died."

The next case happened at the same Vicarage:

"For some time our father had been ill but the condition of his health remained stable, and on Sunday, August 31st, he did his duties at the church although he was fated to die nine days afterwards. The family at this time was composed of my father, sister, brother and myself, and three servants. We all slept in separate rooms, distributed in various parts of the Vicarage which was a very large house. One night in the last days of August, very calm and serene, there was no railway near us, no houses, no streets, the silence was profound and the family was plunged into deep sleep when between midnight and 12.15 a.m. we were awakened, except my father, by sudden desperate moaning, similar to that which preceded the death of my mother but

much more intense. This groaning came from the corridor leading to my father's room. My sister and I got out of bed, we could not sleep while this was going on, and went out into the passage without waiting to put on any clothes. There we met my brother and the three servants all as terrified as we were. Although the night was absolutely calm, these terrible groanings were accompanied by sudden breezes although there was not a breath of air outside; they appeared to come through the floor and then faded away.

"Our three dogs which slept with my sister and I at the commencement of the groaning rushed off and hid themselves in the corners with their fur bristling like a hedgehog. The bulldog had taken refuge under the bed and I could not get him to come out by calling; I pulled him out by force, he was shaking all over. We ran into the room of my father and we saw he slept peacefully. Next morning we made allusion to what had happened during the night and we found he had heard nothing. Fifteen days afterwards, on September 8th, my father died."

These stories deal with the power which some dogs seem to have of communicating with human beings who are passing out of this life or when they themselves are passing or have passed.

I have collected many instances of this telepathy besides the cases I mention. The power of communication with us after the entity of the dog has actually reached the next stage of life is necessarily more limited at present, the reason being perhaps that man has himself made a decree of separation once a soul has passed. The intensely material view of existence on this side as being dependent on a body of flesh, bones and blood is self-punished by the resultant lack of the capacity to see through this narrow and limited belief. The understanding which St. Paul (a man like ourselves) had that mankind lived, moved and had actual being in God (Spirit) enabled him to penetrate in actual seeing and hearing through the partitioning veils that hide the stage of being known as Heaven. There are, however, certain mentalities at the present time, generally those of very simple and unprejudiced outlook, which seem to live between this state of experience and the next and to whom an entrance to mysteries and visions is permitted.

A friend who claims to have been in touch with the next plane of existence told me that he heard the sound of dogs running about the room, which were certainly not material dogs, had heard them barking and had felt the head of one against his knee. Afterwards in daylight examination was made of the surrounding boards outside the carpet and distinct marks of dogs' paws were seen in the dust.

I myself have had one or two specially devoted dogs described as being with me by a person with the gift of television. One of these when in life had been given a succession of pet names. These proving too lengthy, two of them had been selected and boiled down to two letters "P and G." The animal was said to be brought to me by someone whom I recognized well from the description and in his hand he held the letters P.G. The seer did not know what the letters stood for, but I knew they meant the name of the dog.

On another occasion the little lady did not know me at all and, regarding me through trance condition, was most bewildered at the number of dogs she saw round me. Some of them had passed, she said, but others had not done so. She said that she saw, in the near future, a number of dogs which were being judged. The judge came to me where I was holding a tall dog and he was described as holding up his hands in dismay and exclaiming as he pointed to one of the dog's feet, "What a pity." I took my best deerhound soon after to a Show. It was in good condition, and I arrived at the town where the Show was to be held in perfect safety. But just as I was leaving the station a porter wheeled a heavy luggage barrow on to one of the dog's forefeet. I took it straight into the Show ring and it all fell out as was predicted. The judge came round fully prepared to approve apparently, and then his eye fell on the poor foot which had a nasty cut over two of the toes. "Oh what a pity, what a pity," he explained, "I can't award with a foot like that."

Personally, I have no doubt whatever on the subject, that each dog has its own individuality, distinct and eternal. The tender love emanating from the soul of this thought represents an unbreakable link between dog and master and will continue to hold through the rising stages of experience.

There is a great deal that is still vague and uncertain as

yet, but a start has been made to break down the dense materiality of the years gone by, and as the reception to higher possibilities dawns upon the mind of man so will greatly enhanced clarity of understanding be the result, with all the consequent scale of higher experience.

CHAPTER X

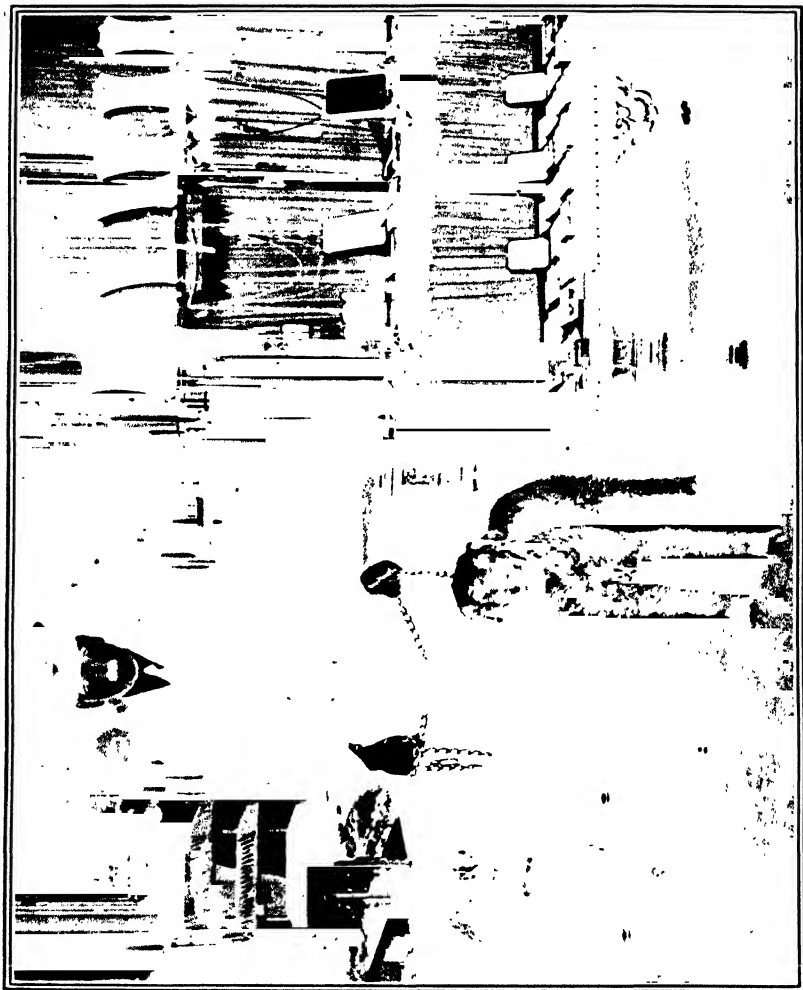
CHARACTERISTICS IN DOGS

OUR DOG JOCK

A rollicksome, frolicsome rare old cock
As ever did nothing was our dog Jock ;
A gleesome, fleasome, affectionate beast,
As slow at a fight, as swift at a feast ;
A wit among dogs, when his life 'gan fail,
One couldn't but see the old wag in his tail,
When his years grew long and his eyes grew dim,
And his course of bark could not strengthen him.
Never more now shall our knees be pressed
By his dear old chops in their slobbery rest.
Nor our mirth be stirred at his solemn looks,
As wise, and as dull, as divinity books.
Our old friend's dead, but we all well know
He's gone to the Kennels where the good dogs go,
Where the cooks be not, but the beef-bones be,
And his old head never need turn for a flea.

PAYN.

IN the foregoing chapters I have tried to make clear the necessary connection to be made between the mind of the master and that of the pupil. I have made rather a point of that relationship between father or mother and the human child because I find that most people can grasp that and are ready to study the important causes that govern this tender link. It will be found that the mental organization of the child and the young dog and in fact all young animals is much the same. Both are highly sensitive and impressionable and are primarily influenced in youth by their environment. I have shown how the mind of the dog is the reflection, to a great extent, of that owner to whom it belongs at *the most impressionable stage* of its life. Like all young creatures it will be wayward and seek after extraneous paths, but if it is fortunate enough



A GUARDIAN AIRMAIL ON DUTY AT ONE OF OUR BIG LONDON STORES

to come into the possession of someone who has the understanding and the time to *love it and to teach it to love* the task is practically completed in all essentials. The rest is purely technical.

A cold hard nature is not fit to have the government of young things. An unsympathetic attitude produces queer traits in others, which are very difficult to eradicate in later life, even by those who understand and make allowances.

CATS

As an instance of how an increasingly intelligent ownership can improve a species I would speak of cats.

How very much more intelligent cats have become since they have been cultivated by those persons of better education who are desirous of improving the different breeds of the species. In my extreme youth there were practically no cats except tabbies and black toms, who roamed about the kitchen regions and subsisted on saucers of milk generally set behind a door for the unwary passenger to trip over. This food was provided by the cook, whose other idea of sustenance for the animal was a slice of black-looking substance purchased off a skewer held by an individual who added one more cry to those of the town—"Cts-Smeat! Cts-Smeat!" These slabs were supposed to represent cooked horse-flesh, but they might have been anything as far as one could tell, but I must say that Black Thomas did enjoy his portion, and when the raucous cry was heard approaching, pussy heads were thrust through the bars of most of the area railings in joyful anticipation. I do not suppose these beneficial "Cts-Smeat" merchants exist now and it is to be supposed that they went out of office along with many other Victorian curiosities such as the Jack in the Green and Robin Hood, German Bands, etc. I saw a "buy a window beg, buy a door beg" man the other day, and the muffin seller with his jolly clanging bell and his cosy green baize covered tray, still trapeses the street and doors fly open and forms rush forth to buy the delicious and thoroughly indigestible dainty, while a quantity of butter is prepared, the curtains drawn, the fire poked up and everyone sits down to enjoy a thoroughly British institution.

To return to the cats, or rather to the cat's meat. I have never been sure that Sam Weller's insinuations with regard to

those delightfully tasty "weal pies," which he so highly commended to Mr. Pickwick, might not have been somewhat applicable to this somewhat unrecognisable dainty, and that for many generations thousands of innocent and inoffensive cats were, inadvertently on their part, compelled to commit a crime which on the part of humans is considered inexcusable.

May I remind my readers of the historic conversation:

"I lodged in the same house with a pieman once, sir, and a wery nice man he was—reg'lar clever chap too—make pies out o' anything, he could. 'What a number o' cats you keep, Mr. Brooks,' says I, when I'd got intimate with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be wery fond o' cats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a-winking at me. 'They an't in season till the winter, though,' says he. 'Not in season?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'fruits is in, cats is out.' 'Why, what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean,' says he, 'that I'll never be a party to the combination o' the butchers to keep up the prices o' meat,' says he. 'Mr. Weller,' says he, a-squeezin' my hand wery hard, and vispering in my ear, 'don't mention this here agin, but it's the seasonin' as does it. 'They're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a-pointin' to a wery nice little tabby kitten, 'and I season 'em for beef-steak, weal, or kidney, 'cordin' to the demand. An' more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal, a beef-steak, or a beef-steak an kidney, or any one of 'em mutton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites wary!'"

At all events cats constantly disappeared and were never seen again and there was always plenty of cat's meat.

My original point, however, was that, as the result of being lifted out of this unelevated outlook, cats have become more intelligent and no praise can be higher than to hear said as one often does now: "Tommy is really quite as intelligent as a dog," or "He follows me about like a dog." All this is to the good. Puss is spoken to as to a thing with thinking powers and in doing this he is acquiring his soul. I know a perfectly delightful cat which is very little behind an intelligent dog. (Its owner would not admit any difference!) It actually loves its master and mistress for *themselves* and not only for the comfort and food they give it. Every night it is carried off

and put to bed in a cradle. It will sit for hours on a kind mistress's shoulder with its arms round her neck and they apparently talk to each other quite understandingly.

Besides being beautiful animals when properly cultivated, they are losing that half wild nature which has always seemed to put them on the other side of the gulf from dog and man. But certainly as yet they require all the training they can get from persons of sense and understanding, for the antipathy of the one for the other, cat and dog, is still rather absolute. It can nevertheless be overcome. In paying a visit to a friend lately I was shown into a room where, in a cosy basket reposed a Persian cat, while, with its head pillowed on the animal's soft body, was a sporting fox terrier. These two adored each other. I confess as far as cats go I have not risen to these heights of attainment, having too large a canine family to run the risk. But I assist as far as I can to bridge the gulf from the dog's side by making impudence (if nothing worse) to cats a misdemeanour.

A friend who used to accompany me everywhere and arrived to pay a visit by special invitation at a relative's house created a scene on arrival by an incursion into the kitchen where the three apples of her eye—the cook's cats, held sway. I rushed downstairs to quell the hubbub and found my friend unrepentant and triumphant, while the cats were clinging to the curtain poles, and the cook was in hysterics.

A stern lecture in canine language produced a change of front on the warrior and he never again committed such an outrage on hospitality, but he used to relieve his feelings sometimes by standing over them and "fingering" the small of the back of each pussy with his teeth in a most potential manner. His sense of honour was high, however, and having given his word he never bit them again, and the cats seemed to know this somehow for they just sat and evidently dared him to do his worst. He would leave it at that and retire disgustedly, but as a parting shot, so to speak, he always ended the proceedings by *drinking up all their milk!*

As a matter of fact the only way to really eradicate the cat versus dog attitude is to bring them up together in extreme youth, when it is certainly possible to completely overcome this unhappy point of view. If this has not been done parents need not give up all hope, however, for I as have pointed out

that a well-trained dog can often be coerced to adopt a neutral demeanour. In fact the cat usually creates most of the trouble, and, as a rule, does not, in the rough, so to speak, manifest a great sense of honour nor any instincts of humour at all.

I remember many years ago there used to be a curious seedy looking old man who wheeled about a box like a glass case on wheels. In the case were rats, mice, a cat or two, and various other animals of nature supposed in an ordinary way to be antagonistic to each other all hunched up together in close promiscuity, poor beasts. Why we gave pennies to the old fellow I cannot imagine. Were such an exhibition on view nowadays the old ladies, who at present exercise their feelings of humanity by leaving funds to provide hot water bottles for seagulls, would have some cause to register objection.

I have mentioned the word humour just now in connection with animals, and I would like to enlarge somewhat on that subject, because this trait is to a certain extent the result of training, but on a very refined scale. Most dogs are naturally laughing and gay, certainly they are if they have been with the right sort of people, and that is why they are so good for us. In a general way they are much jollier and happier than the average human being, more ready to make the best of things, and much more cheerful. But real humour is not quite so common. In all breeds which I have studied I put humour as the rarest of qualities, and of those which I remember as exhibiting this gift most highly that extraordinary quaint little fellow the Dandie Dinmont excelled.

I have found that sparrows exhibit this quality and have watched them "ragging" a dog who chased them from bush to bush in a thicket nearby. The birds would fly in little groups enticingly just above the exasperated countenance. They would twitter at him just out of reach and then fly to the next bush with exaggerated flutterings and lean down in such a way that it was obvious, by their impudent little remarks, that they were thoroughly enjoying this—to them—amusing game, and were not in the least scared.

However, if humour or wit is rare in animals it is also not very common in humans.

I have spoken considerably of the importance of environ-

ment in the early youth of all young things. This, if properly applied, can, if such a thing should be necessary in some cases entirely, or almost entirely in others, counteract the force of heredity.

Heredity must, however, be taken into consideration and the tendencies moulded into those channels which are best. Many of these influences are good and are what we like to accentuate. We most of us endorse the unquestioning demand and self-constituted right of the Pekinese to sit on a raised seat of some sort—any sort, so long as it is in accordance with the dignity of the animal whose aristocratic forbears for several centuries were provided with tabourets in Royal Palaces, with fawning slaves to wait on them—rare dainties on dragon painted plates. These little lions with their oriental calm and dignified demeanour are a race apart and exhibit special characteristics which we would not wish in any way to neutralize.

On the other hand, all dogs who have hereditarily worked sheep have to be carefully brought up so that this inherited instinct may be recognized beforehand and turned into safe channels.

Chow chows are used for herding in China and unless broken to sheep in this country are sometimes apt to revert to preverted methods if they come in contact with flocks. The reason of the bad name for sheep worrying which shepherd dogs of foreign extraction have obtained in this country is because their owners have not sufficiently taken into consideration the fact that, for many generations, these dogs have been employed for guarding sheep and have been bred with extra ferocity originally, so as to resist the onslaught of wolves. Many of these dogs have been brought to this country or have been bred over here and become the owned of people who are quite unaware of their characteristics and are unfitted in every way to have charge of them. Such dogs have their uses, but they require to be in the hands of those who understand the necessary control.

In correcting faults it may be said in a general way that the action of grasping the nettle to a great extent typifies the method to employ. It is a mistake to imagine that once a dog has chased sheep that it will necessarily always do so. I smile at a remembrance of a friend who was out walking with a fine greyhound. The animal chased a flock of sheep with disastrous

results to some of them. Without more ado the greyhound was captured and marched straight to a chemist. The question then arose how was the corpse to be secretly disposed of. Finally it was stealthily conveyed to a borough workman, who, for the consideration of ten silver coins of the realm, undertook to insert it into the town incinerator. I regret to say my friend was a parson!

Now this regrettable ending was unnecessary. Where the proper steps have not been taken in the first place and the dog becomes an inveterate chaser, it is a different matter, but where it is a first offence, the crime is not so deadly. Very often the sheep will start running and the dog has no idea that it is doing wrong in chasing them. Now is the time to impress it with every means that it has committed a serious misdemeanour. It should be given a shock and a sensitive dog will take one or two good whacks and a talking to and understand. It should then be put on the lead, and at once led among the sheep with repeated scoldings and admonitions addressed to it. If the neighbourhood is a sheep country, and the dog has to be thrown constantly with sheep it is better to put it out with a shepherd for a bit, or if that cannot be done, it must be taken constantly to walk near the sheep until it gets quite accustomed to seeing them feeding, moving, and even running, without taking any notice of them.

Bulldogs sometimes display manifestations of long forgotten habits, and I would always advise care when these dogs are brought unexpectedly into conditions which may reintroduce fundamental instincts. Cattle, and even horses sometimes, cause a bulldog to "see red." I remember walking with a friend in a country town and being accompanied by a most inoffensive and tame specimen of this breed. Never had it been known to attack or chase anything in its somewhat lethargic life. A herd of cattle came lunging down the street, and the effect on the dog was magical! For the next few minutes acrobats would have envied my friend and me in our agile attempts to secure the dog as it flew here and flew there striving to bury its teeth in the muzzles of the leading steers.

On another occasion a bulldog I knew quite suddenly attacked a pony standing by the kerb while we were talking to a small child in the saddle.

Some curious impulse welling up from the past, when saw-dust rings and the stamping and pawing of hoofs, growling of dogs and betting of brutal masters constituted the *milieu* of bulldog ancestry.

Bull terriers, too, present curious features of throw-backs. They are nowadays, as a whole, fine fellows, but I laugh to remember one belonging to a relative, which had a nasty habit of biting members of the family and the servants in the ankle and always most unexpectedly. It would suddenly rise from the mat in front of the fire and, quite simply, bite! The head of the house strenuously forbade the animal's removal or destruction, and the tearful complaints of sufferers were evasively brushed aside, the fault of the encounter always ascribed in some way to them—until one day the man whose word was law was innocently shaving in his dressing room. Billy arose from the fire and *bit!*

Such demonstrations are due to some reversion to a period when association was with those of either a dangerous or a debased calling. The dog-fighting fraternity of some generations back were men of a low, brutal and stupid outlook. The dog could not fail to reflect the same stupidity and lack of discrimination at that time.

The keeper's night dog of the present day is savage and it is necessary that it should be so as long as such work is needed from it in the protection of its keeper-master, that is to say, as long as game is preserved. I have had one or two of these dogs myself in my own household. They are grand fellows, but their views are narrow and they need very careful management. They can never be left without supervision and are not safe in the charge of those who do not understand the dangerous attitude of the animal to strangers.

There are times, however, when such dogs are worth their weight in gold, because what they are asked to enforce *goes* and a man's life is saved.

I am not one of those who necessarily decry modern methods of breeding. In many cases I think, on the contrary, certain breeds have been very greatly improved and in no way has the intelligence been diminished. The fact that those who now have the handling of dogs are persons of a high refinement, must necessarily, as indeed it does, work out beneficially for

the species. It is a curious fallacy which obtains amongst those who do not know very much about dogs, that highly bred animals must necessarily be stupid. They seem to think that because a terrier stands on straight legs and has a long head that it must be deficient in brains. They revert to some anecdote of poor old Towser, an animal of uncertain ancestry and consequently undefined appearance, which they owned at one time, as showing forth the wonderful intelligence as resulting from this same nebulous descent. The implication is erroneous. Towser was intelligent on account of either of two reasons, or of both. He either had to live by his wits, which consequently became sharpened, or he had and was fond of an intelligent master. The show dog, or a dog of show type stock will not have to fend for himself, being too costly to play fast and loose with, but he will probably have an owner who takes the greatest interest in him and brings out in every way that sense of companionship which is the real touchstone to everything that follows on from that happy partnership.

Dogs are just like people in this respect, that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule as to how things work out in respect of heredity. It is extraordinary how many brilliant men have stupid or mediocre children. Also one wonders often just why a pair of excessively doldrum parents produce offspring of unadulterated intellect. Some dogs I have had, which have seemed to beam forth living intelligence, have been those of the highest show points. Cross-breds are frequently as clever, but this is not necessarily because they are mongrels. It is all a question of procuring cause in heredity, or environment, or both. One takes off one's hat to all clever, soulful dogs, irrespective of whether their heads are long or short, or whether their pedigrees are producible or not, and with the assurance that this great gift of understanding is not to be claimed by any definite type, but is the gift of God to everything that responds to the breath of life.

Many years ago I had a house in Sussex. As usual my family of dogs were with me there, and one day a lady and gentleman were observed watching them playing in the field. As the spectators seemed so interested I strolled over to the wall by the road and invited them to come in. The visitors proved to be Professor Severn and his wife, who was equally gifted in the

science of phrenology, or shall we call it "Reading the bumps of the head." At that time the Professor was not so well known as he was later to become, but, if he reads these lines and remembers the occasion, he may be glad to know that I and my wife never forgot his extremely interesting talk that afternoon when he read the bumps of all our dogs. His analysis of the character of each one was exceedingly correct. He was able to pick out all the most intelligent of them, and his sensitive fingers ran over the furry scalps and showed us chapter and verse for all his arguments. I see he still carries on his interesting work and is, I suppose, in this line quite unsurpassed.

CHAPTER XI

THE CARE OF DOGS

GAWAINE AND THE HOUND

"My friend," replies Gawaine, the ever bland,
 "I took thy lesson, in return take mine ;
All human ties, alas ! are ropes of sand,
 My lot to-day, to-morrow may be thine ;
But never yet the dog our bounty fed
Betrayed the kindness, or forgot the bread."

LYTTON.

IT always seems to me the most astonishing thing that the correct feeding of dogs should be so little understood by the majority of their owners. Being considered by many to have some experience of the animals, I receive many enquiries daily on this point. Very often the question is raised on account of some manifestations of ill-health on the part of the pet, and after hearing the unfortunate creature's dietary, its *malaise* has not been surprising ! Some owners will say, "Of course I never give him any meat." While others will say, "He gets plenty of raw meat." Another frequent remark is, "I give him plenty of green vegetables," or "He never gets milk." Everyone of these statements has something wrong with it.

It is a fact that the most common form of cruelty to dogs is in the mistaken and fanatical opinions held by many of those who love them most as to what they should have to eat. How would *you* like tablespoonsfull of scraped raw meat every day? Don't you loathe green boiled cabbage and does the fact that dog biscuit is mixed with it make the mixture any more appetising? Don't you love a drink of nice fresh milk, and is not it much nicer to have one's meat cooked? The reply may be "Oh yes, but then I am not a dog." Nevertheless the desires

and fancies of our dogs lie along much the same lines in food as do our own, and should be gratified. A great deal of illness from which our pets suffer is due to malnutrition on account of incorrect feeding. Skin diseases are almost entirely due to this and this statement applies to every kind of breed.

Dogs that are bred and live in kennels suffer from a sameness of diet. When they are sold, the vendors describe the manner in which they have been fed and so the system continues.

Digestion in dogs is slower than in human beings so that they do not, except as young puppies, require food quite so often, but variety in diet they do need.

In these days, when house-keeping is not as easy as it used to be and servants are not so plentiful or as amenable, it is not always a simple matter to obtain properly cooked meals for our pets. For this reason I have long had it in view to place on the market a suitable food for dogs already cooked and in a convenient form of keeping, such as I use in my own kennels. By the time these lines are printed I hope this food product will be ready for issue. It will be in sealed tins on which will be written clearly my name and if my readers will ask their provision merchant or seedsman to stock it, they will have a form of nourishment for their dogs which will keep the latter in good health, hearty and happy and free from skin trouble. Furthermore, even the daintiest animal will enjoy its meal. Any one applying to me at Byfleet can be supplied with this food.

I find it best to give an adult dog one principal meal a day and a secondary one later on. The food I speak of can be given in the morning or at midday. The hour does not matter so long as it is the same every day. This meal should be large enough for the dog to completely gratify its appetite, and anything that remains should be removed. The evening meal can be a drink of milk and a biscuit. Young dogs under one year require two complete meals daily of the cooked food, and puppies, up to six months, three meals.

If my readers will give these recommendations a trial I am certain they will not regret it, while the gratitude of their dogs will be immense. An owner can keep the commissariat in his own hands and be independent of the kitchen if he so desires, a tin opener being the only requirement.

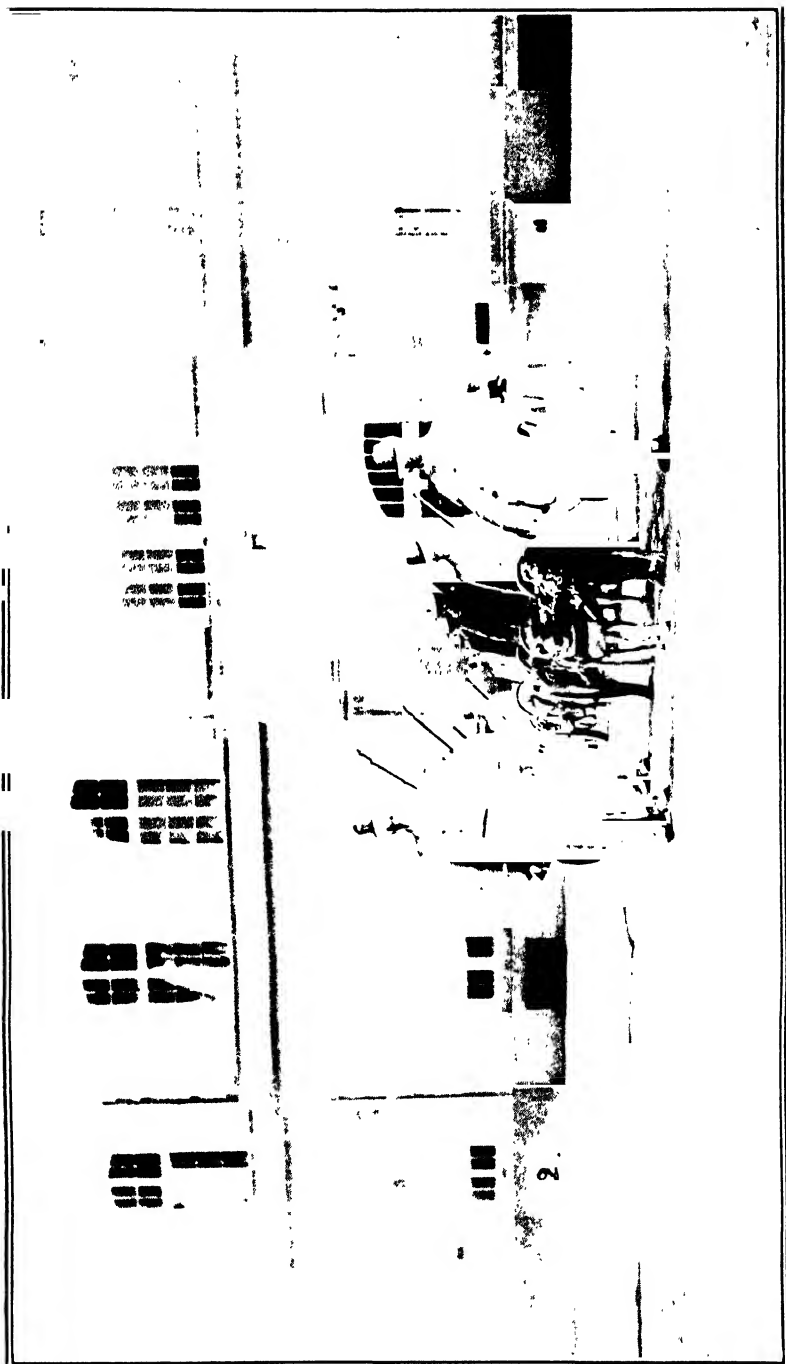
SKIN COMPLAINTS

With a proper diet well in force there should be no need to write about these all too prevalent, troublesome complaints, but until dog owners realize that the origin of most skin diseases comes from a mistaken form of feeding, and that the real cure must start with reform in that direction, nothing much can be done. Of course, an animal that has got eczema in its system must have the effects removed, and this can be greatly assisted by proper dressing. There are many excellent preparations to this end on the market.

I find these remarks apply to all breeds whether toys or St. Bernards. The principle is the same for all. There is much too much messiness and fuss with regard to the small fry and in the case of toys many of these are half starved in the desire to keep down weight. Their characters suffer and they are frequently timid and self-conscious. As a matter of fact, I find that there need be no difference of treatment in any way between a Pekingese and a bloodhound, Airedale, or fox terrier. I have them all in my possession and the broad aspects of health are the same for every breed. The small dogs must be properly nourished and should be encouraged to emulate the pluck and manliness of the larger, while care and attention to the feeding and health of the big class of dogs are highly necessary.

DISTEMPER AND KINDRED COMPLAINTS

Just in the same way that no doctor has been so far able to announce a complete preventative for influenza (with all its multifarious complications) in human beings, so, unfortunately, is it impossible to say that a remedy for distemper, with its equally complicated kindred complaints, has been discovered. Inoculation is being tested and the results certainly seem distinctly promising, but prevention along natural lines is the best method of all. My observations would certainly seem to prove that the complaint called distemper can certainly be contracted more than once, and in different forms. At the same time, if a dog suffers from an attack when it is a young adult, it is not likely to have it again, and the reason for this is, I take it, that it has reached an age when it is hardened up against infection



THE DOG-DRAWN MACHINE-GUN SECTION BEFORE THE WAR

These were all annihilated at Langue in the War

and against the effects of cold and damp. A dog of two years old is fully developed. Its skin is firm and tough, the coat thick and close and the power of resistance against attacks of disease from without is high, so that it is not so likely to suffer harm. My point is that the danger for a dog is not so much in the actual disease itself as in the tenderness of the constitution in youth, which makes the animal susceptible to the effects of cold and damp, or to those effects in other dogs suffering from just such a cause. It is as well to recognize the fact, namely, that the diseases of influenza in humans and of distemper in dogs are the effects or results in the first place of cold or damp, when the system is lowered and is in a state less able to resist these conditions. Young things particularly feel the changes in temperature. While coddling is inadvisable, it is as well therefore to safeguard the young growing dog from cold and above all from damp. This cannot be too strongly impressed. If it is of a breed with a thin skin and fine hair, a coat should be put on in every case when weather conditions are adverse. Such treatment will in no way cause delicacy, but on the contrary, a dog brought safely through this period without illness will be a much hardier, stronger animal later on, and the resisting stage to disease will be reached without untoward incidents. Good appetizing food given at regular intervals as described is another important preventative of distemper.

Any method which keeps the circulation at a good level is in fact what we should aim at, as in this attainment will be found the secret of all good health.

Dogs which are kept in out-of-door kennels are much more difficult to bring through the danger period than are those which can live indoors, and this is simply because no matter how carefully the kennel may be constructed and fitted or even warmed, the atmosphere can never be as dry as that of a house. Could human beings always avoid conditions of fatigue and cold whereby the circulation is lowered, it is doubtful if the influenza scourge would make headway, and, in the same manner, where it is possible to keep a dog in always warm, absolutely dry surroundings it will not readily become a prey to the dreaded dog disease.

I hope I have made this clear so that those who read may

direct their efforts towards the elimination of what is always a tiresome and sometimes heart-rending illness for their pets. If the animal is a very cherished one it will always be safer for it to live indoors, especially during those months when it is developing its constitution.

In the event of the disease appearing, the method of cure is exactly the same as would be in the case of a human being suffering from influenza. Safeguard early by taking immediate precautions to ensure rest, quiet, warmth for the invalid. Put on a coat and keep the bed in a warm place. Do not leave food beside it but offer a meal twice or three times daily of milk pudding or something light and a drink of milk to accompany it. If it goes off its food it may need coaxing and a dog will often gnaw at a meaty chop bone when it will take nothing else. Cooked kippers are also useful in emergency, or fish of any sort. Do not thrust food too often, but use judgment in the matter.

Sometimes it is necessary to make a pocket of the dog's cheek and holding the head upward to pour down milk. Doing this often carries the creature over the worst time, but as far as possible it is better that it should always feed voluntarily. With a coat on, it may be allowed out every now and then, and it will often then eat something on its return to bed when it had previously refused to do so.

HYSTERIA

A new complaint has asserted itself lately which, for want of a better name, has been called "Hysteria." There were traces of this illness years ago, especially among packs of hounds, but it has come to the front more generally during the past two years. It is an affection of the brain and takes the form in apparently excited hallucinations. It seems to attack dogs of the older years as well as young ones. So far this disease is not fully understood, but the treatment for it is to keep the dog very quiet after the first attack. A comfortable bed, in a shaded, quiet spot. Take it out on a lead to exercise for a little every now and then and give the normal food. It should be kept thus for at least two days in any case or even longer. If another attack occurs continue this treatment which is all that can be done. I have known many cases where the trouble under this

management seems to pass completely away. There does not seem to be any organic disturbance connected with the illness, but only an access of sudden terror and the animal for a time sometimes relapses into insensibility for a short period.

I do not think it is advisable to make too much of this disease in dogs as it may be only a passing phase which will perhaps disappear as suddenly as it came.

WASHING AND GROOMING

I am often asked as to how often a dog should be washed. The answer to this is that it entirely depends on the method of doing so. There is no danger to the dog from soap and water. The risk is in the drying. Large dogs are rather difficult to dry, and rubbing with towels is a lengthy process, so that they are frequently turned out of doors to shake and run themselves dry when the air conditions are too cold, so that chills and subsequent distemper are contracted. The same can happen to smaller dogs too, of course, but in their case it is slackness on the part of their owners, as they do not take very long to dry. In summer time, when the sun is warm, the weekly bath does not offer much difficulty, but in winter it is not always easy and I would recommend owners to use the brush and comb as much as possible. When the bath has to be given at this time, unless drying conditions are very favourable, it is better to bathe in the evening and dry by the fire, putting the dog to its warm bed when thoroughly dry.

TRIMMING

The importance of keeping a well bred dog properly trimmed is not nearly well enough understood by what may be called amateur owners. The value of such a dog may be discounted seventy-five per cent by neglect of this necessary treatment. All dogs require to have their coats kept in neat trim, but in terriers and all breeds where the outline can become eliminated by the fur, the matter is extremely important. A good terrier can be ruined by having all its good points obscured by a mop of woolly hair, when all that is needed is finger and thumb applied with reasonable vigour. The eyebrows, moustache, and beard must be left intact, but otherwise the head should be entirely stripped to the back of the skull. All long hairs must

come off the ears and legs, and the outside coat, on the body, according to the thickness of it, has to go as well. It is fairly easy to trim the dog oneself after a little practice, but there are many experts nowadays available who can, for a small sum, carry out the necessary "repairs." It is well worth while, as instead of a woolly, nondescript "Noah's Ark" dog, one immediately sees a smart dapper terrier.

A friend of mine took a very fine Sealyham abroad from my kennels. It had done a good deal of winning in this country in good company. I was astounded to see that it had only taken third at a continental show in very third-rate competition.

Information from an experienced eye-witness informed me that the dog appeared entirely "in the rough," all its good points obscured by an untrimmed jacket. It will, therefore, be understood how important is this question of trimming. A dog with the thickest coat presents the best appearance after plucking as those parts which need accentuation are relatively stronger in growth and are therefore more effective.

On one occasion a friend of mine visited a dog show, and encountered a lady leading a woolly fox terrier to its bench. His exclamation and enquiry as to what she intended to do with the animal elicited the reply that she thought she would like to try and win a prize. On its being pointed out that no judge would consider for a moment a dog shown in that condition, my friend offered there and then to trim it for her. This he did. The dog entered the ring and easily won first prize, and the delighted mistress was the same day offered £100 for her pet.

In giving these general hints on dog feeding and management I do not propose to enter into the remedies of the various complaints that can result from either mistaken treatment or from neglect in some form or another. In indicating the broad lines on which dogs should be looked after it will be found that most of the difficulties which arise in dogdom will be eliminated by correct and regular feeding, warm and dry surroundings and a sufficiency of interests in life. The last item is important. The dog which is allowed and encouraged to take an interest in the affairs of the family, which hops into its place on the front seat of the motor-car as a matter of course, and which is accustomed to be hustled round in this daily hustle

of family life will be a happier, healthier animal than the one which does not have such opportunities. Food for the mind is as necessary to animals as to human beings. Those in wild conditions, having to provide the necessary sinews of life, have their mentality sharpened by the natural struggle for existence, but those creatures who have become domesticated may grow sluggish and uninteresting and uninterested unless they are allowed a natural outlet for their intelligence.

CHAPTER XII

THE WAR

THE MARCH

I heard a voice that cried, " Make way for those who died ! "
And all the coloured crowd like ghosts at morning fled ;
And down the waiting road, rank after rank there strode,
In mute and measured march a hundred thousand dead.

A hundred thousand dead, with firm and noiseless tread,
All shadowy-grey yet solid, with faces grey and ghast,
And by the house they went, and all their brows were bent
Straight forward ; and they passed, and passed, and passed and passed.

But O there came a place, and O there came a face,
That clenched my heart to see it, and sudden turned my way ;
And in the Face that turned I saw two eyes that burned,
Never-forgotten eyes, and they had things to say.

Like desolate stars they shone one moment, and were gone,
And I sank down and put my arms across my head,
And felt them moving past, nor looked to see the last,
In steady silent march, our hundred thousand dead.

JOHN COLLINS SQUIRE.

I FEEL this book would not be complete were I not to mention that period of my life for which all the previous years seemed to have been a time of preparation. Without knowing it, every single experience I had with my dogs before 1914 returned to me with significance when the War began. The full account of my work in the War I have already told in *British War Dogs* and in *Watch Dogs*. I will not do more than merely summarize the memories of those fateful years.

When the War first commenced those in authority were wrestling with gigantic problems, the moving of vast bodies of troops, the preparation of equipment, food, etc. etc. The lesser aspects of war—the trimmings, so to speak, could not

receive any attention and one hesitated to add to the exigencies of the position of affairs by taking up the time of overworked officials who were unable even to provide the first essentials required by the terrible situation. It is true that I offered my services in the first place to the Red Cross and I offered to take some ambulance dogs in August 1914 out to the rapidly advancing troops. I did go out to Belgium and was in Brussels when the Germans entered the town, but at that time the Belgian Army was retreating rapidly and the British troops had not advanced sufficiently to make a connection, so that I had to follow the Belgian troops, added to which ambulance dogs are of no use to a retreating army. After that period, on my return to England, my desire was to join my old regiment, or some unit where I might be of some service apart from my dogs, which did not seem to be wanted just then. At the same time I had a strong feeling that, if I had a little patience, I might be of use in a way which I knew no one else in the country would be able to fulfil except myself. I therefore very quietly went on with my training work, stopping every branch except that which might be of use to the soldiers. It was hard to be patient, but I was helped very soon by requests from the Front for dogs for various purposes to act as aids to sentries and for all watching and guarding work. Many officers had repeatedly asked for these to be officially supplied but with no result, so they wrote to me direct.

After this messenger dogs were demanded and the training of this class of dog very soon kept me working day and night. My wife, who has always been my right hand in all my training work, gave up everything to assist me and without her I could not have accomplished what was done later on, when instead of a trickling supply of trained dogs crossing to France to private owners, hundreds came to be required and on an important official basis. These hardy little canine soldiers gradually grew in importance, and at the time of the Armistice, after the training scheme had already twice been enlarged, I had just received an intimation that once more the supply of dogs must be considerably increased. During the first few months of the War I thought it would be of assistance to my work if I went out to France to compare notes with my friends in the French Army who had also before hostilities been working in the same way as my-

self. The district I went to in the first place was the Aisne, where there were a number of dogs with the troops. They were then being used mostly as sentries, but the loss of life among the dispatch carriers was already causing much anxiety apart from the difficulty of keeping up communication owing to the intensive bombardments.

I also paid a second visit to France in 1915. I stopped at Paris, where my elder son met me on leave, but I was anxious to find out how my friends in the French Army were faring with their sentry dogs. I therefore received a permit to go down to the Vosges sector where most of these dogs were concentrated.

The first stop was at Nancy, which the Germans were shelling after the first bitter disappointment when, contrary to the proposed plan of the German General Staff, that fortress had not been proved as easy to capture as had been anticipated. It was here that the Kaiser stood on an eminence outside the town expectantly watching the assault of his troops, which he had fondly hoped would open the triumphant route to Paris. From there I went to Toul and Epinal, which were the headquarters of General Franchet de Perrey. My permit and passport were very carefully scrutinized here, but apart from the fact that everything was fully certified and in order, the officers whose task it was to inspect the documents remarked, "At all events you have a very good French middle name," referring to that of Heautenville, from which family my mother's forebears are descended.

After this the pine forests began and the rest of the journey to Gerardmere was interesting. Thick snow lay everywhere, and the weather was beautiful. This town is very prettily situated on a lake and is a favourite resort of French families in summer, but it is not much known to English tourists. I had been informed that the war dog kennels were to be found outside the town, but owing to the enemy having discovered their whereabouts with unpleasant results, they had been moved to a position ten miles further on. Here I found my friend Megnin in command of the kennels, an enthusiastic and very fine trainer of dogs. The kennels were placed under the side of a hill which practically overshadowed them and there had been reason for this caution. As a matter of fact on the very



MESSENGER-DOGS WHICH DID FINE WORK AT
VIENNA



A SENTRY-DOG WITH NORFOLK REGIMENT, WHICH
WAS KILLED ON THE AISNE IN THE WAR, 1914

day of my arrival, a fate, short and sharp, was meted out to a spy who had been found signalling to the enemy. In this region the French were much troubled with spies, the wooded nature of the ground giving every opportunity for secret movement, and these gentry from the German side were found as far as thirty miles into French territory.

The particular man I speak of had been engaged to assist in the kennels and was supposedly Alsatian. Ever since he began his work there they had been persistently shelled in spite of change of site. After a time it was noticed that he went out with a lantern every night at a certain time, so he was followed to a clearing in the woods where he was found signalling with the lamp. In the same way a woman was also discovered conveying information to the enemy, with unfortunate results to herself.

Compared to other parts of the line this sector was quiet. Shells were bursting occasionally, but the force of the break across the frontier had extended itself in Belgium. In the comparative stillness of these forests, however, the sentry dogs were invaluable and were a great safeguard to the sentries. I visited the headquarters of the 12th Chasseurs Alpins, a corps of expert mountain troops, who always go at the double and are nicknamed "Blue Devils." They are a hardy lot and were held in fear by the enemy as they are not fond of unnecessary argument when face to face.

On one occasion it was felt that an enemy listening post was within close range of the French line but its whereabouts could not be located. At night, however, the sentry dog on duty evidently heard something and started growling. By following the "point" given by the dog the sentry was able to send word as to the likely direction, which proved to be correct and the troublesome spot was soon no more. At one time on a certain part of the line, seven sentries were seized by the Germans in one week, after which dogs were posted in conjunction with the sentries when none were then touched, as they were always put on their guard by the growling of the animals. On another occasion while I was there warning was given by a dog, and a searchlight being turned on the enemy was found to be cutting the wire in front of a blockhouse. These are only instances of what was happening all the time.

There was a fine specimen of the French Chien de Brie here, a breed similar to our Old English sheep-dog. A very fine sagacious fellow, he performed his duties very conscientiously and with great dignity. There was, however, a ruminative expression in his eyes. His thoughts must have dwelt constantly and anxiously on his sheep, left far behind on the farm down near Avignon, from whence he had been sent to help the soldiers. Evidently a resolution was taken and one day he was missing. Nothing could be done, but as he had rendered splendid work for the men, they were interested to know of his fate and they rejoiced when word was sent by his master from the farm that "Gaston" had arrived, after a couple of weeks' tramp and was once more happy with his sheep where he was allowed to remain. This was a good instance of the homing instinct and represented one of the earlier possibilities of messenger dogs.

Besides the sentry dogs, the troops in these parts, owing to the high altitude, where snow lay deep for a considerable period, were also employing dogs for draft purposes attached to sleighs. They trained many of the native dogs as such, the Chien de Brie, the Chien de Bauche, the Chien d'Artois, and the Chien de Picardy, and there were also a number of huskies imported from Alaska. This contingent was added to later and I give a very good account sent by a correspondent of *The Times*, who saw the teams at a later date than I did. He says:

"Last year, when the question of transport through the mountain snow had become a matter of urgent importance, the French authorities had the idea of using dog-drawn sleighs for carrying supplies. Several hundred trained dogs from Alaska, North-Western Canada and Labrador were brought over by a French lieutenant who had spent fourteen years in Alaska.

"From the beginning of the year to April 21st, with a short interval, the snow in the neighbourhood of the Schucht Pass was deep enough for the dogs to be able to render yeoman service. They were able to draw heavy loads over almost inaccessible country and to supplement to a valuable extent the wheeled transport, which would otherwise have been the sole means of revictualling the army of the Vosges. But their utility has not ceased with the disappearance of the snow. They are now being harnessed to small two-feet gauge light railways,



GAS MASKS ON THE BELGIAN FRONT

which run everywhere behind the Front, and they are capable of drawing the heaviest load up the steepest gradient. Eleven dogs with a couple of men can carry a ton up the most precipitous slopes in the mountains, and I was assured that two teams of seven dogs each could do the work of five horses in this difficult country, with a very great economy to men.

"The kennels, which I visited yesterday, lie just below the crest of a certain mountain in the Vosges. It would be hard to conceive more amiable creatures than the two hundred and fifty dogs who welcomed our visit. Of them all, there was only one who was passed by the warning 'He bites.'

"Three breeds were in service, the Alaskan, the Labrador, and the Canadian, and the best of these is the Alaskan, as his courage never fails, and he will work until he drops, though he is perhaps the weakest of them. They are all shaggy dogs, with prick ears and bushy tails, their colour ranging from black to white, between-greys, and browns. Their chest development, so necessary for hauling, is remarkable. They are mainly fed on rice, horseflesh (of which there is abundance) and waste military biscuits, and this fare appears to suit them admirably, as they are always in splendid condition and disease is practically unknown.

"A team of seven dogs was harnessed to a makeshift truck, formed of ammunition cases, to take us along one of the two-foot gauge railways. The harness consists of a chest strap and a wooden bar behind, which takes the place of a horse's kicking strap. It is extremely simple and can be put on or taken off in a minute. No whip was used and order was maintained simply by commands shouted in English. As soon as they were hitched to the truck the whole team gave tongue and began to pull with obvious delight. They soon got up speed, and in a few minutes we were jolting along over the rails with seven bushy tails waving vigorously in front of us.

"The experiment of transporting these dogs to France has shown that they can be of real service in mountainous country, and represent a real economy."

After a visit to the training ground at Chantilly I returned home to work harder than ever, and soon the War Office, in response to the increasingly numerous requests for messenger

dogs from the Front, asked me if I would form an official training school for these dogs. Within a week we had closed down our house, stored our furniture and taken up our abode at Shoburness, and there on the watery marches and within the sound of the great guns for several months we worked steadily and with increasing success. Our boys were both at the Front and we had to meet, as did so many parents, the shock of loss, and the work was an anodyne for which we were grateful. Secrecy as to the whereabouts of the training school was strictly maintained as we did not want our dogs bombed by the enemy on its frequent incursions by air. We were on the watch when, on the first raid, twenty enemy aeroplanes came sailing over the sea in the formation of a spearhead. They flew almost directly over our kennels and as they did so the anti-aircraft guns began barking from the town. With a sudden shudder one of the planes began turning over and over, gradually sinking, while two black specks fell headlong down, down into that awful abyss far below. After that the raids were constant, but although bombs fell in close proximity to the school, we were never actually hit.

One of the most remarkable things about the War was the unexpectedness of everything. So many old conceptions as to essentials had to go by the board, to be replaced by others entirely unforeseen. Will the next war, if ever there should be one, produce the same unexpected phenomena? Probably! Inventions move so rapidly nowadays that perhaps the use of animals in war may be entirely eliminated. What had not been foreseen though, was that the furious bombardments often entirely destroyed all those carefully thought out means of communication between the various units—also that after the periods of inclement weather the Flanders clay became a pock-marked swamp in which many a man met his death from drowning if he dared to step off the duckboards. It was to meet these conditions of the battlefields of our day that light-footed, quickly running dog messengers were required. Offering only a small target to the enemy, they were the means of keeping up communication between units when perhaps the conditions were impossible for a human runner.

I have told elsewhere of the first messenger dogs we sent out, Wolf and Prince, which by their successful work were the

means of attracting the attention of the authorities to the value of such service. They were trained at Harrow when we were living there, and as the demand was urgent, my wife and I worked night and day along the roads and across every sort of country. The traffic on the roads round about and the many distractions offered to the dogs made excellent opportunities for testing them. The fact that Wolf came running back one day with a leg of mutton in his mouth abstracted from a butcher's shop did not dishearten us, as we knew that it was better for our pupils to get trained through their temptations before they crossed the Channel, and many people in Harrow town must have wondered at the fast running dogs which they would see every day speeding through the village with evident intention in their mien. Those first dogs were not easy to train, as we did not know until the War progressed what were all the difficulties which would have to be overcome. At all events we knew that the sense of return to a given spot must be very highly cultivated, so we concentrated on that with certainty. At first we took our own garden as representing the base of operation, and when this exercise had become quite mechanical and the dogs returned there at full gallop and without any stoppage *en route*, we varied the exercise, and moved our suppositional headquarters to other spots, taking up fresh ground every day, so that very soon the animals knew that they had to return to the place—any place—from which they had been led away. The reports on these dogs were as follows:

From O.C. 56th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery.

“To R.A. Headquarters, 11th Division.

“In continuation of my letter, No. 549, dated on the 7th inst., during the operations against Wytschaete Ridge, two messenger dogs attached to this Brigade were sent forward at 1 a.m. One was attached to the forward liaison officer, and one with the group forward observation officer.

“After being led up through communication trenches during darkness, they went forward as soon as the attack was launched, passing through the smoke barrage. . . . One was dispatched at 10.45 a.m., and the other at 1.45 p.m. Both dogs reached brigade headquarters, travelling a distance as the crow flies of 4,000 yards, over ground they had never seen

before, and over an exceptionally difficult terrain. The dog dispatched at 12.45 p.m., reached his destination under the hour, bringing in an important message, and this was the first message which was received, all visual communication having failed.

“(Signed) O.C. 56th Brigade, R.F.A.”

Two other reports on these dogs are as follows:

“When the Germans withdrew their line in the spring of 1917, the dogs were taken up the night before to a wood east of Bucquoy. They were then sent up to a forward observation post, 4000 yards to the east of the wood, and were released with important messages. They found their way back, through masses of troops on the march, to the wood, although they had only arrived there the night previously, and the ground was quite unknown to them.

“On the attack on the Vimy Ridge the dogs were employed with an artillery post. All the telephones were broken and visual signalling was impossible. The dogs were the first to bring through news.”

After this sentry dogs came to be much in demand privately and finally at the official command. Having for many years studied the question as to supply of material in the event of such a necessity arising I was able to commence work almost immediately, as I had a complete system worked out ready for emergency. It was apparent that one had to start matters on a very broad basis. Other countries in Europe, Germany and France included, had always recognized the possibility of war dogs being needful and, therefore, had already, in peace time, provided organizations which were in working order when war was declared. In England, however, no such provision had been made, and except for my own kennels and some dogs which I had trained and sold privately to different regiments, there were no war dogs! I handed over my stocks to the Government as a basis for the official training school. This consisted mostly of Airedales, and they were among the first official war dogs to go to France. Very soon large numbers of dogs were collected from all parts in preparation for training. They came, in response to a War Office appeal, from private donors all over the country, and also from the Dogs' Homes, which at the

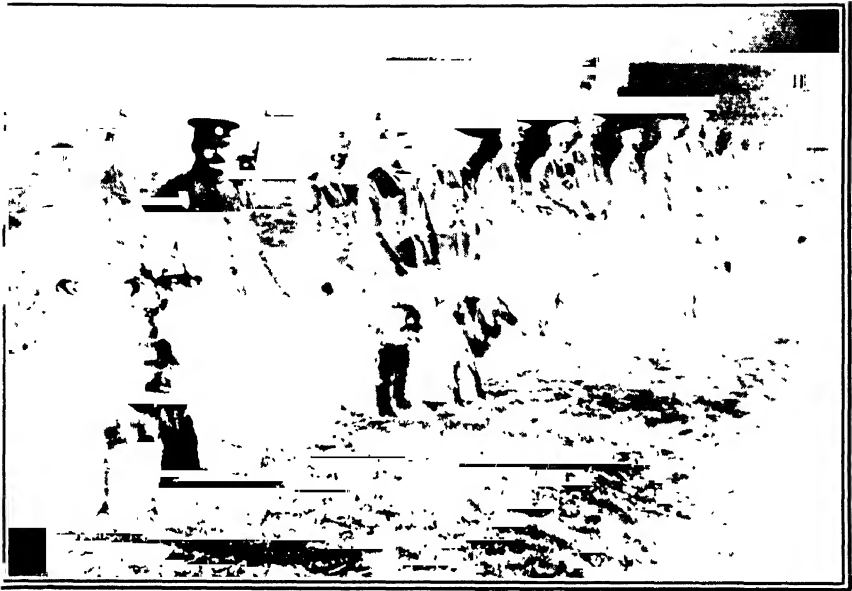
time were brimming full owing to the food shortage which made the keep of the family friend a difficulty. Many of these faithful animals would have gone through bad times had they not been saved from want by their enrolment as a canine soldier. As it was many had to be returned to the peaceful rest provided by the lethal chamber at Battersea when they failed to reveal aptitude for their training.

It was here, of course, that my long preparation for just such a crisis had taught me how to rapidly select the most likely animals in the first place, and secondly to distinguish, after the preliminary training, exactly which ones would respond permanently to the gradually intensive tuition which they were to obtain. The whole enterprise had to be worked up as quickly as possible out of nothing, and speed in training and quantity of supply were of the first importance. In my wife I fortunately had an experienced assistant on whom I could absolutely rely, so with her to help me in the first place I was able to make a start on the essentials quickly. I gave all my own kennels, which were re-erected on the Government ground at Shoeburyness, and within ten days we had fourfooted messengers trotting in all directions. Some were good, some were bad, and some were only middling. This remark can also be applied to the human personnel, which was recruited from the army to be taught the handling of the dogs in training and finally to take them back to the fighting line in France. It was in this last relation that I found I was in the greatest difficulty. Had military dogs been officially recognized in peace time each regiment could have been supplied with a certain number of men suitable to be their handlers, who would have been carefully selected by their officers. As it was, I am afraid, I was sent a great many men who merely came on their own representation and without sufficient verification of their claims. Some of these were no good at all and were merely anxious for a job which would take them from the front line. Others, however, were very fine fellows and took a pride in the work of their canine recruits. Many of the best of these had been gamekeepers who were naturally used to going about open country and understood dogs. Some of my best men also had been in the police.

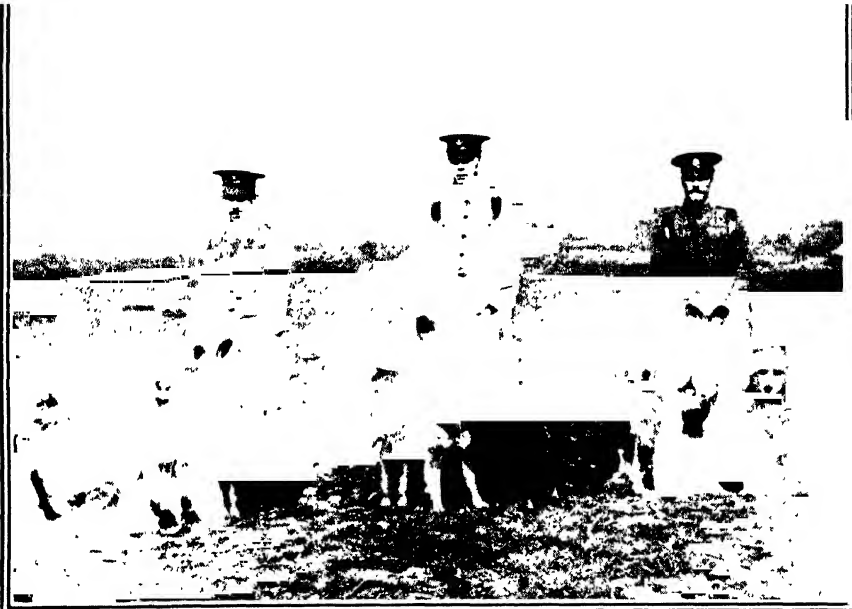
At the end of the first month I sent out thirty trained dogs. They were of mixed breeds, mostly of collie, Airedale, and

retriever class, or crosses from these breeds, while there were also quite a number of lurchers, as these very often were extremely good. After this we hurried on with the work, receiving reports every now and then as to the results at the Front. These were very encouraging, although just for a time, on account of the pressure, we did not have the dogs sufficiently long at the school to inure them to the sound of firing, so that some of them showed fear, but they learned when in France to ignore the sound, and in time I was able to improve the training at the school in this respect.

The wave of influenza which spread over the country with such disastrous consequences came to us at the camp. The men were profoundly affected, and the change from a Friday morning, when all was bustle and hard work to forty-eight hours afterwards, when practically every man in the camp was incapacitated, was astounding. The hospitals were overflowing in the town of Shobernness and there was no place to send them where they could be nursed. Only two of the men who seemed the worst were received, and I and my sergeant-major and one or two others made the invalids, about 120 of them, as comfortable as we could and fed them with hot gruel. Whether it was our simple treatment and the fresh air that blew round them, even lying as they were in the tents and a long old-fashioned barn, I cannot say; but we did not lose one life I am thankful to say, while the two men who went to hospital both died, poor fellows. These were both a loss to the work, one of them especially so. He had been a jockey at some large racing stables in France, and was thoroughly accustomed to the care of valuable animals, so I put him in charge of the feeding arrangements of the dogs. Many of these arrived at the camp in an exceedingly emaciated condition and required careful feeding to regain their strength. In any case they all had to be well fed in order that the sight or smell of food *en route* in their training should not prove too much of a temptation. As we sometimes had as many as 500 dogs in camp at one given time, the question of their food supply and its correct proportion to each animal and the cooking thereof was a very important matter. This good fellow was extremely conscientious and left no stone unturned to ensure the best possible results in the health of the dogs under his charge, as far as he could



MORNING PARADE AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL



SOME OF MY PUPILS HUMAN AND CANINE

manage it. Another of the men I remember well was one of those who had a natural leaning towards animals and was of the sort that nowadays are worth their weight in gold to stock farmers. Needless to say he was one of the older ones, but they used to tell me that old Sam never could take his ease at night after all work was over if he fancied any particular dog had not had his water-bowl filled up, or might require some other attention. No matter how dark and inclement the night he would wander restlessly about until he would at last dash out and relieve his mind by inspecting his charges once more. After a long experience with animals I know how very rare this attitude is and how grateful an owner should be to any dependent who manifests this attitude to the stock.

And so the work went on, the great guns boomed over the marshes, sometimes shaking the very foundations of our camp, the dogs went through their exercises day after day, each one running increasing distances with its message until it was proficient in returning from at least three miles off. Besides this, all sorts of artificial conditions of gas, smoke, barbed wire barriers of every sort were constructed to ensure a perseverance in duty in the face of any kind of obstruction. Going through water and remaining unmoved while bombs were exploded nearby were other tests. Everything was gradually done so that shock was obviated. An element of competition certainly entered into the training. Dogs are very like children in this respect. They love showing off and dislike being surpassed by a neighbour, so that this little failing, if so it could be called, was a useful one to the trainer. The exercises were all to ensure that similar conditions when encountered at the Front would be met without flinching. Our camp opened in early summer so that it was difficult to ensure completely dark nights, and I well remember receiving the intimation, after we had only been at work about two or three months, that we were to be inspected and that night work was to be one of the tests applied to the school. A brilliant moon prevented me putting my pupils to any really satisfactory trials in preparation for the inspection, and I did not feel very happy about it as we really had not had sufficient time to justify too harsh a test. My feelings can be imagined when, after satisfactory results in daylight under the supervision of the visiting officers, the evening drew on enveloped

in thick mist. Everyone returned home for dinner to issue forth at 10 p.m., when the messenger dogs were to be released from points all round the camp varying from half a mile to two miles distant, carrying messages stating the place from which they came and the exact moment of release. The darkness was such that it could be felt and I really did not quite know what would happen, but I knew some of the dogs would come through, although perhaps with difficulty. Judge of my relief when through the gloom, and following quite quickly in hurrying rotation, came the dogs about thirty-five in number. I was standing at the entrance to the camp where they always came, with the inspecting officers round me, and the dogs had nearly all reported within ten to fifteen minutes, one or two only taking twenty to thirty minutes. After that occasion, with the heavy fogs that used to roll up from the sea, I had many opportunities of testing the training work thoroughly under the apparently difficult condition of intense darkness, but I always found that the speeds were much faster and the messages more generally reliably carried than either in daylight or even on clear nights.

The health of the dogs was good, even though they arrived from their previous homes sometimes as I have said thin and weak. Coddling was, of course, out of the question, but they each had a comfortable kennel with a covered platform outside each door. The work they did gave them excellent exercise, and the food was regularly given and was good and nourishing. The fresh air blowing from the sea, although cold in winter, and that of 1917 was a particularly cold one, nevertheless, although the numbers of dogs in camp soon rose to several hundred we had only a very small hospital.

Many of the invalids were being treated as a matter for wounds from bites received from brothers in arms. This is sad to relate, but the spirit of emulation as training progressed was very strong and at times jealousy was rife. The exercise where they were taught to bring their messages over or through various obstacles such as barbed wire, thorn hedges, fences, and five-barred gates, produced some nasty episodes in the relationships. One of our recruits would be sailing gaily and complacently over rather a stiff obstacle when he would be bumped into by another fast-running leaping companion.



RECEIVING A MESSAGE

This dog "Roman" did good work at Kemmel Hill.



DESPATCHING A MESSAGE

Result—a setback and consequent delay in reaching the post which, in some cases, brought out a “certain liveliness.” After which our friends might have to retire with ears in fringes and be compelled to wear an Elizabethan collar of cardboard or a Dutch coif for the period of healing, much to their disgust.

They loved their training. The work asked from them was only what they could do, along the lines of natural instinct, after a certain amount of tuition to bring it out. Punishing was never resorted to of any kind whatever. If a dog did not seem to shape well after fair testing, it was returned to the donors, or, if it had been a stray from Battersea Dogs’ Home, it was returned there and put away painlessly in the lethal chamber. Those, however, which picked up the idea quickly and seemed to enjoy it were put into steady training twice every day. This consisted in being taken out by the soldiers sent to the camp for instruction, who each took three dogs away on leads for various distances, and after enclosing a paper slip in the leather pouch carried on the dog’s collar stating the hour, released the messenger, which sped back to the camp which represented the base as fast as it could. I myself was waiting there with other officers making a note of the time of arrival so that we had an accurate record of the exact period the dog had taken. A dish of cooked liver in tasty morsels was in readiness and each one received one or two bits as a reward. They all knew me well, so that both instincts—the return to the master and the prospect of reward, were gratified. The distances increased gradually and after a month or thereabouts a dog would be able to return quite accurately from two to three miles away. A little longer at the school and those of the *haute école* reached to a four miles’ run.

To a certain extent we were always working at a disadvantage. The need for the dogs was so urgent and we were always being pressed for more and yet more from France so that the training was very often done under a great strain. To consolidate the principle of the animals’ mind thoroughly, three months is not too long. Of course, the training continued in France in connection with their duties, but many of them went with their soldier keeper straight into the front line from the ship on which they crossed the Channel, and they did *well*, these good faithful beasts, humble units as they were in the great cause of Justice.

The British people is not one to seek war, and unless driven to take a stand in defence of itself or some lesser nation, it will not willingly be occupied in peace time with detailed and intensive preparation for war. Therefore, it is hardly to be expected that in these days, especially when all civilized effort is being directed to eliminating this form of national quarrelling, any scheme of war dog training will be resumed again. Nothing but another outbreak of savagery abroad (in which we are bound to hold the balance of power against schemes of devilry) would plunge us once more into the hell of war. If such an event should happen the authority in control of a war dog school will find himself in the same position as I was, with nothing prepared, and with a grim necessity for speed in output above everything.

It is, therefore, useless to compare methods of management along the lines of what one would like to do with those of what one has to and can only do. But I would emphasize the necessity of finding some method somehow, whereby men from the line can be sent in to the Dog Training School who are properly fitted to handle the dogs, both while themselves undergoing tuition and when they leave there to take their place with their charges in the front line. Gamekeepers, huntsmen, and shepherds I found to be usually good for the work and should be selected before others. They have the cult of animal training in their nature professionally. Townsmen are not so good. To be fond of dogs and to have owned one or two are not enough.

Reports began to come in early after the first arrivals and I continued to receive them steadily, so that I was able to do much to improve the system of tuition. They were all given in my book *British War Dogs*, which is now, however, out of print, but were repeated in the book at present in circulation called *Watch Dogs, Their Training and Management*. Here we read a wonderful record of intelligent endeavour, of conscientious effort on the part of the dogs to co-operate with man and to follow him faithfully in his fortune, yes, even into that world of technical hatred wherein men might one week be sharing a crust in love and the next were seeking every method of destruction wherewith to annihilate each other.

My readers can imagine I felt a very personal interest in the doings of Scott—a fine collie whose appearance was so

striking that, as is often the way with humans, it was a source of temptation to himself, so that everyone was apt to "make a fuss over him," also of Molly, the insignificant little black lurcher, which went with him "and takes no notice of the guns or anything," of Old Tray, and Joseph, and Swallow, of Joe, and Lizzard, of Tom, "who has been gassed and got a bit of shrapnel, but is all right again," of Jim who was sent up and "did his journey in seventeen minutes, which would have taken a man three-quarters of an hour. He got wounded in the head so I dressed the hair off and got some dressing from a Red Cross man, so he is doing very well." Of Whitefoot, Prince, Paddy, and Mop, of Blueboy, who did splendid work at Kemmel and was finally killed in Nieppe Forest, of Creamy and Ginger, two delightfully intelligent cross-bred lurchers who went out under the very clever management of Keeper Swankie of the Black Watch. Of Creamy's behaviour it was reported: "I may say that Swankie's bitch Creamy helped the 3rd Londoners from being cut off on the right of Villers-Bretonneux. She and Tweed kept the battalion in touch with Brigade Headquarters. There was no way of getting a message through, only by runner or a dog, and the dog kept the way open."

Tweed was a dog not easily forgotten. He was a fine large grey rough-coated English sheep-dog, and a more honest looking fellow would be hard to find. His demeanour in war always seemed to me to be typically British, carrying as it did a quiet dignity and with no desire to quarrel, but at the same time when he did get going there was no doubt as to the certainty of his methods. This dog worked with others for six months in some of the worst parts of the front, notably Passchendaele, and never made a mistake. On several occasions he was the means of getting a message through when no other channel could bring it and was thus able to take help to troops in dire straits. He did very fine work in front of Amiens also and often was running all night bringing his messages backwards and forwards. I enjoy remembering the fine courageous soldiering of these dogs, their unselfish faithful work, and also of the men who led them and cared for them. This duty became as the war proceeded more and more difficult and dangerous, the reason being that when the benefit of the messenger dogs was thoroughly

recognized it was found sounder to concentrate the front of the canine army on the active sectors. In this way the dogs were (in relays) always in action and the keepers had, of course, to accompany them. They were thus always with the attacking troops.

In the orders for the establishment of a division in the field, messenger dogs were included, and this general order entailed such a pressure of work at Shoeburyness, that we were, in that rather circumscribed area, unable adequately to cope with it. The sea on one side barred our way, the ranges blocked another side, and heavy swamps yet another, so that it was only through one bottle neck we could send the dogs for their return journey. This meant that, as the numbers increased at the school, too many were meeting on the homeward road. This did not matter so much for the old stagers, though even with them there was a chance of their deciding to "have it out" on the road leading homewards. With the half trained and raw recruits the temptation to stop and have a gossip with each other anent many things *en route* was too strong and interfered with the training. The War Office, therefore, suggested a change of ground, and all the camp was shifted to Matley Ridge at Lyndhurst in the New Forest. Surely no train has ever carried before or since a similar load. About 100 men and 250 dogs and their luggage and equipment started away on a November day. One has heard the sound of cavalry trains with the thunder of stamping hoofs, but few people have heard a good proportion of 250 canine throats enquiring vehemently the why and wherefore of things as the train passed through the stations.

I think most of us were sorry to leave Shoeburyness. The thunder of the great guns, the hard strong East Coast air, the wide stretch of marsh land covered as it was at that time with wild purple Michaelmas daisies, was part of the background where the new idea had started, and to many of the good fellows down from the Front the camp had seemed a home of rest and peace.

At this time, however, and before making the great enlargement which was desired by the War Office, I was anxious to pay a visit to France and inspect the dogs at the Front which were the result of all the work at Shoeburyness. It was not easy for me to leave the training school as there was no one

who could take my place, but it was urgent that I should make the inspection.

I crossed the Channel in July 1918. It was just about the period in the War when the fortunes of the Allies were at a very low ebb, and there was a great anxiety everywhere only alleviated by the remarkably unwavering demeanour of the nation.

I reported myself at G.H.Q. at Montreuil, and there I was joined by Major Waley who was the officer who co-operated with me in France, and we made an immediate start by car, our objective being Dickebusch near Ypres, where a section of the messenger dogs was working with the forces at Kemmel Hill. This hill had just been retaken by the Germans, and the sector was exceedingly lively. The dogs were carefully hidden in quarters under the slope when they were not working. There was much for them to do, however, and in relays they went into action continuously. I give the official report of the work at the time on this terribly hard-fought area:

OFFICIAL REPORT. "Dogs. . . . These were most useful. In the Light Brigade the first intimation that the final objective was reached was brought back by a dog in forty minutes. Dog 54 was shot and wounded by a German officer who in turn was shot dead by an officer of the 6th Wiltshire Regiment. This dog was reported killed in error by the Brigade, but subsequently turned up. In the left Brigade a message by a dog was received in fifty minutes saying that the Bluff had been captured, distance covered 6,000 yards. Another important message was brought back which was of importance to the Division on our left. Some of the dogs had never been in the line before and considering this their work was good throughout."

I give the official record of this first day's inspection:

"Visited D.D. Signals, Second Army. Discussed with him full organization of the Messenger Dog Service. He showed us reports which had just been received on the use of messenger dogs during the last offensive, especially a letter from the Brigadier of the 92nd Brigade giving all details of the use made of the Messenger Dog Service. With Officer in command Messenger Dog Service proceeded to II Corps. Met there A.D. Signals and Officer in command Messenger Dog Service,

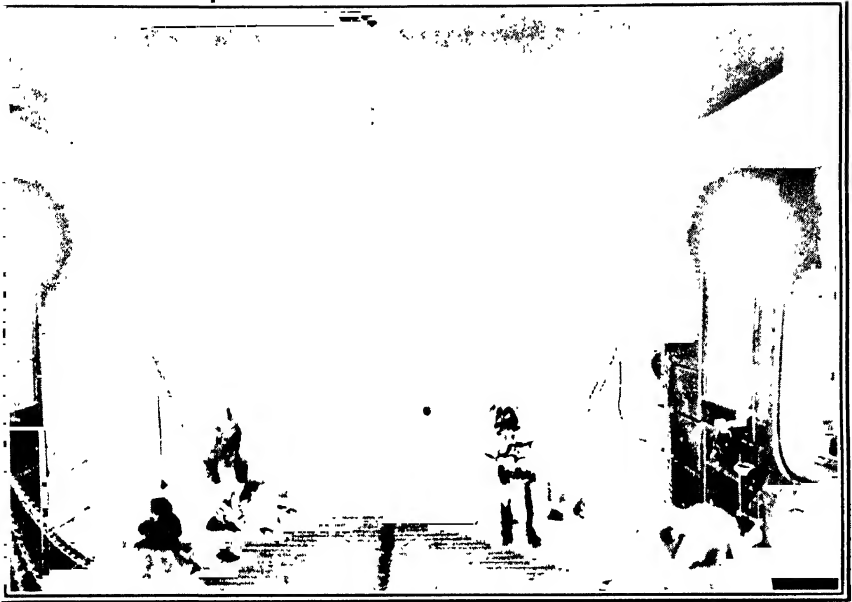
II Corps. Made complete round of all dogs at No. 1 Section Kennel. Received most favourable report from II Corps as to the general running of the Messenger Dog Service, II Corps Area. Proceeded to No. 2 Section Kennel. Made complete round of all dogs now in this section Kennel. It was in this kennel that the dogs were used so successfully by the 32nd Division. A few dogs require sending back to the Central Kennel for further training, but on the whole all dogs in Nos. 1 and 2 Section Kennels would appear to be working in a most satisfactory manner."

In the official reports the dogs are quoted as numbers under which they were issued from the Central Kennel, but at the training school in England they were all given names, and became to the keepers and to myself personalities in consequence. How much character there is in a name! What qualities and links of meaning are formulated by the choice of a suitable nomenclature which will emphasise some trait or an episode worth commemorating. There is more in this than meets the eye.

"Give a dog a bad name, etc.," certainly refers more to a reputation, but at the same time one is not sure that the use of the word "name" in the imputation does not perhaps refer to an ancient belief in which an actual quality of character is born from the name conferred. At all events the keepers knew that Mop, Flash, and the various Jacks, etc., which they led away for embarkment to France were all known and remembered by me as individuals, and the fact of this being the case was the means of giving the men a sense of confidence in describing to me the successes and difficulties of the situation in which they were placed. I give a few reports I received which show the pride and interest taken by the men in the work of their charges. They can be read in full in *Watch Dogs*, so I will not do more here than quote one or two.

Keeper MacLeod states:

"When the 29th Division came in, and relieved the 31st, there was a small advance made then—the dogs did great work then—that was in Nieppe Forest Sector. The G.O.C., 88th Brigade, wrote out, and had a note typed of which I got a copy, giving great praise to dogs 83, 94, and 65. The first two were Jock and Bruno, and the other Champion. That was the first



A TRAINED CONTINGENT *EN ROUTE* FOR FRANCE



IN TRAINING TO FACE RIFLE FIRE

official praise we had from anyone. Then came another small advance, which proved the mettle of three more dogs, Whitefoot, Paddy, and Mop. The first two were badly gassed, but carried on. They were three weeks in hospital after they came out of the line, but during the gas bombardment they never failed to give the greatest satisfaction. Once again there was a slight advance made, in which two dogs, Bruce and Blue Boy, were to the fore. Bruce came four different times from the front line to Brigade Headquarters, with messages which were of great importance."

Keeper Reid says:

"The two dogs I took out are doing well, I should say exceptionally well. I have not the least hesitation in saying there is not a brace of better dogs in this or any other country as messenger dogs. Boxer, the Airedale, is running like an engine. The lurcher bitch Flash beats him on his week's running by twenty minutes, which is not a lot considering the breeds. The General of the ——— Division said that the Airedale was the best dog he had seen."

Keeper Dixon later reports on Boxer:

"A staunch, reliable dog, ran steadily, and never let me down. Best time, three miles in ten minutes. On one occasion he went over the top with the Kents. Released at 5 a.m., with important message. He jumped at me at 5.25 a.m. A tip-top performance—about four miles. A great dog."

Flash was a very fast, clever dog, and Dixon reports:

"She ran every alternate week except two, and was never once behind time."

These two dogs were both at Kemmel Hill. Dixon states in this connection:

"About the best week's running I did, in my opinion, was at Kemmel Hill in October, with the 34th Division, when all my dogs did well. The times seem slow, but they were really good, as the dogs were running belly deep in mud. It took a man two hours to go to the line. The conditions were horrible."

Keeper Hedley testified to the good work of his dogs at this time, and also during the last offensive of the War.

"I can faithfully say my dogs did excellent work, especially on two occasions. The first offensive which the Germans made on Kemmel Hill between the dates of April 16th and April 25th, 1918, and the second was when we made the large offensive commencing September 28th, 1919, at Ypres. They came back in splendid time."

Keeper Young had in his charge a very good cross-bred dog called Dane. He was a powerful dog and did his work faithfully and well.

"Dane, N. 29, he did good work at all times, but I did not know what the messages contained, but during the German offensive on Kemmel in April, 1918, he fetched the situation reports every morning for 10 days, sometimes when all other communications were broken and very heavy shelling going on."

There were about thirty-six dogs at this section of various breeds. They were in excellent condition, and I was glad to hear from their officers in charge and from the keepers that they were doing well.

The keepers whom I had trained in the school at Shoeburyness were glad to see me and my visit encouraged them in their difficult task. Many of them had, when the first drafts went out, great obstructions to contend with in the management of their charges. The important nature, which later on was recognized, of the work the dogs were able to do, was not immediately realized. Commanding officers of those battalions to whom they were first sent very often made light of the dogs, or else ignored them, or worse still rather cynically set them to tasks under impossible conditions. I feel deeply grateful to those officers who had sufficient perspicacity to grant the man and dogs a fair trial wherever they were and to make allowances for difficulties in working which later were overcome. Definite orders from Headquarters were after a time formulated, governing the reception and disposal of these valuable animals and the men who were responsible for them, so that respect was soon inculcated and was retained when it was found what could be accomplished by their aid.

Major Waley was responsible for putting these organizing disposals into practice in France. A central station was formed at Etaples for the reception of the dogs and their keepers on arrival from England and for a resting-place from their periods of duty at the Front. From here they were issued in batches of usually thirty-six dogs, with one keeper to every three dogs, and they were ordered to those parts of the line where an attack was impending. Major Waley maintained the organization of the service in a very excellent manner.

The official report on the Messenger Dog Service notes that : " Whenever the General Officer Commanding a Corps took interest in the kennels allotted to his group good work was obtained from the dogs." I have also many reports from the men to show this was the case. Some of these officers were rough and hasty in their judgment, were lacking in vision in their treatment of this delicate instrument of canine mentality, whereby they were responsible for the loss to the troops of a channel of assistance which a more intelligent outlook was able to adjust with remarkable results.

One of the great difficulties in the Messenger Dog Service is to enforce the most important rule that when the dogs are taken forward from their keepers by the troops to whom they are attached, they must on no account be petted or fed when they are at the Front. All these animals being especially picked for their intelligence it was not to be wondered at that the dog-loving British officers and men rather " spread themselves " in kind attentions to the visitors. This, of course, was extremely bad from the training point of view as it detached the dog's mind from its keeper *and* its dinner at the base. It was therefore most important that no dog should be kept more than twelve hours in the line, but that it should be released before that time had elapsed. This regulation is to ensure that it should not become too hungry. Twelve hours is, of course, quite a reasonable time for a dog to go without food, as they were all well fed before going up to the line. Of course, as a matter of fact, they were often released long before that time, but it was found necessary to emphasize this and to prevent them being fed at the Front. It was only when the importance of the work which the dogs were able to do began to be realized and it was lifted out of the rut of a rather amused and condescending

tolerance, that general officers, officers and men combined to observe in every way, in their own interest, the rules which governed these canine soldiers in their arduous work.

In a future war also, if messenger dogs are used, certain broad rules will immediately have to be laid down in the war area in the interests of the working dogs. All stray dogs will have to be collected and removed to some base where they can either be lethalized or, if suitable, put into training. The quantities of these running about the front line area interfered very much with the conscientious working of the messengers and offered a quite unnecessary temptation to them. After having suffered from the attentions of these strays for too long, a determined effort was made to destroy them ; but, as was found later, the dog supply was not so inexhaustible as was thought, so that it would be wise, in future, to remove all dogs to a training school for careful testing before destruction. As a matter of fact the adequate supply of dogs would present a far greater problem at the present time than during the War. There are now not nearly so many unconsidered and cross-bred animals as there used to be. There were large quantities of these in the country which came in exceedingly useful poor beasts, and instead of being turned adrift and living in a state of slow starvation for weeks during the food shortage period, they were taken charge of, carefully fed, and kindly treated and trained in this valuable work. These pathetic waifs that turned up at the training school were very often starved physically and were starving for affection. To those who love dogs how much passes between the creature with its anxious upturned questioning eyes and the pitying human ! Nothing much is said and perhaps only an encouraging ruffle of the furry ears, but the dog *knows* — knows that it has come home and the affrighted soul is at peace. The training at the War Dog School was calculated in every way to gratify the desire for mastership which every good dog possesses, and they were very well fed, so that although the work they had to do presented a stern demand for intelligence and fidelity to a severe task, the fact that they were co-operating with the soldiers was estimated by the dogs as a high honour

The next day we went further down the line to a sector where the dogs were running with the 9th and 32nd Divisions,

operating between Bailleul and Merville. Some of them were going up the line with some of the Seaforths when I arrived, so I accompanied them and inspected the journeys from the Front. The officers of the battalion were very satisfied with the dogs and spoke highly of them, and when I arrived several of my old pupils were complacently awaiting to be released with important dispatches and were seated beside some weary officers in torn kilts in a broken down dugout. The Germans were just across the way, and with the use of a glass I could see right into their position.

That night we spent with the South African Division behind Nieppe Forest. There was a lot of work being done in this sector by the messenger dogs, so I went right into the Forest and found the dogs ensconced in pits dug into the ground and cleverly camouflaged with heather, branches, etc. There was a lot of mustard gas about which affected their feet for a time, but as a whole they felt the effects of this gas much less than did the human beings. The Germans were in possession of half the wood. We held the line on the other half. There was shelling going on and it was curious to observe the pheasants rising along the rides of the Forest. The dogs were running to and fro the whole time and the South Africans were very glad to have them.

Next day we went to battalions of the Durham and the Yorkshire Light Infantry, which were holding a section of the line near Aire in detached posts. I was greatly welcomed and received reports on the dogs.

Our next visit of inspection led us a considerable distance down the line to an Australian division. When we arrived they were engaged in retaking a position at Corbie and had before successfully circled the Germans from Villers-Bretonneux, an action of great importance, as this place was the key to Amiens, and the enemy's plan of cutting the British and French armies in two by the capture of this last-named important town was thus foiled. The dogs did fine work here, and I received a number of highly satisfactory reports. Very often all communication had failed entirely in the heavy shelling and gas attacks and the way was kept open by these swift-running dogs.

An official report on the work in the Kemmel and Nieppe area states:

“ On April 17th, during the German attacks on Kemmel Hill, three more messenger dog groups were sent up by road to 22nd Corps, and reallocated straight away by them to the 9th Division. These dogs were sent to Scherpenberg, which was the advanced 9th Divisional Headquarters. When they arrived, however, the Division was already retiring, and the groups were left for the use of the Brigade. It is of interest to note that these dogs did sterling work between Kemmel and Scherpenberg during the whole of the German attack on Kemmel Hill.

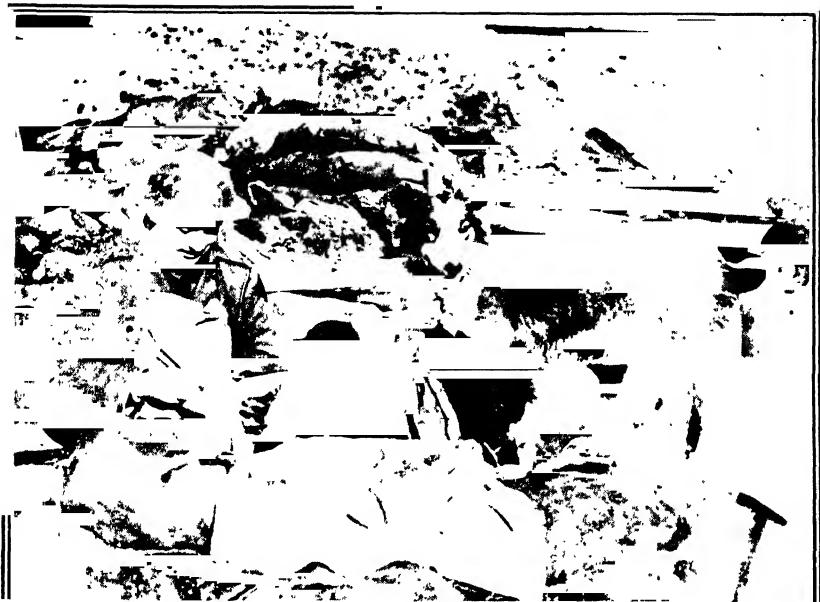
“ The messenger dog groups, which had been allotted to the 15th Corps had been reallocated by them two groups to 1st Australian Division, and two groups to 1st Guards' Brigade. The Australian Division reallocated one group for use of their Brigade at Fletre and one group was used with the 2nd Brigade at Borre. The 1st Life Guards used their two groups in the Forest of Nieppe. These two groups were used by the 1st Guards' Brigade during the heavy mustard gas attacks on April 22nd, which caused so many casualties. Two out of the twelve dogs suffered from the gas, although they ultimately recovered.

“ Exceptionally good work was done by these dogs through the Forest of Nieppe, and interest in the messenger dogs, as a means of communication in heavily shelled areas, was aroused.”

Our return took us through Amiens, which at that period could not be called a “ healthy ” spot. The Germans were bombarding the town with powerful shells and unfortunately the axle of the car broke down as we were crossing the cathedral square. The buildings and trees were crashing down and the place was practically deserted. There were a few Australians about who had assisted in the fine defence against the enemy's attack on Amiens. We motored back to Montreuil, where orders were found from Headquarters that I was to continue my visit of inspection to the French Front.

I had already been at various points in 1915 and before, but at that time, as was the case in England, nothing had been properly organized, so I was very glad to pay another visit after everything was in full swing.

Major Waley and I went direct to Paris where we put up



A FINE MESSENGER-DOG CALLED NELL



SHELL-POCKED GROUND WHICH CAN BE EASILY NEGOTIATED BY
A LIGHT-FOOTED MESSENGER-DOG BUT WHICH WAS OFTEN THE
DEATH OF A HUMAN RUNNER

at the Ritz, although that well-known resort had a large portion of its frontage knocked out as the result of a bomb. Big Bertha was, during our stay in Paris, firing at regular intervals into the city.

The French War Office detailed a car for our service southward, but before starting we visited the Central Kennels at the Garden d'Acclimation where the preliminary training work of the dogs was carried on before dispatching them to the line.

There was a very good hospital here for those dogs which were returned for treatment from wounds or gas, etc., and this was organized by the Blue Cross Society. Another training kennel at Satory was also inspected which was being well organized and a large number of dogs were in training.

We then left for the Headquarters of the Fourth Army at Chalons and reported to the Chief of Staff. A series of trials was arranged for us, and the messenger dogs were put through a barrage of bombs from distances of three and four miles and did well.

I remember being greatly pleased at hearing that General Gouraud had asked to see us, having a great veneration for this fine soldier who proved to be one of France's greatest generals. We were tired and dirty after a 250 mile journey, but the opportunity of a conversation with a man like this was not one to be lost. His opinion on messenger dogs was emphatic, and on a remark being made by us as to the obstacles of the training, he replied, "What matter it! Communication in the field is so difficult along ordinary lines in time of war, that even if only one dog out of four gets through I am satisfied."

There were nearly 800 dogs in camp at these Army Headquarters Kennels, and the officers in charge were well chosen, being, many of them, Masters of Hounds and gentlemen who understood the training and management of dogs in civilian life. One of them told me that at his Château, which lay in the route of a famous German General's Army on its march to Paris, he kept some very fine pointers. The sporting instincts of the General were not proof against the facilities offered of an afternoon's shoot on the domain with the aid of these good dogs, so he and his staff, in spite of the extremity of the situation, indulged in this relaxation. Furthermore, having had proof

of the excellence of the dogs at their work it was a simple matter—the giving of an order to transport these animals to his country estate in Germany!

There was considerable tension at Headquarters, owing to the fact that the Germans were expected to attack at any moment on a large scale. We were desirous to go up to the trenches west of Rheims and Fort Pompelle, but this was not considered possible. A hitch, however, seemed to have occurred in the plans of the Germans, so we started off, and certainly it was not very easy going. At one place particularly when crossing a bridge the enemy evidently spotted us.

On reaching the trenches we watched the messenger dogs being lifted over the top with their messages and received the reports from the officers in charge. These were very favourable.

No attack took place while we were there, and we were able to reach G.H.Q. again but, within a week, the great German advance commenced (on the 18th), which was regarded as so important that, as we know afterwards, the German Emperor was present to see the result of, what they hoped would be, the victorious coup of the War. That it was not so was greatly due in the opinion of many experts to the fine generalship of General Gouraud, who allowing the enemy to break completely through his first and second line, concentrated his artillery on the third line so that the situation was changed in the end to a terrific reversal and turned the whole tide of the War.

I would very much have liked to have visited the Ypres sector, as there were dogs running there almost continuously, and the terribly difficult nature of the ground and tremendous casualties involved in that heroic spot, reflected great credit on any movement which was carried out with success. Time, however, prevented me going there. I give one of the official reports on the messenger dogs in this part of the line when Major Waley inspected them:

“Proceeded to Battalion Headquarters of 1/14 Rifle Brigade. The C.O. who had been using messenger dogs from the front line trenches back to the ramparts at Ypres told me that all the dogs he had used had done extremely well and proved very reliable.”

Another report, which was handed to me personally by Lt.-Col. Owen Read commanding Canterbury Regiment, New Zealand Expeditionary Force, states:

MESSENGER DOGS

"During the winter of 1917-1918 while the Division was in the Ypres sector I had two of these attached to my battalion.

"Owing to the broken nature of the ground we were holding and the bad weather which was experienced, communication between the Company and Battalion Headquarters was extremely difficult, and the dogs on several occasions proved of great value in conveying messages when other means of communication failed, being far more rapid than runners, who in some cases were unable, owing to heavy shell fire, to deliver their messages.

"Although the conditions in the sector were very trying the dogs always carried out their work in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, and were on many occasions of great assistance."

Much as I should have liked to remain longer in France I was unable to do so, as everywhere I found a need for more messenger dogs. So that my presence at the Training School in England was imperative. My visit however had assisted me very much in a general understanding of the position, in a better judgment of the difficulties to be overcome, and as a means of encouraging the keepers in charge of the dogs.

On my return to England I found the camp at Shoeburyness busy packing up for our new ground in Hampshire.

It was now thought advisable to stir up the public to the fact that dogs were being trained to assist soldiers and that the canine supply was decreasing in numbers. Barring the public demand for dogs in the first place made by the War Office, the whole War Dog Service, its place and mode of training, was, I have stated, kept as secret as possible so that enemy bombs should not exploit the situation, but this precaution also prevented the world at large from knowing the need for dogs. It was therefore deemed advisable to allow some description of what was being done to be given out to the Press. Mr.

Stannard Russell of the *Weekly Dispatch* therefore visited the School, and as he gives a very good description, as an eyewitness, of the work, I give it here :

“ Reinforcements are needed for the gallant British Army of Dogs which are doing wonderful work as messengers in the great battle now raging in Flanders.

“ They are saving the lives of our soldiers, and doing their bit to keep that unbroken line intact by getting safely through ground swept with the enemy shell fire to Headquarters with urgent messages—sometimes when there is no chance of our brave runners surviving the journey. When all other means of communication have failed, and the fate of companies of troops surrounded and cut off by the onrush of the Germans is unknown, these little messengers, covering two or three miles in a few minutes, have emerged from the fire zone unscathed with news of what had happened.

“ While people in this country have been calling for the destruction of dogs in order to save food, the men at the Front have been thanking heaven for the priceless services rendered by the dogs that have been sent out to them, and have been asking for more of them.

“ I saw Britain's new army of dogs in training at a certain spot in England yesterday. Their commander was Major Richardson whose famous Airedales and bloodhounds in happier days were known all over the world. He has been placed in charge of the training of these animals, and by patience, skill and kindness has been obtaining remarkable results.

“ A company of dogs who have just completed their training, and are ready for the next call from the front, were drawn up with their keepers for inspection. There were all the sounds of war. Shells from batteries at practice were screaming overhead, and army motor-lorries passed to and fro. The dogs are trained to the constant sound of the guns and very soon learn to take no heed of them.

“ There were long lines of kennels with their occupants perched on the top watching the inspection with great interest, and barking their loudest. It was a sight that would have made Mr. George Moore sit down and write another powerful diatribe straight away. Many breeds were represented. Sheep-dogs,

lurchers, collies, retrievers, drovers' dogs, but no terriers smaller than Airedales.

" 'The breed does not matter so much,' said the major, 'it is brains that we want. Sheep-dogs, any cross of sheep-dogs or lurchers, are perhaps the best of all, but we want all kinds of open-air dogs. It does not take long to find the brainy ones, but most of the recruits pass the test.' The training is in full swing.

"The drill yesterday began with an obstacle race by a squad well advanced in training. Across the road were placed a barbed-wire fence, and a few yards further on a hurdle, and beyond that a barrier made of branches of trees. The dogs were taken about a mile up the road and then released. There was a great race for home. The bigger dogs leapt clear of all the obstructions; the smaller ones wriggled their way through; but two wily sheep dogs, strictly in accordance with the rules of the game, preferred to leap a ditch and make a detour, arriving home as quickly as the others. Novices who go astray in these and other tests are never punished. They are caught by the keepers and gently led back for another try.

"The next test was passing through a thick cloud of smoke. The dogs were released only a few yards away from a burning heap of straw, and all, without a pause, dashed straight through the smoke and reached their destination with much barking and tail-wagging. And so most of the effects of the battlefield were produced. The most trying test of all was running toward a number of infantry lying on the ground who fired off blank cartridges at point-blank range.

"When the signal was given the whole crowd of dogs charged straight into the fire and in a flash were through the ranks of the 'enemy.' There was a great outburst of applause from all the dogs that were looking on enviously at the heroic spectacle, and Masher, the Major's dog, better known as the Field-Marshal, came forward with a few words of approval. Although only a 'Grade 3' dog, and on home service, Masher has acquired a position of peculiar privilege, and in spite of his diminutiveness he is treated with awe by all the recruits who pass through this camp.

"The dogs are trained to ignore the fire of guns of all calibres, and they are accustomed to the explosion of hand-

grenades near them. Major Richardson explains that there are many reasons why these animals are indispensable at the front in the present conditions of warfare. Once a dog knows his destination he will get there at all costs. Pigeons cannot be sent in a fog or in the dark. Dogs will go in all weathers and at all times. During a very heavy bombardment by the enemy the casualties among the runners, especially when they have to cross much open country exposed to snipers, machine-gun fire, or a heavy barrage, are heavy, and sometimes none succeed in getting through. A runner has sometimes taken two to three hours to do a journey from the trenches which a dog has done in half an hour or less.

"At the front the dog is usually stationed at brigade headquarters. When an attack is expected, either by the enemy or by us, the dog is taken to the front-line trenches and sheltered in a dug-out during a bombardment. When it is required to send an urgent message to Headquarters the despatch is put in the little pocket in the collar and the animal is released and is usually back home within half an hour. More than one dog has found his way back although he only arrived at Headquarters the same day he was sent to the trenches. The heroes of the dog messengers at the front are anonymous. Officially they are known only by the numbers on the collars, but the names of some of them have inevitably become famous among the troops.

"In addition to the demand for messenger dogs, animals are also wanted as watchdogs. They play an important part on some parts of the front, and more especially the more distant theatres of the war. They should be mastiffs, bull mastiffs, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, or any large, savage cross-bred. Owners can render a service to the country by sending their dogs."

OUR NEW FOREST CAMP

In the New Forest our camp was on a high point from which we had a fine view of the surrounding country. This was good, as it was possible to trace the dogs on their journeys in various directions. There was a famous bombing school below us in the valley. This was under the command of Major Potheary, an officer who is remembered with respect and



A SENTRY-DOG IN A RUINED CHURCH IN FRANCE

affection by all who came in contact with him. With his kind interest in my own work I was able to make use very often of part of his ground in which there were accurately made trenches and dugouts, ruined buildings, etc., made for practice experiments. These were most useful to me and put a finishing touch to the training work.

I have omitted to mention that, apart from the messenger dogs, the command for sentry and guard dogs had been received some good time before we left Shoeburyness. This involved of course a greatly increased output of work as we never seemed to be able to supply them quickly enough. I am afraid, however, this difficulty applied also to the dispatch dogs. In the very instance these were used by gunners to keep up a communication between.

After that the infantry made full use of them, and the demand became so insistent and extensive that it was found actually impossible to supply them so that every regiment had sufficient for itself, and as I have already stated, it was therefore found necessary to send the battalions of dogs to the most active sections of the Front.

With regard to the watch-dogs, I remember thinking early in the War that whatever else might prove a "fancy," guard-dogs would certainly be needed to augment the work of the sentries and I offered within a week of the declaration to collect and train as many of these as were wanted. At the time the demand, which came later, was not foreseen by the authorities, but when it did come it was insistent. Every sort of breed which would do the work was enrolled, so long as it was of sufficient size, and it was not very easy to estimate how very much was due to these good fellows, seeing that, as time went on, the difficulty of man-power and the necessity of drawing on every sort of reserve strength in the country caused the guarding and sentry work to become a very serious question with the authorities. The sentries at important stores, magazines, wireless stations, and innumerable ports, secret and otherwise, were reduced in man strength by at least half and in many cases much more. Part of my duty was to inspect very important areas and to submit recommendations as to the number of sentries which could be safely dispensed with and the number and the correct placing of the supplementary dogs. It was found

where it was the case of, say, a four-square building of considerable size, for which four men would be ordinarily required, that with one man to guard two sides and a dog to be placed on running wires at the other two sides or even to be merely stationed at the apex of the opposite sides—the work was efficiently carried out. The sentry stationed at a central point within the range was in complete command of the situation. At Lyndhurst the wide stretch of country which we were able to requisition enabled us to place experimental chains of dogs across the valleys and over the hill tops. They soon took pride in their work, keeping a sharp look out. Each one had a kennel in which to rest, and for shelter from cold and rain, but even if a doze was deemed admissable now and then, some of these sentries would always be on duty, and at the least sign of a stranger—even afar-off, warning would instantly be given down the line and the welkin would ring with emphatic protests. To ensure that everyone should be thoroughly aware of the monstrous fact, it was amusing to observe how each dog rushed down the length of his wire, first one way and then the other, to ensure that his neighbour was on duty. Some of the young ones, who were learning their job, would rush about gazing wildly in every direction until instructed by those, more experienced, where to concentrate their attention.

Down in the dip just below the school there was a very charming house owned by an old gentleman. I went down to call on him expressing hope that the presence of our large family so close to him did not cause him too much inconvenience. The good sportsman that he was assured me that the sound of many canine voices gave him pleasure, in that he knew it represented another nail in the coffin which was being manufactured perseveringly for our foe. Certainly the New Forest inhabitants would have had some cause for complaint in the disturbance of their sylvan quietude had there not been a war in process. The sound of bombs, of several hundred dogs, of thundering lorries tearing along the roads on which, especially at night, the forest ponies, cattle, and pigs, seemed to take a special delight in choosing as a place of repose—all these disturbances to peace were certainly of a most trying nature. Everyone, as a whole, was most good natured, the only complaints coming from sundry persons known as verderers, who

from time immemorial had held rights of grazing their livestock in every direction. As a rule a dog in training, with his mind concentrated on a particular duty, does not usually stray into erroneous ways, and the messenger dogs, as they passed through the forests and over the marshy valleys, did not trouble to turn aside to chase or annoy any of the animals they met. Out of several hundred dogs that passed through my hands on Matley Ridge, I think there were only three "murderers." One of these was a large cross-bred lurcher, and I am afraid Joseph accounted for some nice plump piglets until ejected from the camp. There were one or two others who were observed to steal home looking very guilty and with blood on their muzzles. A specially hurried embarkment for France where such temptations did not exist was the result in their case. I am afraid, however, that my charges got the credit of much crime which they did not commit, it being found to be a paying thing to claim compensation by the supposedly bereaved owners, and we had soon to set up a court of enquiry which demanded chapter and verse for every statement. As a matter of fact, from our point of vantage on the hill top we were able to keep the running of the dogs to a great extent in view, so that we knew very well those which were lazy or careless or worse.

These forest animals had curious habits and were different in several respects from the species that are accustomed to inhabit enclosed fields and meadows. I think, as a whole, they were more intelligent and used to tell each other things as they trotted about in herds together. At all events the word had certainly gone round among the black pigs, a small variety of extraordinarily active habits, as to the time of the dogs' dinner-hour at the camp. This meal took place at 1 p.m., after all messengers had finished their morning run and were each one chained to their respective kennels with feeding bowl temptingly full of a tasty mixture. Shortly before that hour, on the roads leading up the hill, would be seen from afar sundry hurrying black specks running in droves and each one trying to outdistance his neighbour. The pigs were arriving and with gusto they distributed themselves throughout the camp, making determined attacks on the dinners so enticingly displayed. The dogs guarded their food valiantly, but the temerity of the attacking forces was astonishing. I have seen seven or eight pigs gather

themselves together into a raiding party and as such dash forward on the feeding bowl of an enormous Great Dane or St. Bernard. The exasperated dog would make a determined dart to oust the intruders but very often they were quicker than he and had just managed to snatch a bite or two and skip backwards to safety beyond the length of his chain. The cunning of the little brutes was unbelievable, and to see them daily trotting up Matley Hill with a look of concentrated determination in their beady eyes, while they encouraged themselves and each other with a chorus of grunts and ejaculations, certainly caused one to change ones previous opinion that pigs were slightly stupid.

The marshy bogs in the forest were dangerous places for the forest animals. As a whole there is not much pure running water available and sometimes this necessity was not sufficiently considered by the verderers, so that the loss of an unfortunate cow, etc., takes place now and then through the animal trying to reach some boggy pool, placing its forelegs in the mud and slowly sinking down. The dogs were light-footed, however, and being well watered at home, I was not troubled in this way, but we had all of us to be careful of Major Potheary's bombing valley where numerous unexploded bombs lay about, not to speak of the firing from the ranges.

To return to the subject of the dogs for guarding purposes. In this section we had some very fine animals indeed, from the point of view of the Show bench. I have never seen such a fine collection of Great Danes, St. Bernards, and Newfoundlands as we had at Matley Ridge. By this time the food question throughout the country had become exceedingly difficult and the feeding of these large dogs from a civilian's point of view was almost impossible, so that they were thankful, rather than destroy their pets, to send them to the school, where they were in every way useful to the country and were well taken care of. In an ordinary way many of these would have been dangerous animals. There were two Harlequin Great Danes of enormous size which would have torn any stranger to pieces and treated other dogs the same way. Also I remember some very handsome St. Bernards of great size which always had to be looked after with great circumspection, owing to their uncertain temper. Such animals as these could never be left loose but had to be

exercised on the lead and were otherwise kept fastened to long wire lines on which they could run. Very good work they did too. We trained them on a particular side of the camp which abutted on to the main road. Their wires ran down the whole length of the end of the ground and it was impossible for any stranger to enter from that side at all. This was the most successful form of barrage, as otherwise we were apt to be inundated with visitors who wanted to inspect the animals. This of course could not be allowed and no one was permitted to enter without a signed permit. At Shoeburyness the school was on Government ground, every entrance to which was guarded by sentries. At Matley it was open country and from the high roadside was very accessible so that our battalion of dogs of enormous size which spanned the tract of country was extremely useful and was a unique sight.

From these positions they were drafted out to different parts and replaced at the school by others. Besides the places I have mentioned which urgently required guarding, such as ammunition factories, magazines, etc., there were immensely important and secret experimental stations. These were hidden away in the folds of the downlands and few people knew of them at all. I used to be visited by officers of extremely intellectual and inventive powers who would, with carefully closed doors and lowered voices, explain to me the position of their charge and of the extreme importance of preventing the near approach of any unauthorized person. I made out for them plans of defence which took the form of wire barrages on which dogs were fastened, all running to within touching distance of each other. *One* sentry within the ring was sufficient guardianship, and the enclosure of dogs was put in such a way that one or more of them was able to see a stranger coming over the hill from afar in each direction and so could give notice long before near approach was possible. Special messengers came for these dogs and except for myself no one knew where they went.

In some of the big camps the authorities had great difficulty in safeguarding the stores and canteens. Some of my Great Danes and Airedales were extremely useful in this case, and one or two turned loose into the canteen after closing hours did great execution at several camps, when some unlucky wight

forced an entry, all unaware of the new regulation which had ordained canine police. Some of these big dogs work silently. They do not bark much but wait and act. At one camp four men thought they had made a very good plan when they arranged to rob in collusion a valuable store. It covered a large area and the one or two sentries could not possibly overhear or see the whole ground. An entry was successfully effected and the work of collection was proceeding when the silence of the night was rent by wild yells, shouts, growls, and tramping of many feet. Never again in that camp was anything stolen from without. Quietly and solemnly the great dogs padded up and down the stores every night, giving many an anxious and responsible officer, not to speak of the sentries, a sense of security.

From all parts I received satisfactory accounts and demands for more and more guarding dogs to replace the sentries. Many of these reports are printed in *British Watch Dogs*, and I will not repeat them in this volume. They testified to the efficient manner in which the various places could be safeguarded, and to the number of men who could be spared in consequence for service at the Front. Whatever may be required in future wars (if there should be any, which God forbid!) in the dog line I think it will be recognized without hesitation the great part which dogs played in the Great War along this line of defence. Whether messenger dogs will be required again one cannot say, but I should think it extremely likely, but there is no doubt that anything that *guards* will be an ever-present necessity. It is so in civilian life and therefore it would always be much more so in war when we are surrounded with foes, within and without. The idea is based on sound construction of a sensible nature, and is merely carrying out officially that which, in private life, is looked upon as an every day commonplace form of added security. It is greatly welcomed by Insurance Societies, and this alone shows the practical and economical side of the question. Who among us had any idea of what war, real war, was like in this generation? What races have ever before faced a like conflagration when the carefully woven links of trade, friendship, travel facilities, finance, were torn asunder, and here, in this highly civilized age, when educational facilities had been for a century or more carefully directed towards the cultivation of these same international bonds, were turned awry and con-

centrated with furious energy on the invention of every sort of engine of destruction and acting perpetually on the defensive from the foe without and the no less deadly enemy within. Whatever nature the next forms of devilishness may take in efforts at the destruction of life, the fact remains that the watch-dogs will certainly be needed and the authorities should at once recognize this and secure at the outset with as much determination as they apply to the question of obtaining man-power, all the suitable dogs which are in the country. No one should be permitted after the declaration of war to destroy, under heavy penalty, any dogs whatever until they have been officially inspected by some competent person such as a veterinary surgeon acting under official orders.

In the war, no one at the War Office, in spite of my often repeated warnings, gave a thought to the preservation of dog-power throughout the land. The result was that, in the upheaval which followed, resultant upon the food shortage, many thousands of dogs were destroyed which would have been of great value to the army both at home and abroad. In the summer of 1918 I was beginning to feel the shortage of dogs. All the stray dogs' homes were under order to supply all suitable specimens that came to them, and private owners were, by official announcements in the Press every now and then, made aware of the need for dogs at the War Dog School for training purposes. But that summer the quality of recruit was beginning to go down very much. Very few strong fine animals were coming in, and this should not have been so had adequate measures been taken to safeguard the supply.

No one could be blamed for this at the time, because nobody had any idea of the number of dogs in the country nor how many had been destroyed by their owners. Furthermore, it was not until after the Peace and we all had time to cease from our furious endeavours to fulfil the duties put upon us, that we could take stock of the real results in every direction of the work done by dogs. Personally, I was in touch all through the War with officers in all parts, who made their requests known to the authorities and informed me of the results of my training work after they had been supplied. In this way I foresaw early on the demand that was coming, but I even, with all my information, did not realize that the requirements would so out-distance

the ultimate supply of dog-power. At the outset we used to get in fifty to hundred dogs per day, while towards the end, only about ten to a dozen would arrive at the school.

My readers can therefore imagine my anxiety when I was informed by the War Office, that the whole output of the War Dog School must be doubled as the demand for messenger dogs was coming in with greater insistence than ever. Machine gunners were finding them extremely useful as a means of communication with other units. This was a new branch of the forces to use the dogs, and the request opened up a whole field of increasing possibilities. Apart from this, more and more demands were arriving both for the dogs themselves and for trained men capable of managing them in the field.

It was decided to double all the establishment at the school. Arrangements were to be made whereby a constant stream of officers from various corps were to visit us for instruction, and they were to be accompanied by men who would receive the teaching which all the previous dog keepers had gone through before proceeding to France. Very seriously indeed had the authorities come to regard this question of the supply of dogs, and it is not easy to see how it would have ended had the further great enlargement taken place; but one fateful day, when sitting at lunch a message was brought by my orderly that I was needed instantly, and on going out I found the camp padre with a most portentous expression on his face and the truly almost unbelievable word on his lips—"Peace."

I wonder if anyone received the sound of this word at that time with exactly the same feeling as his neighbour? I am told by some, and by their behaviour it was obviously so, that a rush of exultation possessed them, so that they became for the moment like raving maniacs. In other cases there was a great sense of relief, but one or two were honest enough to admit that losing a job in which they were interested and facing a world of uncertainties was nothing but misfortune to them. Others, alas! who had held in their hearts a great ideal to fill the ever aching void of anguish for that presence which would never return, felt an awful depression and the questioning whisper within the soul—was *anything* worth the sacrifice? Whatever we felt, action had to be taken immediately by all commanding officers. I am glad to say that in our camps

at Lyndhurst we had a fine spirit, and after a certain amount of natural excitement and horseplay, all ranks met together for a solemn service at the military chapel, a gathering of concentrated emotion the like of which had been rarely, if ever, equalled. After that there was great feasting and all thoughts began to turn to that new experience in life, living in Peace. Most people were rather dazed. No one knew how to act and what to make of the situation. It was a most difficult, and in some cases a dangerous time for officers. They were in charge of much valuable equipment, and until word of disbandment came, they had to keep up discipline. The men were however restless and anxious to return as quickly as possible to their homes, which was natural enough. Some of them were afraid of finding any employment which might be going snatched by those of an earlier disbandment than themselves. A rumour went round that all non-commissioned officers were to be retained beyond those of other ranks, with the result that many of these anxious individuals hurriedly divested themselves of their badges of rank.

I think all commanding officers were glad of their loyal N.C.O.s at this difficult time, and I was very fortunate in Sergeant-Major Batten, who had been with me in the Shoebury-ness days, and remained till the end. Having served before the War in the Police and afterwards in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he had a very wide experience and was invaluable in many ways.

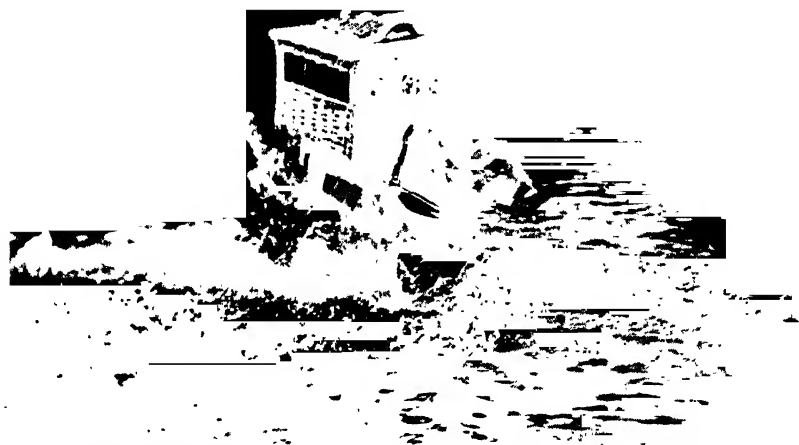
Disbandment began and many a good fellow went away not knowing whither. Others made straight for the colonies and the fortunates went back to comfortable billets which had been kept open for them. Under this category were many of my best men who were gamekeepers on some of the big estates in Scotland and elsewhere. One of these I always remember as being so excellent with the dogs. He had practically no English, only Gaelic, and his speech, except to Scotchmen, was not understandable. My wife used to take pity on him and go and talk about his homeland to him. The ladies on these estates, however, were very good and kind, and usually kept in touch with their employees, wherever they were, by sending presents of food, etc.

I had some very good Irishmen as well, and these I was

able to retain after many others had left, because in their case there was no desire to return to Ireland. Very uncertain conditions awaited those from the South who had served the English King, and their only hope was to continue in the Army as long as they possibly could, and then find work in this country or abroad. It was fortunate that I had these and some others left in the camp, as I had, at the time of the Armistice, a large number of dogs in training and no orders were sent to me to disperse these, so I had still to carry on with their care and training. As a matter of fact, although the messenger dogs were no longer required, the demand for watch-dogs increased owing to the fact that enormous stores were left all over the country, at depots, camps, etc., without adequate protection as disbandment proceeded. Our camp at Matley Ridge, however, was no longer available. The huts were up for sale, but it was felt desirable to retain the dogs at a centre. Another big move therefore was made, this time to Bulford, the large permanent camp on Salisbury Plain.

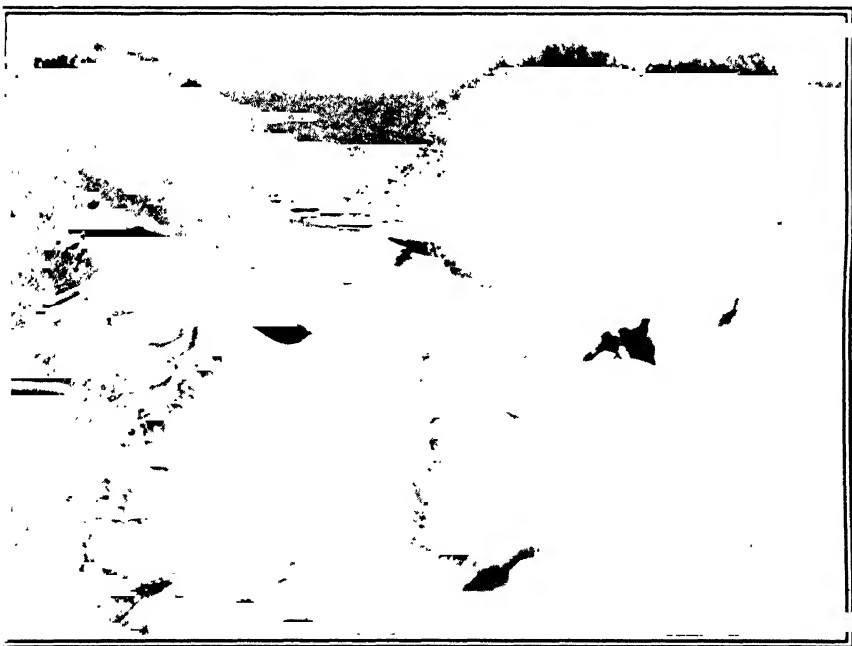
A good deal of guarding was required in this camp itself, and all dogs, whether messenger or watch-dogs, were used for this sort of duty. Of course, many of the former were excellent for the purpose and could easily be adapted. Hundreds of motor-cars and lorries from all parts of the army were collected in long rows with lanes in between at this camp. To prevent parts being removed from these vehicles, watch-dogs were posted after dark in the great sheds. Their keepers took on sentry-go in shifts and attended to the warnings given by the dogs. Canteens were also successfully protected. The areas were so great that without dogs to give a greater capacity for hearing it was extremely difficult to detect the thieves.

This great camp held over 11,000 men at that time. These were mostly Australians and New Zealanders. My wife and about three or four other officers' wives were the only ladies in camp, and it speaks well for these fine fellows from overseas that the ladies were able to move about the camp and never received anything but the greatest courtesy. Every day drafts were returning homewards, and I think many of these men went back with a better understanding of the Mother Country. The New Zealanders cut a huge Kiwi in the turf of the hill. and from far-off lands I have no doubt many of them remember



DUPLICATED MESSENGER SERVICE

A messenger-dog carries a messenger-pigeon to a given point, which is released to fly back to loft.



TRAINING MESSENGER-DOGS TO OVERCOME OBSTRUCTIONS

the undulating downs of Salisbury Plain and the great sense of comradeship they found there.

Two great German prisoners' camps also were concentrated here. I had a good deal to do with these, as when my men were all gradually disbanded, these prisoners were useful for exercising and feeding the dogs. The Germans were paraded in drafts and marched to the Dog School Camp every morning from their enclosures. They thoroughly cleaned all the stables and kennels where the animals were housed, fed and exercised them, and I must say that, with national thoroughness they did it well. I had no fault to find with any of them. There was not the slightest attempt or desire on the part of the Britishers to fraternize with them.

Several of the men had had friends or relations in the German Prison Camps, and could not forget or forgive the different treatment accorded them as compared with that received by the prisoners in this country.

I found that among the prisoners there were some who had been trainers in the German War Dog Schools, and they were extremely interested in our dogs in consequence. They asked permission to train some messenger dogs and this I allowed them to do, giving them a collie or a retriever. They were most painstaking and after three weeks or a month the two dogs were quite well trained on the liaison system, that is going backwards and forwards between two people. In actual practice, however, the single way method which was employed for the British Army was found to be the best. The Official report states :

“ Besides the ordinary message carrying dogs a certain number of dogs were trained as liaison dogs. The dogs were trained to run between two keepers, one keeper remaining forward in the firing line, and the other keeper back at either Company, Battalion, or Brigade Headquarters. The danger, however, of the keeper forward becoming a casualty and then putting out of action the whole team was so great that although thirty dogs (ten teams) were trained for liaison work, no use was made of them forward.”

Besides the danger to the very highly trained man in charge of the dog in the front line, there is also the fact to remember,

that the liaison system requires a greatly increased length of training for each dog and also a far higher demand for intelligence. The casting would, therefore, be on a much larger scale, and as I have already pointed out, the supply is limited; it is better to rely upon the simpler method.

It is the old story. In this country nothing is done in preparation for war until the emergency actually arises and then it is a question of mass production with all its difficulties, its terrible makeshifts and agonizing delays. However, perhaps in the end, a nation like ours, which obviously never desires war, always will score in the end. It was proved in this war and will be still more so in the future that no country will be able to flout the public opinion of the civilized world. Any nation that would dare to do so will certainly be destroyed.

The time was now drawing to a close and our work at the War Dog School was ended. It only remained to dispose of those dogs which had been still in training at the time of the Armistice and which were not required for any guarding purposes. All the camps and vulnerable points were gradually dispersing so that guardian dogs were no longer needed and to find good homes for these was not difficult. In fact intelligent animals such as these were eagerly sought after so that I had the satisfaction of feeling that every pupil was highly appreciated and was happy. I am even yet receiving letters from various delighted owners who very kindly let me know of the happy passage through life of say—War Dog No. 48, named Sammy, or some other name as the case might be.

NORTH-WEST FRONT—INDIA

At this time, however, there was a good deal of activity on the North-West Frontier in India, and I suggested that some of the dogs might be of good use there as sentries. I have always been of the opinion that sentry dogs would be a very useful adjunct to the sentries in India in the North. This was justified, as I have already shown, by the reports on those dogs I sent out to the Abor campaign.

I had correspondence on the subject with Lord Kitchener when he was Commander-in-Chief in India, but I never made very satisfactory headway on any organized scale. At the time after the Armistice, of which I speak, I offered to go out to

India myself with a draft of dogs and show the principle of training and management, *as the whole success of such dogs depends on the correct understanding of their needs, and of necessary handling and management in general.* It seemed a pity to "spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar," but we had, as a country, already begun to slip back into our usual peace-time methods, and the dogs were sent out, but without me, to save expense. It is true that four of the men from the School went with them; but, as was proved in France, in the early stages of the messenger service, and was again proved in this case, without a competent officer behind them to enforce the necessary regulations for correct placing and treatment, the men by themselves do not have sufficient authority and cannot get attention paid to the needs of their charges. The result was as I warned the authorities it would be, more or less negative. Had my services been accepted, I would have organized a full establishment of such defence dogs, trained officers to supervise the management, and put into practice a carefully thought out scheme whereby the whole of the troops in the North would have had good sentry and, if necessary, messenger dogs available permanently.

The following extract from a Scotch newspaper is interesting and describes the difficulties of the situation in the North of India :

"The interesting announcement is made that specially trained war dogs have been dispatched to India to be attached to the military stations on the North-West Frontier, to assist the troops in the suppression of the illegal traffic in arms. The problem of the rifle-thief is one which the Government of India have long been endeavouring to solve. With this object in view, many orders and regulations regarding the safe custody of arms have been issued from time to time; soldiers who lose their rifles are severely punished, even if the loss is due to no active carelessness on their part. Companies from which rifles have been stolen are heavily fined, and strict watch on the railways and on the frontier is kept by the police, yet rifles and ammunition continue to find their way across the border in spite of all precautions. Indeed, it would seem that every new difficulty that is placed in the way of the illegal traffic in arms

has the immediate effect of raising the value of rifles across the border, and consequently, of increasing the incentive rifle-thieves have for pursuing their trade.

“ In their rifle thefts the tribesmen show both daring and ingenuity. A few years ago it was not uncommon in cantonments near the frontier for a few men to crawl up at night close to a solitary sentry, shoot him, seize his rifle, and disappear in the darkness before the guard had time to turn out. Some dozen years ago at Peshawar apparently quite a large body of men were concerned in such an attempt. One of them fired at the sentry, missed him, and, as the guard turned out in front of the lighted guardroom, the whole party opened fire on them. The guard returned their fire, and quite a skirmish took place. The raiders eventually retreated to a village known to harbour notorious characters. At one time the expedients of chaining sentries' rifles to their bodies and of placing lamps with powerful reflectors in the neighbourhood of each sentry's post in such a manner that, while the sentry was in darkness, the ground in front of him was brightly lit up, were tried and these expedients were fairly successful. When in bivouac every soldier is required to sleep with his rifle attached to his person, and with the bolt removed and concealed in his bedding. Yet, in spite of these precautions, rifle thieves not infrequently crawl in and carry off both rifles and bolts, and this even when the camp is surrounded by a trench and parapet, with sentries every thirty or forty yards.

“ Rifle-thieves as a rule do not care to ‘try their games’ on native regiments which have the Pathan element, because the Pathan is usually quite up to all the tricks of the rifle-thieves and does not give them much chance of stealing his rifle with impunity. On one occasion a Pathan sentry was fired at by night by a rifle-thief and wounded in the shoulder. Instead of returning the fire he fell against the parapet as if badly hit and watched the opposite direction. Immediately a second man who had crawled close up to the sentry's post attempted to spring over the parapet in the direction in which he was looking and was promptly shot by the sentry. Any sentry who was not a Pathan would probably have concentrated his attention on the point from which the first shot came, which was probably fired as much with a view to diverting his attention from the man who

was to have stolen the rifle as with a view of hitting the sentry. The sentry by his action saved certainly his rifle and probably his life, as the second man's intention was undoubtedly to knife him from behind while his attention was diverted.

"Frontier tribesmen are always on the alert to attack rear-guards and convoys, especially in the evening. Apart from their desire to annoy, rear-guards and convoys give them the best chances of obtaining a rifle or two when casualties occur. Should a rear-guard make a counter-attack, the tribesmen merely fall back, to resume the offensive as soon as the rear-guard recommences its retirement. Every minute of delay is of value, as, when once the light begins to fade, the difficulties of the rear-guard increase. It is imperative, of course, to carry off every wounded man; if left behind he would be cut to pieces, and it is a point of honour in all good regiments to bring back his rifle also. Indeed most corps look on the loss of rifles, except in the most extreme circumstances, as a disgrace. In cantonments the rifles of native troops are, when not in use, lodged in armouries under a sentry, and no man is allowed to enter these buildings except in the presence of a non-commissioned officer detailed for the purpose. Yet rifles disappear most mysteriously—and it is but seldom that the manner in which they were stolen can be discovered.

"The rifles of British troops are kept in the barrack-room in arm-racks. When thefts of these occur it is generally with the assistance of some of the regimental followers who have free entry to the barracks. But this is not always so, and tribesmen are quite capable of entering a barrack-room full of sleeping soldiers, in which a light is burning, and removing a rifle or two. Two cases occurred in a military station some two hundred miles from the frontier, when rifle-thieves entered tents in which over a dozen men were sleeping during repairs to their barrack-room. On both occasions a lamp was burning in the tent. In the one instance the thieves removed some six rifles, in the other they carried off the entire arm-rack with rifles, swords, and accoutrements, the whole weighing several hundredweights. In both cases the thieves got clear off with their booty. Needless to say, there is no love lost between soldiers and rifle-thieves. The former know that the latter will have no scruples in using their knives, and that in any case the loss of their rifles will

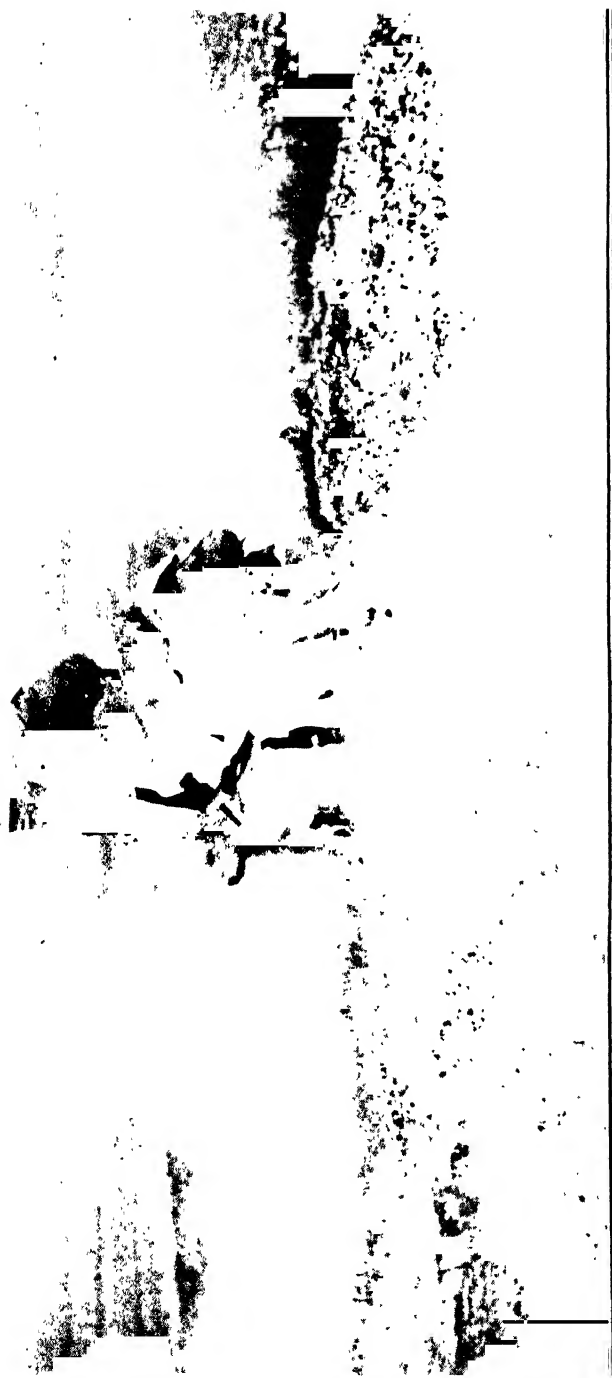
bring them severe punishment. Curious tales are occasionally heard on the frontier of the fate of rifle-thieves caught red-handed which it is perhaps undesirable to repeat."

SENTRY DOGS

In the Great War the value to the troops of messenger dogs was absolutely proved, as was also that of the guard dogs for settled bases, where valuable material or secret establishments required protecting. Sentry dogs, however, by which is meant dogs for the purpose of warning and guarding the actual soldiers, were not given a very full trial. The reason for this was that, where the front line became more or less consolidated during the whole of the period of operations and where the presence of the enemy was always known, the usefulness of such dogs was rather discounted. This was also found to be the case in the French Army on the greater part of the battle front. In the wooded areas in the Vosges and elsewhere, however, and before the line had become so entirely dug in, they were extremely valuable for giving warning, especially at night, of any attempted movement on the part of the enemy. In a war of movement there is no doubt whatever that such dogs will always be of immense value and this should be borne in mind.

Sentry dogs had very good tests with the Belgian Army on that sector from Nieuport to Ypres, which was behind the inundations. I myself supplied a number of these, as the Belgian Army had had all its army dogs confiscated by the Germans on the passage through the country. The flooding of that part of the land was rather of the nature of a miracle. The brave Belgian troops received the full shock of the German onslaught and withstood them in a way that will always go down in history as an epic of courage in this century. Gradually they were forced back with terrible loss when the Germans continued their march to the Channel ports.

It was said at the time that the flooding was due to the inspiration of one of the old lock-keepers at Nieuport. His suggestion was that the sluices should be opened. At an ordinary time such a happening, if by accident, would have been looked upon as a national disaster, but at this juncture it spelt salvation, and the German Army were baulked in intention



MESSENGER-DOGS WITH KEEPERS UNDER TRAINING

by the flowing waters, against which they had no provision. The opportunity for them passed at that moment, and never came again. This really meant, although it was not realized that, having failed here and having lost the battle of the Marne in the South, they had already practically lost the War.

The safeguarding waters spread over a wide tract of country, and the trenches of the Belgian Army ran down the border on the Flanders side. Nevertheless, careful watch had to be kept and dogs were good for detecting any sound coming over the placid flow.

Some of these dogs were fetched over from my private kennels by Major Flammand of a Belgian Infantry Regiment. On his first visit he brought his orderly and they took away a fine fellow called Jack. On another visit he came to get another dog, and this time he was accompanied by Madame Flammand. This lady had a terrible experience when escaping from her house in Antwerp. All routes from the town were closely guarded and the only means of escape was across the Scheldt, that inlet of the sea which divided the country at this part. This water was, however, very closely watched and at night powerful lights searched for escaping citizens. Nothing daunted, this brave lady decided to follow in the wake of the Belgian Army, where her husband was fighting. She described her entry into the water under cover of night and the necessity of ducking right under whenever a ray of light from the search-lights which were sweeping up and down the estuary came in in her direction. She managed the hazardous journey and eventually rejoined her husband.

I sent out several sentry dogs to the troops in Salonika, and in the mountainous frontier they had their uses and were well reported on, but I do not consider that full benefit was received from them owing to the fact that here again there was no officer out there properly trained and authorized to oversee the management of the dogs.

On the Italian Front I was more fortunate as the exceptionally good Airedale sentries I sent out were in the hands of an officer who was personally keenly interested in seeing that full advantage was taken of the dogs' services and every condition was supplied for their proper working. The result was in consequence entirely satisfactory.

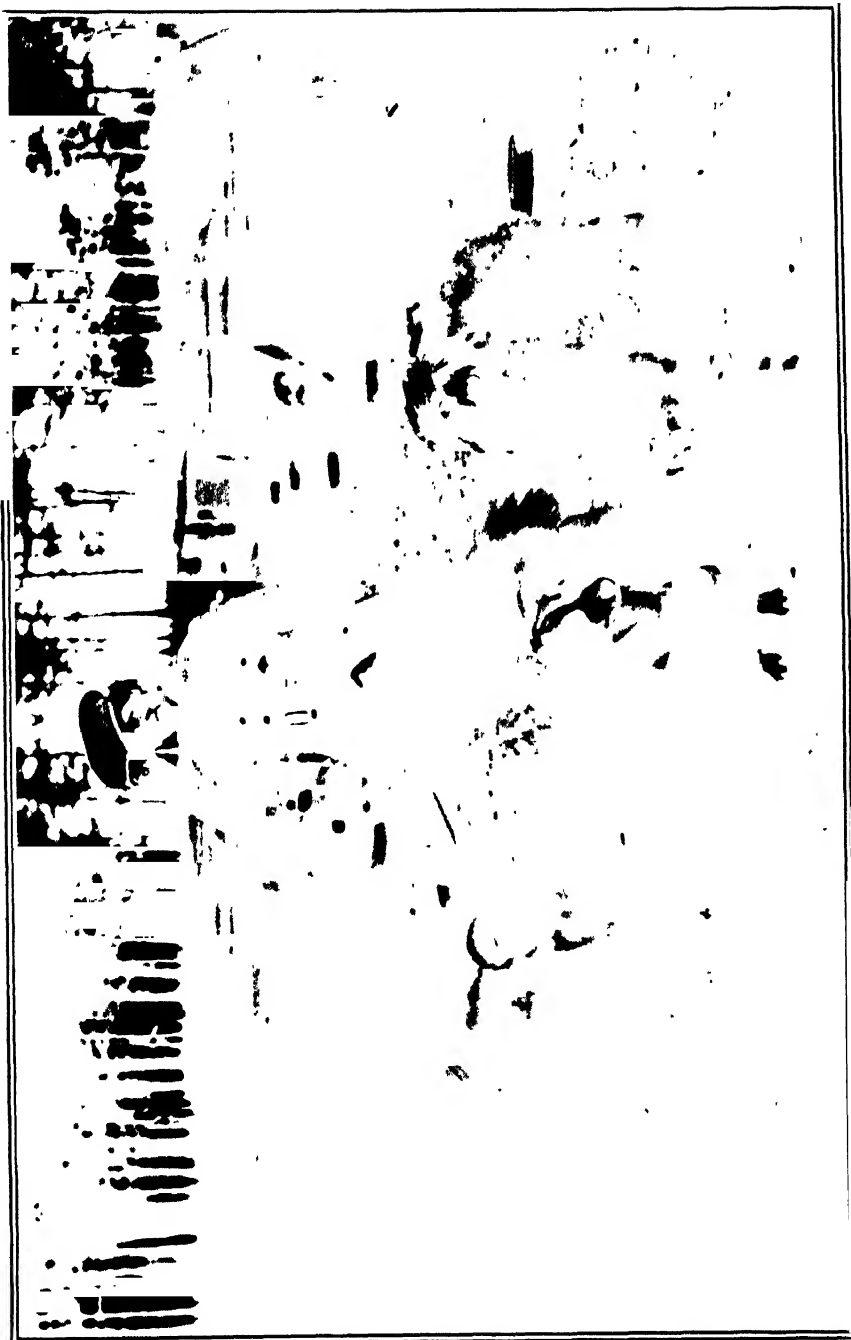
I would, therefore, emphasize once more that a course of training is officially necessary for a certain number of officers (the number should be according to the size of operations), so that there may be some persons in a position of knowledge and authority to govern the management of the dogs and of their keepers.

BLOODHOUNDS IN WAR

Another phase of usefulness was demonstrated by bloodhounds which were useful in preventing escapes from prisoners of war working companies. The hounds were worked in the vicinity and consequently had a remarkably deterrent effect. The report on them was extremely satisfactory and said:

"This provision will cause a very considerable saving in personnel for guard and escort duty. Indeed, it is proposed to cut down the escort of old companies by half. . . . Even if prisoners do escape the chances of their getting back to the German lines and possibly of bearing information of great importance will be minimized if hounds kept locally in some selected central place can be put on their trail quickly."

When the War was, as it proved to be, nearing its finish, I was urged by the War Office to find six couple (twelve hounds) of tracking bloodhounds for shipment to France as soon as possible. They were not very easy to find, but I had some under training when the Armistice came. One of these was a splendid animal but was one of the really few savage hounds I have had. He would only let his keeper and myself handle him and we had to keep him on the lead when he was out on the trail. Bloodhounds as a rule are not out for blood when man tracking, and merely fawn on their quarry when they find him, thinking more of the reward than anything else. This hound, Brutus, however, would have torn anyone to pieces, and I remember a most uncomfortable moment when he was out on a trail, the lead giving and away he went on the track of a man who was a stranger to him. He voiced his pleasure at the greater freedom to pursue his way in loud and melodious music which, carried as it was over the moor and woodlands of the New Forest, brought back impressions of William Rufus and sundry other worthies of earlier days who must commonly have heard the sound when



hunting the deer or chasing human "wanted." In this case the quarry fortunately had been given a long start and had made a very involved and crossing trail so that we were able to double on his track and head the hound off. Although special care would have to be taken with an animal like this, when that was granted, there was no doubt that the preventive value of such a creature in any place which it is essential to guard at all cost is of immense value.

AMBULANCE DOGS

As I have shown, much of my work previous to the War was connected with the training of dogs for seeking out those lost or wounded soldiers who according to modern conditions of warfare were under the necessity of taking cover and were unable to attract the search parties to where they were lying. All this goes to prove the utterly unforeseen conditions which can arise as time progresses. All one's deductions had been calculated on the prospect of a victorious army on a moving front. Under these circumstances the fact still remains that large stretches of country would be strewn with casualties, many of them very difficult to find and where good scenting dogs would be of great use working in co-operation with the search parties after engagements. In the War, however, although the army in France was certainly victorious the methods of trench warfare did not call for ambulance dogs. It is also regrettable that the "civilities" of war could no longer be counted on, and the Red Cross with which such dogs were decorated in their humane work was ignored.

To the ambulance dog, unlike the sentry dog, friend and foe are alike, and its mission is to save the lost, the wounded, the dying.

On the Russian front the German Army had, early in the War, concentrated a great deal of its dog training on ambulance work. General Hindenburg believed very highly in the usefulness of their services and in the marshes round Tannenburg I believe they did good work. All the dogs, which in Germany are usually trained for the police, were all concentrated on the outbreak of war on the Western front, and were used as sentries. These were in addition to those dogs already in training in large numbers with the Jager regiments and others. There

were therefore large numbers available when war broke out. A certain number had been trained as messengers, but here also, as with us, the full value of this particular service had not been foreseen, and the insufficiency had to be made up as the War proceeded. What had not been taken into account was that the carefully calculated methods of communication were to a great extent very often entirely out of action owing to the terrific intensiveness of modern artillery fire. Also that owing to the more or less unmovable position of the troops and the water-logged conditions of the heavy soil in Flanders and elsewhere, "the passage" of human runners was made extremely difficult or else impossible. Forward posts and all troops in an isolated position thus very often became entirely without means of communication with the main body. Pigeons were of course of immense value, but the difficulty with them lies in the fact that they can only return to their lofts which are a long way behind the front line. Nor can they fly at night or in a mist. The messenger dogs, on the other hand, can adapt themselves to nearly any position, provided they are accorded their own trained keepers to whom they can return and that certain definite regulations governing their well-being are adhered to.

During the last year of the War, the messenger service was in full swing, and the dogs were working at practically every part of our line in detachments. While they very often, owing to the exigencies of the operations, were bound to commence working almost immediately on arrival in any sector, it was better if they could be in position for twenty-four hours if possible before leaving their keepers for the Front. This was so that they had time for a meal and rest in the new area which was, of course, the best way of impressing the spot to return to on their minds. That they very often were asked to forego this concession and were taken immediately on arrival at headquarters away from their keepers to the firing line over entirely strange ground speaks volumes for their extreme fidelity, for the excellent and human attitude of the keepers towards their charges and for the wonderful sagacity and homing instinct evinced by the dogs.

AFTERMATH

Have you forgotten yet ? . . .

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of cityways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.

But the past is just the same—and War's a bloody game . . .

Have you forgotten yet ? . . .

Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz—
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on
parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench—
And dawn coming, dirty white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet ? . . .

Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll never forget.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

March, 1919.

CHAPTER XIII

PEACE

BELTS

There was a row in Silver Street that's near to Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree ;
It started at revelly an' it lasted on till dark :
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last for ninst the Park.
For it was " Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you !"
An' it was " Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you !"
O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's down to the Park !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I DO not suppose any of us, while looking forward during the War to that period which we were optimistic enough to call Peace, found it easy to return to an "as you were" condition. I think there must be very few who were able to do so. The results of the War lay like a huge half-healed scar across the heart, and as much courage was required to begin to live the peace as was called upon to start the fight.

We had said good-bye to all our military friends and had made a journey, sad, that wrung the heart, to the battlefields to look for—a grave. . . .

THE SOLDIER

(*Extract*)

If I should die, think only this of me ;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam
A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

RUPERT BROOKE.

As far as we were concerned, however, our time of relaxation was not yet. The conditions in Ireland were giving the Government much anxiety and I received, when in France, a forwarded letter from Lord French who was acting as Viceroy at Dublin, asking if I would go over there and advise as to a scheme whereby a system of sentry dogs could be devised for the protection of persons and property and to act as additional sentries. We immediately returned and after a couple of nights in London we went straight to Dublin in September 1920. Summer was fast passing, but the weather was beautiful and the scene on entering Dublin Bay was indescribably lovely. Dawn was breaking in the east, and the purple Wicklow mountains stood out darkly against a primrose sky, while a large silver moon shone down on the absolutely placid, silent water, casting shimmering pools of silver over the violet sea.

My wife had never visited Ireland before, and she was amazed at the beauty of the scene and her astonishment was even greater when she found herself hoisted into a jaunting car for the first time. She was laughing a good deal and found some difficulty in holding on as the little horse, urged by a morose jarvie, sped to the Shelborne Hotel at such a rate that it would have required all the knowledge of balance on the part of an expert to have sat at ease in the vehicle. She was always afterwards very envious of the beautiful poise of many lovely ladies whom she saw driving about the city who were able to sit in perfect safety with crossed legs and without holding on anywhere.

I had not been in Ireland since my early soldiering days, many years before. At that period, as a matter of fact, I had in the course of my duty been in many disturbed parts of Ireland, and had assisted in some curious happenings! Dublin, however,

at that time was a merry city and a delightful place of resort for a gay young subaltern who, besides being a native of the land, had many friends to make life enjoyable. Some of my relations had houses in Merrion Square, and many are the delightful gatherings I remembered at those stately mansions. What a change was everywhere! The same houses were now mostly nursing homes or doctors' houses. A sullen brooding seemed to have replaced the gay, happy-go-lucky atmosphere of the populace, and surly and suspicious glances were cast at us as we moved about in the streets. Being on duty, I was, of course, in uniform, and apparently the Sinn Fein authorities had a most up-to-date system of secret service as, from the moment we set foot on land, we were carefully followed. Wherever I went a seedy individual kept closely in touch, even to entering a restaurant and taking a table near me and demanding a *glass of water!* When I went out at night, sure enough, on the dark side of the street, a slinking figure would follow me in the shadows, and on my return to the hotel would take up a perfectly obvious position behind the cab-rank opposite the front door.

The whole thing was unpleasant and silly and I remember being highly amused at the expression of bewilderment on my wife's face when, on a harmless stroll she took to look at the curiosity shops on the quay, an elderly and seemingly respectable gentleman gazed at her with intense solemnity and then slowly and with immense and watery emphasis—*spat at her!*

Seeing that she had Irish blood in her and that she had the greatest admiration for the nation, such conduct seemed to her quite incomprehensible.

My duty took me a good deal to the Castle and here the keynotes of memory were touched with feelings of sincere regret. On one occasion a lady of ancient lineage who was in charge of a portion of the Castle and whom I had known in the past, kindly took me over the great public rooms. Alas! A mist seemed to rise before me, a floating vision of what I had seen there in days gone by. A glittering group of officers—swords, medals, helmets, and on the throne a portly well-remembered gracious presence. Again the vacant hall seemed filled with light, with languorous music and sweet laughing voices. The ghosts of women seemed to be there, pale wraiths

of the most beautiful race in the world—ghosts all, phantoms of the past, and I, as I stood there looking at that dim and dusty hall, with a pile of dead Sinn Feiners' bloody uniforms in the corner, seemed to see a ghost of myself, a young care-free soldier looking gaily out on life as represented by a concrete succession of joyful certainties, which no power on earth could possibly upset. The ghostly music died away, the sparkling eyes and soft voices faded into the gloom and I turn to find a sad little woman standing patiently, meekly—waiting. Had she too been day-dreaming of spacious days when all seemed so safe, so ample, so delicately fine?

We turned away and closed the doors, stepping softly as though in the presence of the dead.

Another time I took my wife for a walk in the city, showing her the old houses crammed with over-flowing families, most of whom seemed to spend their lives as much on the roadway or hanging out of the doors and windows as indoors. No expression of sympathy, however, could I ring from her as she stoutly maintained that a healthier looking lot of people she never saw nor were the children anything but the most joyous youngsters.

Seeing a considerable number of ruined houses close at hand she asked an old dame, smoking a pipe seated in a doorway, the cause of the destruction and was somewhat mystified by the reply: "Sure me dear, but I think it must have been the countess." This referred, of course, to the exciting happenings under the leadership of Countess Markievicz.

The old Ship Street barracks were full of Scotch troops, and although the buildings were condemned as being unfit for habitation when I was quartered there many years before, they were still going strong, and seemed to be in an even worse condition than they were on the day I left. I was in conference most days, and while drawing up a scheme of dog defence I was much thrown with that fine body the Royal Irish Constabulary which now unfortunately exists no longer. The standard of efficiency and conduct in this corps had always been of the highest. The rank and file came mostly from the yeoman farming class and the officers were very often members of the best families in Ireland. A finer body hardly existed anywhere in the world. Their barracks adjoining the Phoenix

Park of fine Georgian architecture were also reminiscent of richer times. I could not help noticing the extremely fine damask linen table-cloths of satin-like finish in which the badge had been woven which covered the huge mahogany table in the officers' quarters. These irreplaceable draperies had been very finely and beautifully darned and redarned. To me this seemed a most pathetic symbol of the dissolution of so much that this fine corps had represented.

Outside in Phoenix Park, sturdy Gordon Highlander sentries paraded up and down. The camp of the 2nd Gordons was installed in the middle of the park surrounded by barbed wire entanglements, and certainly when armoured cars paraded down the main streets of the city periodically it could not be said that there was a very happy feeling abroad.

The naturally happy spirits of the people were depressed and everything seemed so changed from the old days when a cheery greeting and humorous interchanges were as natural as breathing.

The only entirely happy place was the Zoo which adjoined the park. Here in picturesque confusion, lions, tigers, rabbits, leopards, cocks and hens and zebras, were jumbled up in pleasant confinement and lived in peace, not being bothered with over much cleaning out! In fact I was told that, owing to this inexact method of sanitation, the lions and tigers bred more prolifically than in any other Zoo in Europe and one's olfactory organs certainly testified to the strength of this idea of suitable environment. The beasts themselves seemed to respond to the generally relaxed surroundings and a pleasant faced keeper leant against a lion while he scratched its ear, and another affectionate young tiger put a confiding paw into mine through the rails.

Lord French was for a time called to England and as nothing could be decided until his return my stay was rather prolonged, but I made use of it by taking stock of the best means of starting a centre as I had done for the War, where men and dogs could be trained and drafted out as required. The great pity was that the dogs at the kennels in England including personnel, equipment, etc., had all been dispersed before the summons came to me from Ireland, so that the whole scheme had to begin from the bottom once more.

In this connection I was sent out one morning to inspect a site on the foothills near Dublin, which it was considered would make a good spot for the erection of a training school. The reason I remember this occasion particularly is because of the series of happenings which occurred on our way out there, which were so typically Irish in themselves. I would, in an ordinary way, have never noticed anything, but to my wife, who as I have already stated had never visited Ireland before, they were exceedingly remarkable. She had had so many years of experience with me in this training work that her judgment was always very acceptable, so she accompanied me on this visit of inspection, as there was much to be considered.

We took the train down the line some stations outside Dublin and on getting out started to walk along the country roads to the hills. We stopped to watch the somewhat primitive milking method of a man who, removing a pail from a weedy tank in which the cattle were drinking, proceeded to fill this receptacle from a cow which he caught and milked seated on a three legged stool then and there! At this moment a man came swiftly up the road and entering the field quite deliberately and without a sound divested himself of his hat and coat and proceeded to belabour the milker with blows. The latter rose majestically, divested himself of his own outer garment, spat violently and then returned the pounding with interest. My wife gazed with wide-open eyes at the combatants and abjured me to instantly intervene and separate them. This I absolutely refused to do and I continued to watch the fight with interest from a seat on the wall. Nothing daunted, she entered the field and standing over the men, who were by this time clutching at each others throats and rolling over and over on the ground, proceeded to harangue them with powerful arguments on the grounds of morality, reason, and well-being. After a while the warriors, who all this time had not murmured a single word, quite suddenly let go of each other, rose and clothed themselves with hats and coats. The milker settled down to his interrupted task with the cow which had remained standing patiently during this interlude, and the man from the road, still without a word, and without a glance in our direction, continued his swift walk, looking neither to the left hand or the right. Another moment all was peace once more.

The next item of interest was when on entering a small village, my partner was exceedingly intrigued to notice an exceptionally beautiful building, evidently of recent origin, over the portal of which was inscribed "Carnegie Free Library." She had been always greatly interested in these libraries, but the door was closed and we could not enter. Enquiring at a cottage for the custodian, we were directed to the house at which he lived, but a prolonged hunt could not produce the key. Finally it was discovered in a very dusty condition and we returned to the library. Some books were lying about from the moderately stocked shelves, but dust was everywhere and particulars as to readers could not be elicited, except by vague and evasive answers. How such a beautiful little building ever came to be placed in such an unsuitable position was to us a mystery.

Coming out of this place a strange figure was seen, an elderly gaunt man with long beard and wild staring eyes. This person without remarks seated himself on the ground and proceeded to take off his hat and cast it violently from him down the street. His coat and knapsack followed and then he, in huge kangaroo-like leaps from a sitting position, propelled himself after them. He continued his strange journey all down the road. His strength must have been prodigious as few acrobats could have continued the leaps for the length of time he did. He was evidently mad or shamming mad, but, although he did not in any way show that he was begging, the villagers evidently divined his meaning and doors opened and women, with averted eyes, ran out and, after placing a penny beside him, hurriedly withdrew and shut the door. Even a postman passing quickly down the street on his cycle stopped immediately he saw the man and, leaning his letter bag and bike against the wall, produced a coin for him. To pass him by was apparently not considered lucky and the evil eye could not be appeased without a toll.

This superstitious reverence for madness seems to be of very world-wide origin, and although I have never seen any particular evidence of it in England, the Irish seem to be very much imbued with it. I include here an interesting extract from Professor Hyslop's book, *The Great Abnormal*, which further explains this curious belief.

“ In India most of the natives, especially the Brahmins, have a great reverence for the mad, and consult them in any trouble or adversity. Amongst many semi-barbarous people also, the madman is both dreaded and worshipped, and he is often made their ruler. The Ottomans hold the mad in the same reverence as they do their dervishes, and they believe that the ‘ All Powerful ’ has for them an extra tenderness. They even call them divine ones, sons of God, and the priests feel honoured to receive them in their homes. Amongst the dervishes themselves the strangest customs prevail. Each monastery has a prayer and dance of its own, if their convulsive movements can be called by the name of dance. Some bend their bodies backwards and forwards, some from side to side, and as they proceed with their prayer the movements become more and more rapid until they attain almost to frenzy. This ‘ dance ’ they term praising the unity of God.

“ The Moors say of the insane, that Allah has retained their reason in the land of the Blessed, though their bodies remain for a while on earth, but that their words should be treasured as precious inspirations, because reason returns to them in their speech. In some districts, the mad are often made saints of, and permitted to follow their own impulses. One of these strange saints strangled every person who approached the Mosque.

“ The Kuffais are known far and wide for their extraordinarily exaggerated piety. They allow themselves little sleep, and then only with their feet in cold water; they fast for weeks at a time. They commence the chant of Allah by coming forward with the left foot, and, holding each other by the arm, they make a circular movement with the other. As they advance, the chant becomes louder, the dance movement becomes quicker until with glazing eyes, tired out and perspiring, they fall into ‘ sacred ’ convulsions. In this condition of religious hysteria they endure the ordeal of hot iron, and, when the fire has subsided, they cut and mutilate their flesh with knives.

“ The Patagonians appoint women as doctors and magicians, and these women do all their prophesying during convulsive attacks. If men are raised to the priesthood they are compelled to wear women’s dress, and they must also give proof of the possession of the special qualifications essential for the post.

In China the followers of Tao have complete faith in demoniacal possession, and strive to discover the future from the words of the insane, thinking that being 'possessed' the spirit will speak through them. To us of the twentieth century, the thought of being possessed by a devil is almost inconceivable, and the idea of being under anyone's will except our own is ridiculed. There are, however, still a few people—the 'die-hards' to tradition—from whom the devil is a real and terrible force to be reckoned with."

We reached the hills at last and arranged the ideas for our report. The spot would have suited well. It was well removed from habitations and the slope of the ground would have been dry and warm for the dogs. The view looking back to Dublin town was beautiful and a fresh soft breeze blew up from the sea.

We had both forgotten our watches, and as we had to catch a train back on our homeward way, we asked a passer-by the time, which was, as a matter of fact, about half-past two. This individual said he thought it was three o'clock, but it might be four. The next person a few yards further on said he thought it was "near five." After this my wife becoming exasperated addressed a couple with the request for the *exact* time. They hesitated and evidently would have liked to find out the time they thought she would have *liked* it to be before committing themselves: "Well mem, we were thinking it might be about three, but Biddy here thinks she heard the clock strike four. Mesilf, I'm thinkin' it isna far from five."

After this my partner in life began to wonder if she could ever settle in Ireland, and was only induced to further consideration of the matter by the beauty of the country and the charming hospitality and natural kindness of the friends who during our stay made our visit to Dublin such a happy one.

Negotiations with the Castle went on for some time. The dogs would in no case have been for purposes of attack in any way, but only as an extra means of sentinel and guard service.

Had, as I have said, the remaining contingent of the War Dog School remained in existence, its removal to Ireland would have been comparatively simple, but the expense of restarting the whole work was found to be too great at the time when

retrenchment was everywhere the command. So that we returned to England without any definite orders.

As a matter of fact, I cannot say I cared for the job. My heart was not in it. The Irish were my friends although they were at that time led far astray, and also what I was to have done was not aggressive. Still I was not sorry to leave the Emerald Isle with the task unfinished.

FAREWELL

Here I must close this account of those experiences which, either primarily or secondarily, have been caused by my interest in and affection for dogs. We have found a pleasant home in Surrey where I continue my work and where I receive visits from many folk from parts of the world near and far.

I pause awhile and look back down the vista of years. There is much light and some shadow, but always gratitude for the happiness and interest accorded me by the dog soul, the cult of which never betrays, but repays with affectionate fidelity and charming entertainment.

Someone has been with me always, a loving inspiration in all I have done. Together we watch the sun rise on the world and know that with the creatures, as with mankind, all will be well.

To those who have found any pleasure in reading these pages we say "Farewell."

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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